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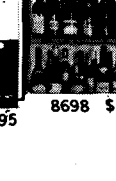
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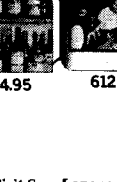
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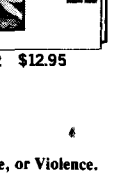
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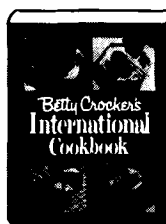
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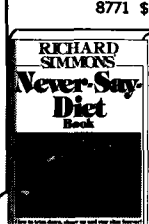
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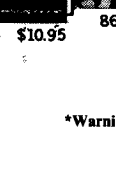
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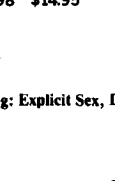
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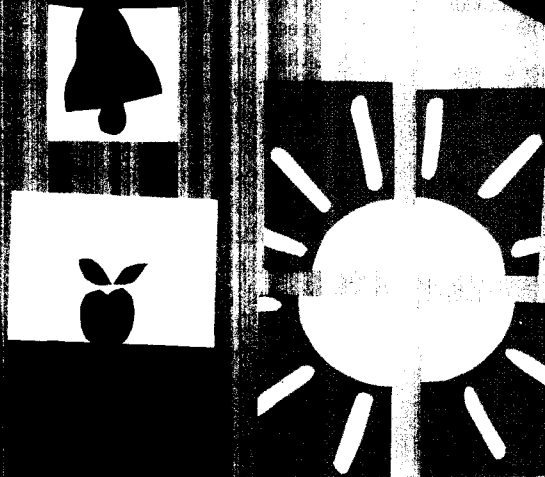
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDUCATION OF DAVID STOCKMAN

When I worked for Dave Stockman as a congressional staff assistant, I disagreed with the positions he took on many issues. I probably still do. But having read William Greider's article ("The Education of David Stockman," December *Atlantic*), I am convinced more than ever that he should be listened to, whatever one's political point of view may be.

Although he might not concur with my way of expressing it, Dave Stockman's message is this: that the democratic nature of our governmental process is not sufficient, in itself, to ensure that the policies that emerge from it are the best ones. This is so because the participants in that process—the groups and individuals pursuing their particular interests, and their representatives who assist them—have lost sight of the need to critically evaluate their own claims in light of the interest we all have in rational policy outcomes. The frustration that Dave Stockman has encountered in his efforts to resist the "weak claims of strong clients" is a clear demonstration of the fallacy that the public interest emerges from the competition of private interests. If the advocates of those interests are unwilling to submit their claims to evaluation on the merits, and instead press the advantage that their political and economic positions afford them, there will never be a rational solution to budgetary or other problems we collectively face.

MICHAEL BRIAND
Baltimore, Md.

Before Mr. Greider's article, I had little respect for David Stockman. He appeared no more than an opportunistic rebel-turned-Republican. But Mr. Stockman has proved to be more than a puppet of the administration. He has revealed himself to be an intellectually well-organized person, capable of questioning the wisdom of conventional political thought and even his own solutions. Is it not good to have a director of OMB who is more than a rubber stamp for Reagan's policy, and has some values against which to measure decisions and

recommendations that are independent of that policy? Perhaps it is embarrassing to Mr. Reagan and the "good ol' boys" of Washington, but it provides some comfort to the rest of us to know that the machine is scrutinized occasionally.

LAUREL POWERS MOORE
New York, N.Y.

As David Stockman sat in the Hay-Adams Hotel with author William Greider, he might have profited by remembering the words of Henry Adams, the man who wrote and talked at that site many years earlier. Here's a sampler of how *The Education of Henry Adams* might have aided "The Education of David Stockman":

Chapter 10: "The effect of power and publicity on all men is the aggravation of self, a sort of tumor that ends by killing the victim's sympathies."

Chapter 11: "Young men have a passion for regarding their elders as senile."

Chapter 12: "Knowledge of human nature is the beginning and end of political education."

PEGGY JO DONAHUE
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Having intestinal fortitude to stand up on Capitol Hill and tell it like it is, Mr. Stockman deserves some kind of formal recognition.

ARTHUR SHULTS
South Bend, Ind.

An egregious error in my long-range budget planning was made a few years ago, when I renewed my subscription to *The Atlantic*.

DOROTHY D. OLCOTT
Manchester, Conn.

Anyone who reveals anything to a member of the Washington, D.C., press corps—even an alleged friend—should be examined for having a brain tumor.

ROY TRABAND
Amarillo, Tex.

By publishing the infamous, degraded article "The Education of David

Stockman," your magazine is participating in the despicable practice of our modern press community, first to build up a man to celebrity proportions, and then to dump him, with complete disregard for truth, humanity, and national honor.

NORMA K. TURNER
Watervliet, Mich.

The New York Times quotes David Stockman as saying, "Bill Greider is an old friend of mine. . . . what has occurred here is simply an honest but rather large misunderstanding as to the terms of the relationship we had." He was, I think, very charitable.

By revealing in the *Atlantic* article Mr. Stockman's occasional doubts and fears with respect to the complex subject of the administration's economic recovery program, William Greider must have known that he might cause Stockman's dismissal from high office and, at the very least, cause him intense embarrassment and public humiliation.

If, indeed, they were friends—and if Stockman's remarks were in confidence, as they must have been (and as Greider must have known them to be)—then the article was nothing less than gross betrayal.

I write this letter not merely to express my contempt for Mr. Greider and my sympathy for Mr. Stockman—I have never met either—but to demonstrate my concern with the growing irresponsibility of the American press, of which the *Atlantic* article is a minor but peculiarly offensive example.

MURRAY W. MCENIRY
Scarsdale, N.Y.

William Greider replies:

Let me assure readers that no "misunderstanding" or betrayal of confidence was involved in my article on David Stockman. In none of my conversations with him, either before the *Atlantic* article appeared or afterward, did he express surprise or anger at the direct quotation from our extensive interviews, which were tape-recorded with his knowledge. At no time, either before or after, has Stockman asserted to me that his remarks were not to be quoted directly. On the contrary, the transcripts of the interviews contain numerous instances in which Stockman directly acknowledged that his remarks would be quoted in print.

CHILDREN AND READING

Bruno Bettelheim and Karen Zelan ("Why Children Don't Like To Read," November *Atlantic*) seem to indict all teachers and all schools, ignoring the fact that many teachers and administrators are aware of the importance of using children's own language and real literature in first-grade programs. Many teachers don't use basals, and many more supplement basals with rich literature and language experience activities. Most teachers these days are also aware of the linguistic significance of oral reading errors.

BARBARA C. HUNT
*Coordinator of Reading
Belmont Public Schools
Belmont, Mass.*

Bruno Bettelheim and Karen Zelan should be applauded for emphasizing the necessity that school and family teach children not only to read but also to enjoy reading—to discover that reading can be pleasant, interesting, and informative.

Unfortunately, I have observed (in my roles as mother, teacher, and psychologist) that teachers often impose learning on children. Rarely is the child consulted about what he wants to learn, or given reading lessons based on such highly motivating interests. As the authors point out, children tend to learn reading skills in isolation or embedded in content that is often irrelevant to their lives.

However, when children make numerous errors in reading, I cannot believe this represents their use of a subconscious or conscious "ingenuity" to "correct or improve" the story. I have seen the frustration of children trying to make sense out of a paragraph but unable to do so because their successive misreadings accumulate to make comprehension impossible. They dislike reading because it makes no sense.

SUNNY McMILLAN
Boston, Mass.

If European children do have a larger reading vocabulary at the end of first grade than the average American, it is most likely because in most European countries children do not enter first grade until they are seven years old (as opposed to six for Americans).

JOHN N. CURTIS, JR.
Lausanne, Switzerland

I have never met a child who didn't love to read.

MARY PECCI
San Francisco, Calif.

ADVICE & CONSENT

In your October issue you carried an excerpt from Robert A. Caro's forthcoming biography of Lyndon Johnson. In that excerpt Caro says that Johnson could not hold office in the Twentieth Congressional District of Texas because he did not reside there. This is incorrect.

While by custom members of Congress reside in the district they represent, this is not required by law. Article I, Section 2 requires only that a representative reside in the state that he or she represents—not the district. In fact, the exact wording requires only that one reside in the state at the time of election, and says nothing about where one may live after being elected.

JORGEN RASMUSSEN
Ames, Iowa

Mary Jo Salter's notes about the absorption of English into the Japanese language ("Kyoto: A Gorgeous 'na' Melody," October *Atlantic*) reflect universal tendencies—e.g., the absorption of Yiddish into American English.

Waishatsu (white shirt, hence dress shirt), she says, is further modified as *pinku waishatsu* (pink white shirt). Reminds me of a word I have seen rendered in British dialect as *pocker-ankercher* (pocket-hand-head cover, or *couvrechief*). A Japanese asked Ms. Salter, "How do you say 'rehabirashion' in English?" Similarly, a British lady on U.S. radio spoke of *gerrymandering* in her country and added, "I don't know whether you have that word."

In English, as in Japanese, most neologisms do not enrich the language; on the contrary, they impoverish it by encouraging neglect of an established vocabulary with deep roots in the past, and thus alienate us from our traditions and our classics.

LEON LUKASZEWSKI
Walnut Creek, Calif.

I would hope that your mailbox is running over with letters praising William Stafford's poem ("108 East Nineteenth") in the December *Atlantic*.

JANICE T. MOORE
Young Harris, Ga.



REPORTS & COMMENT

THE BOMB "THE LAST EPIDEMIC"

The death and destruction of a nuclear war would be followed by unimaginable social and medical problems, according to a group of American physicians



IN THE PAST FEW years, a group of American doctors has been moved by the lack of medical information about nuclear war to examine in detail what the effects of such a war would be and whether "survival" is really possible. Like physicists before them, including Albert Einstein, Robert Oppenheimer, and Leo Szilard, who spoke bluntly about the dangers of nuclear war, these physicians have felt a professional responsibility to warn other members of their profession and the public about what they believe could well be "the last epidemic" for mankind. They call themselves Physicians for Social Responsibility (PSR), and they have had a significant impact nationwide. On their advisory board are such eminent doctors as Herbert Abrams, Paul Beeson, Helen Caldicott, Jeremiah Stamler, Alexander Leaf, and Jonas E. Salk. A related group, called the International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War, with associates in the Soviet Union, Japan, and many European nations, has dedicated its efforts to a campaign for bilateral nuclear disarmament as the only way to avoid a medical tragedy beyond any possible cure. PSR and the international group take seriously the

words of Albert Einstein, who said, "The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything except our way of thinking. Thus we are drifting toward a catastrophe beyond comparison. We shall require a substantially new manner of thinking if mankind is to survive." Robert Jay Lifton, a Yale psychiatrist who has written extensively on the survivors of Hiroshima, shares this view. "Nuclear numbing," in Lifton's view, affects millions of people, creating a state of overwhelming fear and anxiety that leads to feelings of helplessness and passivity about halting the nuclear-arms race. He stresses that PSR must address a double illusion about nuclear war: that doctors can "patch you up after nuclear war, and that devices like shelters can help." Both of these notions are "part of a campaign of psychological preparation for nuclear war," he says.

PSR actually began in 1961, when a group of physicians in the Boston area

decided to investigate the consequences of a nuclear war. The doctors, recalls Dr. H. Jack Geiger, now at City College of New York, were disturbed at how lightly politicians were taking the dangers of a nuclear conflict. During the 1960 campaign, all the talk of a missile gap between the United States and the Soviet Union, of the need for a large-scale fallout-shelter program in the U.S., and of the casual atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons had heightened their fears. In an article that appeared in the *New England Journal of Medicine* in October, 1962, Geiger and two other doctors—Bernard Lown and Victor Sidel—analyzed the effects of a nuclear war on the United States, with particular reference to Massachusetts and to metropolitan Boston.

In their projection, the doctors estimated that 1,052,000 people out of Boston's 3 million would die immediately, as a result of the initial blast and of the devastating heat accompanying it. Temperatures in some places would reach as high as 800° centigrade. The force of the blast combined with the heat would first cause trauma and burns; shortly thereafter, vomiting, nausea, diarrhea, and other symptoms of radiation sickness would ensue. The doctors calculated that in the weeks right after an attack another one million people would perish, as a result of fatal injuries sustained during the explosion. Hundreds of thousands of survivors would suffer simple and compound fractures; severe wounds of the skull, thorax, and abdomen; and multiple lacerations with extensive hemorrhaging. Third-degree burns would be an overwhelming problem for physicians, because treatment requires specialized burn-care facilities, sophisticated laboratory equipment, and enor-



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mous supplies of blood and plasma, as well as a wide variety of drugs. These would simply not exist after a nuclear attack, because the area's hospitals would be largely destroyed. On top of all this, the doctors noted that since most physicians are concentrated in areas that would suffer the greatest damage from a bomb, their profession would be decimated: out of the 6,560 physicians working in Boston (a 1960-1961 AMA estimate), only about 640 would survive, or one doctor for every 1,700 acutely injured people. They concluded that if the surviving doctors spent only ten minutes diagnosing and treating each patient, and worked twenty-hour days, it would take eight to fourteen days to see every severely injured person once. This assumes that every physician would be willing "to expose himself to high or lethal levels of radiation," and would "be able to identify the areas in which he is most needed" and get there and begin work immediately.

A host of other medical problems would require special attention. Large numbers of people, for example, would be deaf, having suffered ruptured eardrums in the blast, and many others would be blind, since even a quick glance at the fireball from as far away as thirty-five miles would cause retinal burns of extreme severity. Acute radiation sickness would be widespread, and tens of thousands of survivors would suffer what Dr. Geiger refers to as "superficial burns produced by beta and low-energy gamma rays, and damage due to radio-nuclides in specific organs." All these injuries need intensive care, which would be virtually nonexistent, and large numbers of those so afflicted would die slowly and painfully. The psychological trauma from witnessing this catastrophe would be unprecedented, and would create shock and despair among the already sick and injured survivors.

AVIEW OF WHAT nuclear war today would entail must take into account its broadest social effects and not simply how many people are still breathing after an attack. Society would be fundamentally disrupted by even a limited war, Geiger asserts. The systems of communication, transportation, and electricity on which we depend for medical care and food would cease to function effectively. Survival would thus be much more problematic for those who were

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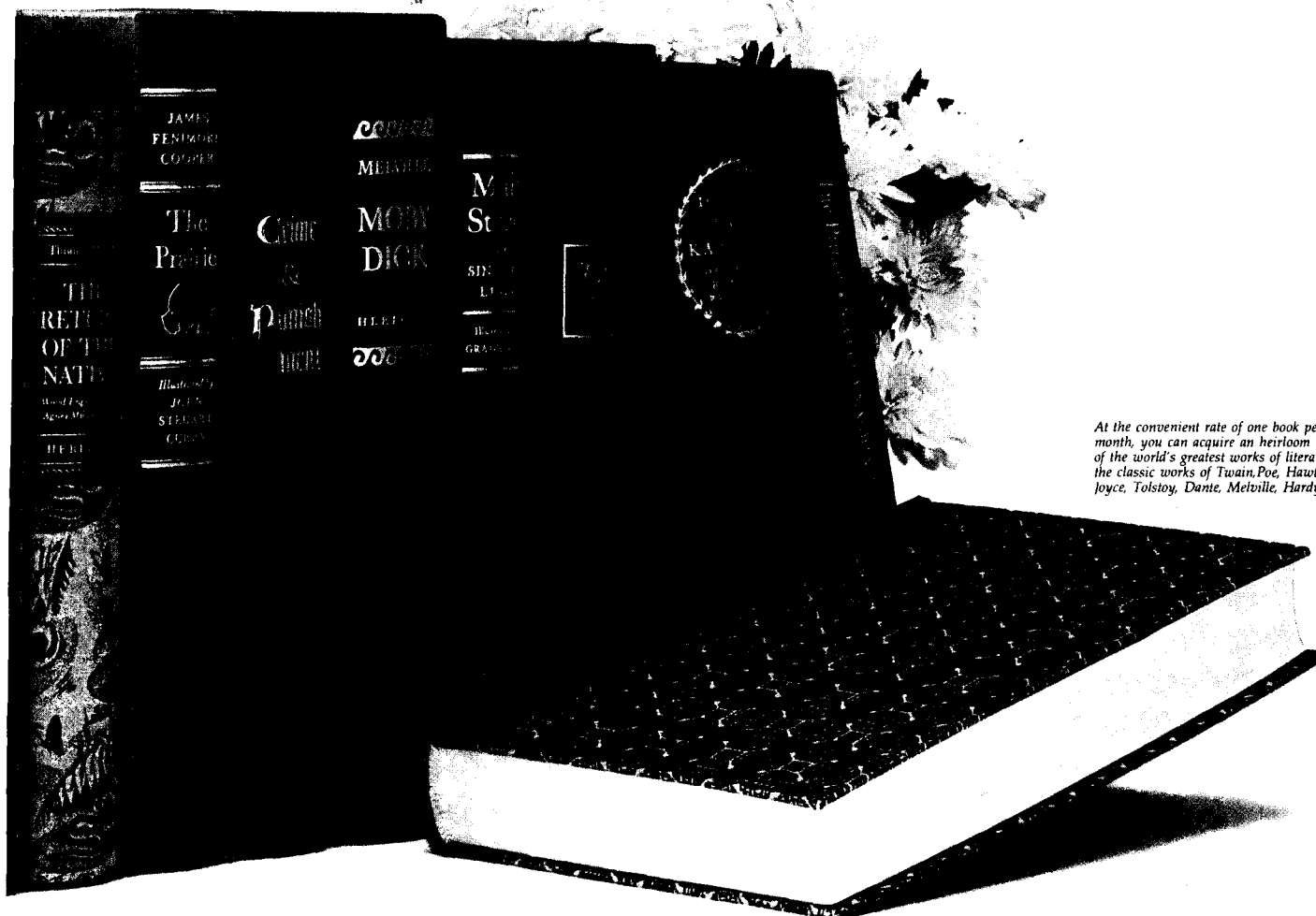
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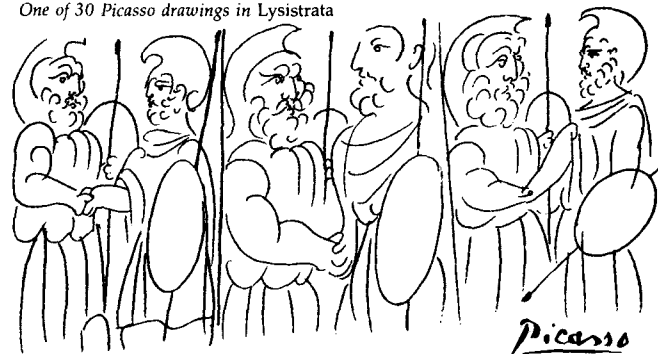
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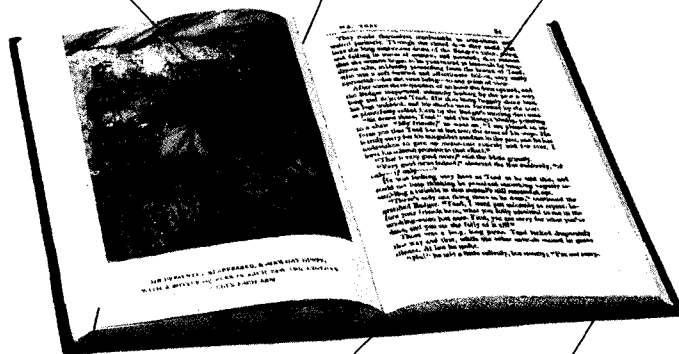
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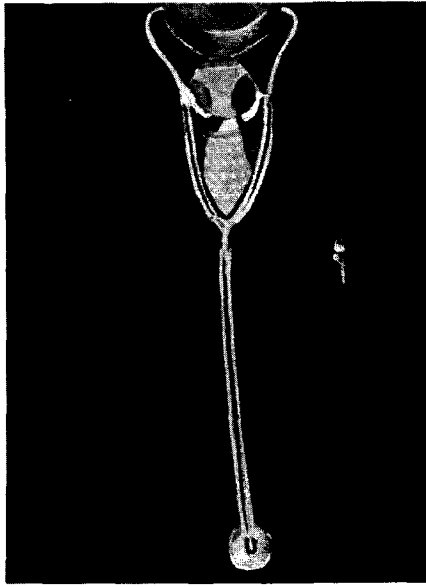
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seriously injured. For example, Geiger notes that it would be very difficult to bring food into an area directly hit, and extreme water shortages would occur almost at once. Most Americans today use about 50 to 150 gallons of water daily, but in the post-attack period, "a quart a day would be generous, and there would be no way to assure potability or freedom from radioactive contamination." Mass infection would be another critical problem. Geiger estimates that a twenty-megaton attack on San Francisco today would leave at least 300,000 decomposing corpses, even if the firestorm burned up another 500,000. With no safe water supply or sanitation, "the vectors of disease—flies, mosquitoes, and other insects—will enjoy preferential survival and growth in the post-attack period because their radiation resistance is many times that of mammals." Conditions would be ripe for the outbreak of epidemic diseases. Food production, too, would be profoundly disrupted, and vast changes in weather, caused by a reduction of the atmospheric ozone, could precipitate major alterations in human beings, animals, and plants. Under these circumstances, says Geiger, "simply to tally those who are still alive, or alive and uninjured, is to make a biological body count that has little social meaning."

Just how many people would die in a full-scale exchange of nuclear weapons between the Soviet Union and the U.S. is uncertain, but physicians agree generally that deaths would run well into the tens of millions, and millions more, exposed to the blast and to radiation in the days and weeks following, would develop leukemia and a wide spectrum of malignant tumors. As Professor Sidney Drell, of Stanford University, has written, "No matter how small its yield, a nuclear weapon [unlike a conventional one] has a long memory—a deadly, radioactive memory," which means, of course, that genetic defects like those widespread in Japan would occur in children who had been exposed as fetuses to powerful radiation doses.

PSR'S VIGOROUS ARGUMENTS have brought it into direct opposition to the government's Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), which now coordinates all civil-defense planning. FEMA's studies emphasize that mass-evacuation programs are the real



key to "survival," and the agency estimates that, if developed properly, such a plan could save about 90 percent of the population. The FEMA concept of evacuation is based, however, on having somewhere between three and eight days' notice of a nuclear attack, which many critics think highly unlikely. In any case, the doctors question the realism of FEMA's complex scenario, in which the Soviet Union would evacuate its cities before striking the U.S. According to a FEMA report, this would probably give our intelligence time to "see it and we will have time to use our greater number of cars and trucks to get out of our cities by the time they do." PSR replies that as soon as one country begins to evacuate, the other will immediately realize what's happening and release its missiles; that evacuation won't help much because of the advances in re-targeting; and that even if many people were saved but our cities destroyed, life would be totally altered.

The general approach of FEMA can be gleaned from the comments of Russell Clanahan, an agency spokesman, about the evacuation strategy. "There's nothing that provides quite so much protection from a nuclear attack as being fifty miles away from it." How can this be assured? "We have a system of highways and private autos that are unsurpassed. Most people would be moved by private cars, except for New York City, but they have a terrific transit system." The geography is difficult in New York, Clanahan admits. "You wouldn't want too many people on Long Island because of the winds. But if you

only get twenty minutes' warning in New York, you're not going to evacuate. New York is not going to be done in twenty-four or forty-eight hours; it's a week's job." Clanahan concedes that problems would be posed by other cities, such as Los Angeles, which is "surrounded by desert, mountains, and the ocean."

Reading the FEMA evacuation literature helps one understand the doctors' anxiety about the prospects for post-nuclear-war survival. "Protection in the Nuclear Age" is a bright-orange-and-yellow, sixty-eight-page booklet with the flavor of a newspaper "style" section. It has a chapter entitled "Shelter Living," and another on private shelters which suggests that one option might be a "snack bar shelter" that could be converted quickly into a fallout shelter. The tone is breezy and understated. "In a nationwide nuclear attack, people close to a nuclear explosion in the area of heavy destruction probably would be killed or seriously injured by the blast, or by the heat of initial nuclear radiation of the nuclear fireball. People a few miles away—in the light damage area of the explosion—would be endangered by the blast and heat, and by fires that the explosion might start."

What is to be done? "People in the areas of heavy destruction would likely need protection from various combinations of blast, initial radiation, heat, fire and radioactive fallout . . . Therefore, people living in or near likely target or high risk areas may wish to relocate in safer areas and take fallout shelter there. This would be a serious option for many to consider if a period of international tension permitting time for such relocation should precede a nationwide nuclear attack."

The booklet concludes with a discussion of radiation sickness and notes that the early symptoms are lack of appetite, nausea, vomiting, fatigue, weakness, and headache. "Later the patient may have sore mouth, loss of hair, bleeding gums, bleeding under the skin, and diarrhea." It cautions, however, that these same symptoms can "be caused by other diseases . . . If the patient has headache or general discomfort, give him one or two aspirins every 3 or 4 hours (half a tablet for a child under 12)."

Notwithstanding FEMA's sanguine view of nuclear war, the Department of Defense has launched a new program called the Civilian Military Contingency

Hospital System. The department is asking civilian hospitals all over the United States to set aside fifty beds each for military casualties of a "[short and very lethal] war between the United States and the Soviet Union." PSR has criticized this program because the department is not describing the projected conflict as nuclear, which is either deceptive or extremely naive.

THE DOCTORS ARE hardly alone, however, in their view of the medical hazards of nuclear war. Since they did their first study, in 1962, numerous scientific and governmental reports have reached similar conclusions, including a major report from Congress's Office of Technology Assessment (1979), which states quite boldly, "Cancer deaths and those suffering some form of genetic damage would run into the millions over the 40 years following the attack." The OTA report asserts that after 100 million casualties on each side in a major confrontation between two superpowers, "millions of people might starve or freeze during the following winter, but it is not possible to estimate how many."

The report stresses the vast areas of uncertainty that must be admitted by anyone attempting to predict the effects of nuclear war. No one knows where people would be during an attack, or when or under what weather conditions it would occur, all of which could affect the consequences. Long-term radiation dangers are still being debated by scientists, but new evidence, such as that in the OTA study, suggests that they are greater than many have calculated in the past. Finally, the report concludes that "the nonmilitary observer should remember that actual damage is likely to be greater than that reflected in the military calculations."

The physicians seem to be getting their message across; the PSR membership has increased from a few hundred two years ago to more than 8,000 today. PSR has held seminars at the nation's leading medical schools, and has attempted to reach out to doctors not already convinced of the grim realities of nuclear war. Last November representatives of PSR participated in more than 150 teach-ins at many American universities and colleges. PSR will also be a prominent participant in "Ground Zero Week," a week of educational events scheduled for April and involving many

church groups and other community and political organizations. Dr. Howard H. Hiatt, the dean of the Harvard School of Public Health, who coined the phrase "the last epidemic," though not a PSR member, shares many of its concerns. Last December, he visited President Reagan and described for him what would happen if a one-megaton bomb should explode over Washington. In 1980, he met with trustees of the American Medical Association to urge more education on the medical effects of nuclear war. Subsequently, he wrote an editorial for the AMA journal stating that "prevention is the only recourse." A few months later, the AMA house of delegates, representing the entire body, passed a resolution calling on doctors to assume more responsibility for informing their patients of the real dangers of nuclear war.

The doctors don't have a blueprint for achieving nuclear disarmament or for solving the arms race overnight. But they do assert that more innovative and substantial steps by the United States and the Soviet Union are necessary if a nuclear catastrophe is to be avoided. Thomas Halsted, PSR's new director, who formerly served with the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, in Washington, stresses that continued adherence to the SALT I Treaty and observation of the terms of the unratified SALT II are top priorities.

PSR is among hundreds of organizations that have endorsed the Nuclear Weapons Freeze Proposal, which calls on both the Soviet Union and the U.S. to cease testing, production, and deployment of new nuclear warheads, missiles, and delivery systems. The nuclear freeze has been officially endorsed by the Massachusetts and Oregon legislatures, and efforts are now under way to put it on the ballot in more than twenty states next November. "We need more education about what the realities of the nuclear age are," says Halsted, "because the dangers are greater than ever . . . I used to think that [the chance of] intentional use of nuclear weapons was almost infinitesimal, but it's not as remote as it was. Accidents are possible. The law of averages is going to run out on us."

—Peter H. Stone

Peter H. Stone is a free-lance writer based in New York.

JERUSALEM SYMBOLS OF RECOGNITION

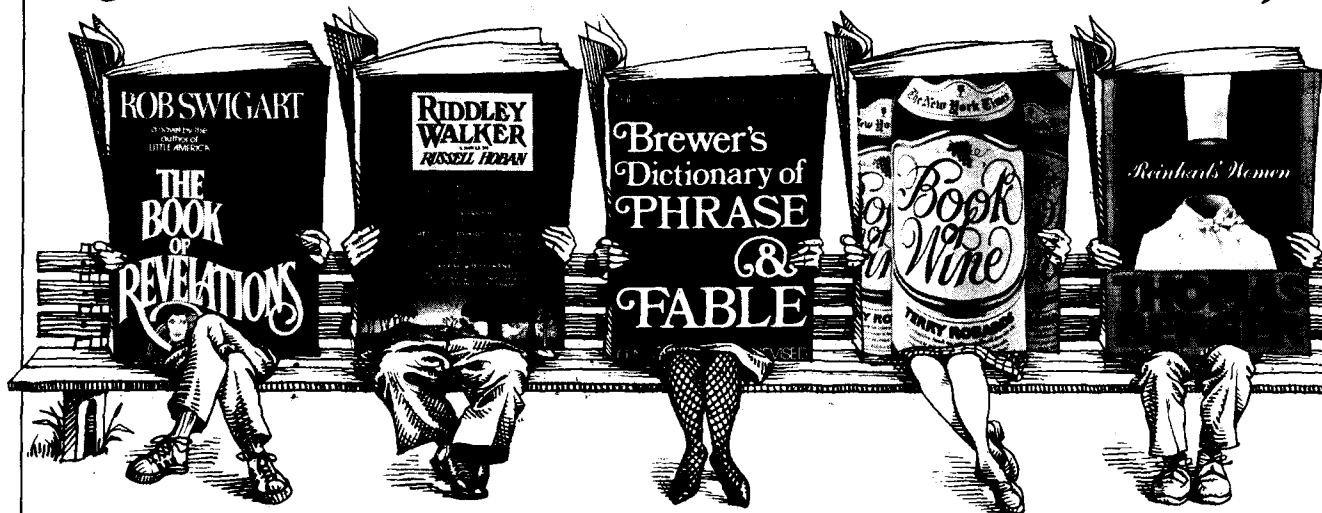
*The city requires day-to-day truces
between Israelis and Palestinians—
and between religious and secular Jews*



ONE DAY LAST fall, I sat on a terrace in Jerusalem, having lunch with a friend. Sacred places lay before us like parts of a stage set. To the left was the Dome of the Rock, tiled in blue, white, and green and capped by a golden dome. The building, holy to Moslems, Jews, and Christians, is controlled today by Moslems. In the center was the Wailing Wall, now commonly called the Western Wall. When the Jordanians governed the Old City, from 1948 to 1967, they denied Jews access to the Wall to pray; since the unification of the city, in 1967, religious Jews have organized all activities at the Wall, soldiers have guarded entry to it, and the city's planners have changed its character. Once buildings nestled almost up to the Wall, so that one prayed in a narrow space against a wall of immense height, but now the buildings are gone, and the space in front of the Wall is a grand piazza. One prays not in intimacy but in full view of hordes of tourists. To the right was the mosque of El-Aqsa, which is almost as important to Moslems as Mecca and Medina. A long, flat building topped with a silver dome, it was partially destroyed by fire in 1969. Many Moslems refuse to believe that a crazed tourist was responsible, and maintain that there were more sinister, political causes. In the distance was the Mount of Olives; on its edges we could see faintly some of the poorest homes of the city's Arabs. Spread out before us, then, was a scene of the city's past glories and present tensions.

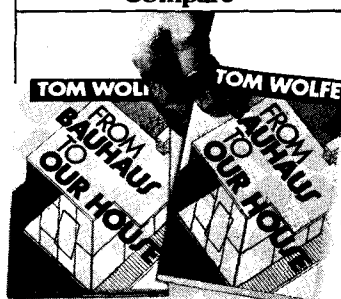
At the end of our luncheon, a large group of black-coated men, some wearing fur hats despite the intense heat, some in black knee breeches and black hose, rushed into the square, pursued by a band of police. The men in black ran to the Wall; some began praying frantically, others shouted taunts at the police. The police stopped where religious control of the Wall begins. After a few minutes, they pulled back to the

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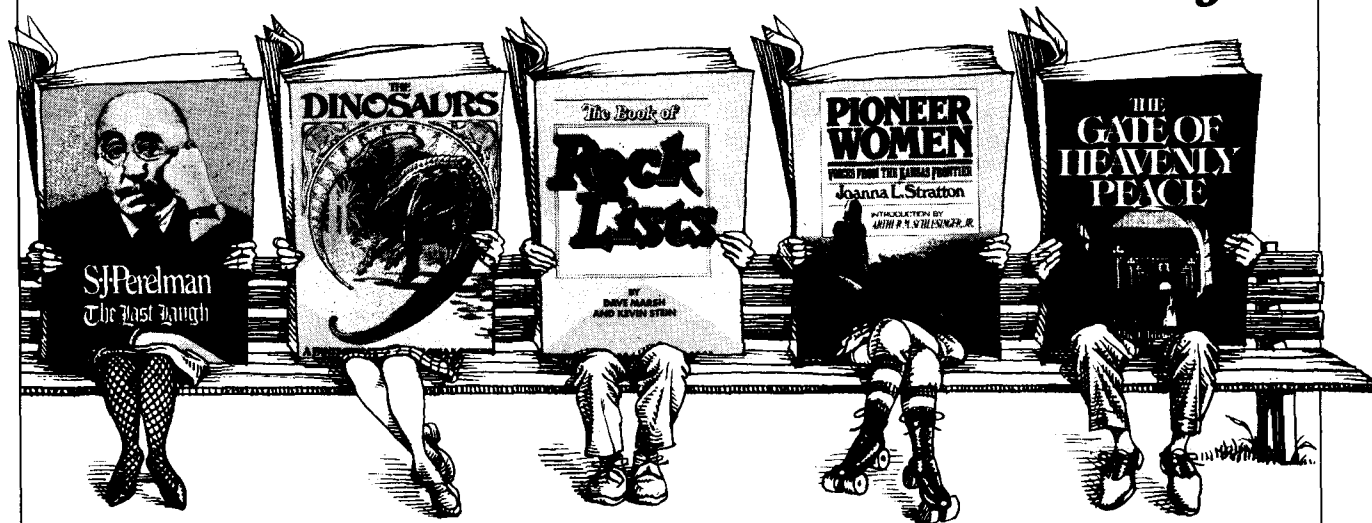
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edge of the guarded zone of the piazza. At this sign of retreat, the men in black rushed out again into the center, shouting insults and prayers; the police closed in again, but they showed restraint. They acted their part in this ballet of pursuit and retreat until the men in black tired and broke up into small groups, some in deep prayer at the Wall, others standing away from it, talking.

"So you see, Richard," my hostess said, "this is the other side of Jerusalem's problems: Jew against Jew." A few days later, the city's chief engineer and planner, Amnon Niv, used the same words to me. "Jew against Jew, not Jew against Arab, there's my difficulty." He meant that the religious Jews, as they are called by other Jews who do not share their zealotry, emboldened by their new power in the coalition government of Prime Minister Menachem Begin and swollen in number by greater migration to Jerusalem in the past few years, are now trying to impose certain aspects of their faith on the whole city. They have demonstrated in order to stop car and bus traffic on Saturdays, since one of their religious tenets is that Jews must not travel on the Sabbath; they have claimed greater powers for the religious courts; and they have sought to restrict archaeological research and new building on sites where they believe Jews have been buried, a hundred or a thousand years ago.

These pressures in the city parallel pressures in the nation; the religious faction wants to stop the Israeli airline, El Al, from operating on the Sabbath; it wants the right to determine who is "really" a Jew, and so entitled to migrate to the country; it wants to forbid autopsies. Before the Begin regime, an *entente cordiale* prevailed between the religious and the civil authorities. Now it is strained, in local and everyday life, even as the religious parties are gaining more formal political power; the many Israelis who do not share these passions of faith think that religious Jews are doing the nation harm. Indeed, some of the religious groups, such as Natorei Carta, are outspokenly anti-Zionist; they do not believe there can be a legitimate Jewish state until the true Messiah comes to the land of Zion.

In Jerusalem, these tensions between Jews are ironic. For in this war-torn city—where there was house-to-house fighting in the Six-Day War of 1967, where Jordanian rulers tore down many

synagogues, schools, and homes in the Jewish quarter during the previous nineteen years of occupation, where the city hall still shows the bullet holes of snipers from 1948 to 1967 — a *modus vivendi* has in the past fourteen years been worked out between Arabs and Jews, a toleration in daily life that coexists with hostile words.

During my stay in Jerusalem, I lived at the edge of the Moslem quarter of the Old City. Frequently, I would walk home late at night through the Moslem quarter; the inhabitants were invariably polite in helping me when I invariably lost my way. In the market of the Old City during the day, transactions between Arabs and Jews show a similar politeness, particularly when the Jews speak Arabic to the shopkeepers, as an ever-increasing number have learned to do. Ibrahim Dakak, a Palestinian architect who worked on the restoration of El-Aqsa after the fire, told me, "I am a fervent advocate of the rights of my people; this is my city, my family have lived here continuously for four hundred years, and now all I have is 'resident status' — yet I must get up every morning, eat three meals a day, and go to sleep." The accommodation goes no further in words; it is a matter of behavior; of certain subjects that Arab and Jewish workers avoid at their jobs, of small rituals of mutual acknowledgment and avoidance of The Subject in social life. The result of this accommodation, which does both Arabs and Jews credit, is a peculiar sense of everyday peace in Jerusalem in the midst of its strikes, demonstrations, and fusillades of words. Secular and religious Jews have not yet come to a similar understanding.

LATE IN THE EVENING of the day of the skirmish between the religious Jews and the police, the mayor of Jerusalem, Teddy Kollek, visited the house where I had watched it. He was an old friend of my hostess.

Kollek told us that the trouble had begun at noon, when a group of religious Jews began excavating an aqueduct under the outlying religious buildings that stand next to the Dome of the Rock. While they were praying, a vision had come to them that such an excavation might lead them to the burial place of the Holy Ark. As they tunneled, they damaged the foundation of a building sacred to Moslems. A crack opened in its floor, alerting a group of Moslems meet-

ing there. Some Moslem students dug a hole to the tunnel. A three-way battle ensued among the Jews, the Moslems, and the police. In the melee, a young Moslem boy was cut and had to go to the hospital for treatment. Word spread through the Moslem quarter that he was dead. The Supreme Moslem Council, the voice of moral leadership in the Palestinian community, met late in the afternoon and decreed a general strike in three days' time, on Thursday, and a mass rally on Friday, after midday prayers at the mosque.

The boy's wounds proved superficial, and he was sent home early in the afternoon. Kollek attempted to diffuse tension by sending a television crew (television in Israel is state-run) to the boy's house, to show that he was alive and well. Moslem leaders told the Mayor that they could not rescind the strike, since the Supreme Moslem Council would not meet again that week, but that they could try to end the mass rally called for the day after. The Mayor said, "It's not the best solution, but I think we can live with it." The religious Jews proved to be another problem. Kollek promised the Moslem leaders that he would seal the tunnel, but the religious Jews would not let the police through the Western Wall area to the tunnel entrance just left of the Wall—it was their refusal to give the police access that we had watched at lunch. But that act of resistance fizzled when the police found a way in through the hole the Moslem students had dug. "So now, with their aid, we are sealing it up, but of course we have run out of some materials, always something goes wrong, but I have given my word, and we will get it done."

And he did. The next day, the Mayor took a group of Moslems, including a Moslem engineer, into the tunnel to show them the seal. They accepted the work, the fact that he had kept faith, and began building a seal of their own behind the first one. From their point of view, what one Israeli official can give, another can take away. Moreover, what makes the "arrangement" work in Jerusalem is in part the conviction of Moslem leaders that at least on a day-to-day basis, if not in an ultimate sense, they can do something to be their own masters. Protection of their sacred spaces as a gift from those they see as their captors would be humiliating.

Symbols are all-important in this city of zeal. It is ironic that the religious

Jews tried to excavate the tunnel, because their efforts in the past few weeks had been directed at stopping excavation elsewhere in the city, in the archaeological site called the City of David, at a place called Area G. The religious Jews believe that ancient Jewish graves exist there, and they do not want the graves of the dead disturbed. Area G is no more than fifteen by thirty meters, but numerous riots between the police and Jews broke out about it. The Ashkenazi chief rabbi, Shlomo Goren, threatened a *ketav seiruv* against the minister of education, Zevulun Hammer, and the minister of interior and religious affairs, Yosef Burg, if the excavation work was carried out. A *ketav seiruv* is a rabbinical injunction against an errant Jew that constitutes a serious step in eventually being repudiated by the reli-

the peace of the dead versus the roots of Jewish legitimacy in Israel.

The Moslem general strike that Thursday also had a larger, symbolic value. Despite the fact that the tunnel was doubly walled-up, and the boy was safe, the strike was virtually complete. All the Moslem shops in the Old City were closed throughout the day, though a few women were allowed to sell fruit and vegetables from baskets; construction work in the city came to a virtual halt, because the majority of construction workers are Palestinians. Yet it was not a general strike that an Italian or French worker would recognize as akin to his own. There were no pickets, no signs, no marches. People sat in front of their shops, or at cafés, talking peacefully. I ran out of shaving cream, and went to the market to see if by chance

creased by 49 percent, the Moslem population by 65 percent. (The Christian community remained relatively stable.) More than 400,000 people live in Jerusalem now; 700,000 will in fifteen years. The urban area is spreading beyond the city limits, to the northeast all the way to Nablus, to the southwest all the way to Hebron. The boom in people has spurred a boom in housing; when you scan the city's horizon, you see more building cranes than minarets or church spires.

Almost all of the boom is in new areas, and the results are not as satisfying as the sensitive rebuilding of the old Jewish quarter since the 1967 war. New Jewish neighborhoods, such as Ramot and Gilot, look ugly, like vast concrete beehives stuck on the land, rather than settlements that grow naturally from it.



gious community. An organization set up in the 1950s, called Atra Kadisha (The Holy Sites Society), had in recent weeks been especially active in excavation protests, though in the wake of the tunnel melee its leader, Rabbi Shmidl, tried to calm his followers.

Archaeology has a symbolic value for secular as well as religious Jews, though a different symbol is involved. The Zionist movement believed that one would find remains of Jewish settlement anywhere one dug into the earth in Israel. Digging into the earth, into the past, was a means of proving the right of Jews to regain the land of Zion. Thus, many in the Zionist movement were enthusiastic amateur archaeologists, and the Israeli newspapers still devote front-page space to an archaeological find while relegating important economic or political news to an inside page. The strife in recent weeks illustrated the fundamental conflict between theology and nationalism:

the pharmacy was open. It wasn't, but the pharmacist sat out front, smoking a water pipe. "You need shaving cream? I will give you some," he said, "but I refuse to accept money today. You will pay me later." He offered me a draw on the water pipe; I made the counter-offer of an American cigarette. "Mister, you forgive me, but no. It is very bad for you. I am sure it is, I can hear the cough in your throat." The voices of Semitic parents are remarkably similar. As a foreigner, I was able to break the rule of reticence, and we began to discuss the strike. "You will tell people in America that this is a good day for Palestinians, a day of unity. In case your memory is bad, I will repeat that." And he did.

JERUSALEM IS NOT only an ancient city. It is also a modern city in the midst of a boom. Since the unification of the city, the population has shot upward: from 1967 to 1980, the Jewish population in-

Despite the good intentions of the city's planners, many of the new settlements have become deadly dormitory suburbs, where the residents' only link to the life of the city is by bus or car. A boom in the tourist population has accompanied the internal swelling of the city, and this has created a dilemma for the planners about where to build hotels. Every tourist in Jerusalem would like to take breakfast on a terrace and look on the Old City below. The planners could satisfy this desire, but it would mean that in the Old City one would raise one's eyes to a burst of hotel skyscrapers. The Intercontinental Hotel, on the Mount of Olives, is a case in point. From it, one has a marvelous view; looking at it, especially at night, when it is garishly lit up, one feels that the sacred hill is demeaned.

The greatest conundrum Jerusalem's boom poses is for the Palestinians. In the past fourteen years, they have

grown much richer than they were under Jordanian rule. Peasant men are abandoning their fields, traveling instead to the city by bus or taxi. (Many Jerusalem taxis are long Mercedes-Benz limousines adapted to hold up to eight passengers.) They labor as construction workers, for companies that for the most part are owned by Jews; they work in the hotels and restaurants that cater to tourists; they drive taxis or the dilapidated trucks that service Arab businesses in the city. The Palestinians are becoming Jerusalem's urban proletariat. In the process, they are not only making more money than they were as peasants but becoming more the equals of their Jewish counterparts. In 1968, a Jewish taxi driver in Jerusalem earned four times what an Arab taxi driver did; in 1975, he earned 1.75 times more; now they earn the same. This trend is also evident in the other service industries.

All this prosperity should make people happier, but it hasn't, and for good reason. The pace of change has been breathtaking; the old fabric of village and local life has ripped apart at the seams. The change has been particularly hard on Palestinian peasant women, whose role in the family has been upset by the loss of the family solidarity that came from working together in the fields. Women now spend a large part of the day alone, with their husbands and their older children working far away. Although Palestinians have become richer, they are not moving up socially. It takes a high jump for the son of a Palestinian worker to make it into the middle class, and few are able to cross the bar. They need advanced education to do so, and most of the higher education available to them is conducted in Hebrew, a language in which few Palestinians are fluent. Finally, they are working for, or dependent upon, Jews. The conquerors have made them a gift of prosperity; since the Palestinians have a passionate, anguished desire for cultural independence, it is a difficult gift to receive. Few want to return to the harsh life of the partitioned city. Most want political autonomy, which would preserve their present gains—but how could they achieve it? Materially they have become part of Israel.

For this reason, the fate of a Palestinian-owned company that is rather small by American standards—it has 400 employees—has aroused strong feelings throughout the Palestinian community

in Jerusalem and the West Bank. It is the Jerusalem District Electric Company, and the Israeli government wants to take it away from the Palestinians and nationalize it. The government says that the company provides poor service, and that it is an ecological disaster—it burns heavy oil for its generators, creating thick clouds of polluting smoke and an oil effluent that might eventually contaminate the city's water supply. The company and its Palestinian supporters acknowledge that the service is poor. They say the Israelis are at fault: the Israelis sell them the heavy oil, the Israelis will not let them use new generating equipment until the nationalization issue is resolved. But beyond the charges and counter-charges, the fate of the Jerusalem District Electric Company matters to the Palestinian community because it has been *theirs* since it came into existence, in 1957, and it is their largest modern business.

The Israeli government began moving to take the company away from the Palestinians late in 1979. Mayor Kollek intervened on the Palestinians' behalf. It took some courage for him to do so. About a third of the company's 70,000 customers in 1979 were Jewish; these customers wanted to know why electric failures were so frequent, especially on Friday night, the sabbath eve. They wanted to know why anyone would even consider the company Palestinian, since it buys two thirds of its power from the state's Israel Electric Corporation. The state concern was reliable; the Palestinian one was not. The issue was taken to the High Court of Justice (Israel's Supreme Court), and in February of 1981 the court handed down a complicated ruling in the company's favor.

The Mayor and the court made the issue a matter of justice. But they were also expressing faith in a new regime at the company. By 1979, the company was 80 million pounds in debt, strike-ridden, and preparing to sell off its operations within the city limits of Jerusalem to Israel Electric to settle some of its debts. A consortium of Jordanian, Palestinian, and other Arab investors came to the rescue. The debt was liquidated; some machinery was modernized; a new management came in under the leadership of Anwar Nusseibeh. Mr. Nusseibeh, from an old and wealthy family in Jerusalem, was formerly Jordanian minister of defense and Jordanian ambassador to the Court of Saint

James's. Under his leadership, the company in the past two years has begun to turn a modest profit.

I went to see Mr. Nusseibeh at the company's headquarters on a Saturday, the day after another sabbath-eve failure. The company headquarters would make an official of General Electric cringe: no aluminum-and-leather chairs, no secretary behind a rosewood desk, just a guard at a battered table near the door. The building was grimy, but the papers on the various office desks were all in neat piles. A creaking elevator took me to Mr. Nusseibeh's floor, where his office was directly off the corridor, without the secretarial antechambers by which Western capitalists restrict entrance to the august presence.

An elderly, grave man, Mr. Nusseibeh was courteous, but never gave away more than he meant to say. He knew in advance that I was an American Jew who had been received by the Mayor and other Israeli officials; he had every reason to be guarded. He was direct and precise in discussing details, but rarely ventured opinions. I thought the interview would end as it began, and was preparing to leave when he suddenly asked, "Is the Mirabelle restaurant in London still there, still good?" I answered that I could not afford to eat there. "Well, you will, sometime. Tell me about Greenwich Village—I remember it as so beautiful." He plied me with questions about the pleasures of Western city life. The problems that were piled in neat stacks of paper on his desk were forgotten for a while. When we returned to the troubles of the Jerusalem District Electric Company, Mr. Nusseibeh spoke in a different mood.

I asked him why he took his fight to an Israeli court, since some of the Palestinians on his board put pressure on him not to, as a sign of refusing to recognize Israeli law as legitimate. He avoided the question, but for the first time a look of fire came into his face. "Do you know that when we won in the courts, Mayor Kollek came here with a delegation; yes, this delegation formally called upon us here at the office to offer congratulations; that meant something." The discussion suddenly entered the same realm as that of the rabbis defending the graves of the dead, and the Zionists digging down to their roots: the realm of symbol. A delegation: the symbol of courtesy, of recognition, of respect. Mr. Nusseibeh spoke of his hopes for the

company, his hopes that, despite all the obstacles he believes the Israelis put in his path, the company can eventually win the approval of Jewish as well as Arab customers. One can judge such statements only by their tone: I think that he meant what he said. So I asked him how Jewish approval could be gained. "We need time, we need patience; if they give us time, instead of trying to obliterate us, I think we can demonstrate to them we have something to contribute."

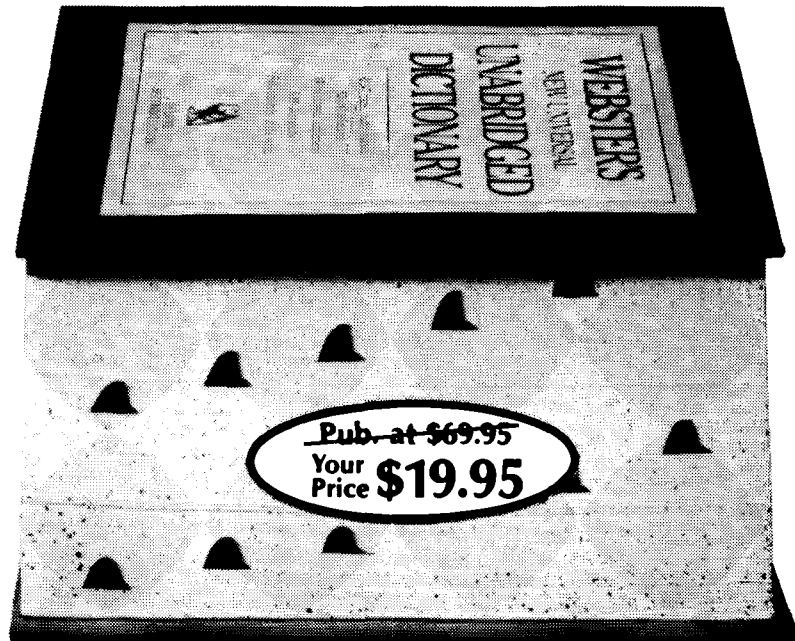
BUT AN ELECTRIC company is a business, and its survival must depend on something more than its symbolic needs and desires; it must produce electricity. Two days after my interview with Mr. Nusseibeh, the Mayor called me. "Last night several hundred people demonstrated outside my house, until two in the morning, flashing the lights and honking the horns of their cars. They say they want better electric service right now; they have old people, disabled people, in their homes who can't be without electricity, and they want to know why I, their mayor, am not on their side. I told them the problem was complex, and that Israel Electric was part of the problem. Do you think that was enough of a good answer? I don't."

As a symbolic meeting ground for Palestinians and Israelis, the Jerusalem District Electric Company is worth the aggravation and occasional suffering its operations cause. It could become an important element of what the Palestinians have to give to the Israelis. But in terms of the forces that have made Jerusalem a modern city, the company is doomed. To absorb its operation, Israel Electric would have to increase its own output by 2 percent—a matter of a few weeks' effort. If the company dies—as it seems certain to, given the Begin government's intentions—most Palestinians will explain it in political terms; as is the case with the majority of explanations in Jerusalem, they will be right and wrong. Political tensions between Israelis and Palestinians will be the immediate cause, but the underlying reasons will have to do with the forces that have transformed this ancient city into a modern, sprawling metropolis.

— Richard Sennett

Richard Sennett is director of the New York Institute for the Humanities.

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19th-century land grants are 20th-century subsidies for freight railroads.

Fact:

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On May 10, 1869, at Promontory, Utah, the Golden Spike was ceremoniously driven to open the first modern transportation link between East and West. This completed the transcontinental railroad and changed the history of the United States. Millions of eager Americans and immigrants poured into the West—to farm, homestead, mine and make things. The two shining steel rails linked this wilderness with the marketplaces of America.

Farsighted government investments called "Land Grants" made it possible. But the myth persists they were gifts. In fact, they were sound, hard-driven business investments in the future of a nation. And, for nearly 100 years, the U.S. Government and taxpayers earned a high rate of return on those investments in the form of greatly reduced rail rates. Railroads were required to transport government personnel and freight at 50 percent of established rates, and mail at 80 percent. This included the massive numbers of troops and unprecedented freight volume carried during World War II.

By the time the reduced rate provisions of the land grant acts finally were repealed in 1946, the debt had been repaid by a sum nearly 10 times the original value of the land, according to government estimates. Furthermore, less than 8 percent of today's rail mileage stems from those long-ago land grants.

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For more facts, write: Paid In Full, Dept. 37, Association of American Railroads, 1920 L Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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"May God continue the unity of our Country as this Railroad unites the two great Oceans of the world."

Golden Spike courtesy of the Stanford University Museum of Art.

*An unruly market may undo the work of a
giant cartel and of an inspired, decades-long ad campaign*

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO SELL A DIAMOND?

BY EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN

THE DIAMOND INVENTION—the creation of the idea that diamonds are rare and valuable, and are essential signs of esteem—is a relatively recent development in the history of the diamond trade. Until the late nineteenth century, diamonds were found only in a few riverbeds in India and in the jungles of Brazil, and the

entire world production of gem diamonds amounted to a few pounds a year. In 1870, however, huge diamond mines were discovered near the Orange River, in South Africa, where diamonds were soon being scooped out by the ton. Suddenly, the market was deluged with diamonds. The British financiers who had organized the South African mines quickly realized that their investment was endangered; diamonds had little intrinsic value—and their price depended almost entirely on their scarcity. The financiers feared that when new mines were developed in South Africa, diamonds would become at best only semiprecious gems.

The major investors in the diamond mines realized that they had no alternative but to merge their interests into a single entity that would be powerful enough to control production and perpetuate the illusion of scarcity of diamonds. The instrument they created, in 1888, was called De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., incorporated in South Africa. As De Beers took control of all aspects of the world diamond trade, it assumed many forms. In London, it operated under the innocuous name of the Diamond Trading Company. In Israel, it was known as “The Syndicate.” In Europe, it was called the “C.S.O.”—initials referring to the Central Selling Organisation, which was an arm of the Diamond Trading Company. And in black Africa, it disguised its South African origins under subsidiaries with names like Diamond Development Corpora-



tion and Mining Services, Inc. At its height—for most of this century—it not only either directly owned or controlled all the diamond mines in southern Africa but also owned diamond-trading companies in England, Portugal, Israel, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland.

De Beers proved to be the most successful cartel

arrangement in the annals of modern commerce. While other commodities, such as gold, silver, copper, rubber, and grains, fluctuated wildly in response to economic conditions, diamonds have continued, with few exceptions, to advance upward in price every year since the Depression. Indeed, the cartel seemed so superbly in control of prices—and unassailable—that, in the late 1970s, even speculators began buying diamonds as a guard against the vagaries of inflation and recession.

The diamond invention is far more than a monopoly for fixing diamond prices; it is a mechanism for converting tiny crystals of carbon into universally recognized tokens of wealth, power, and romance. To achieve this goal, De Beers had to control demand as well as supply. Both women and men had to be made to perceive diamonds not as marketable precious stones but as an inseparable part of courtship and married life. To stabilize the market, De Beers had to endow these stones with a sentiment that would inhibit the public from ever reselling them. The illusion had to be created that diamonds were forever—“forever” in the sense that they should never be resold.

In September of 1938, Harry Oppenheimer, son of the founder of De Beers and then twenty-nine, traveled from Johannesburg to New York City, to meet with Gerold M. Lauck, the president of N. W. Ayer, a leading advertising agency in the United States. Lauck and N. W. Ayer had been recommended to Oppenheimer by the Morgan Bank, which had helped his father consolidate the De Beers financial empire. His bankers were concerned about the price of diamonds, which had declined worldwide.

In Europe, where diamond prices had collapsed during

Edward Jay Epstein is the author of News From Nowhere, Agency of Fear, Cartel, and Legend. He is at work on a book about diamonds.

the Depression, there seemed little possibility of restoring public confidence in diamonds. In Germany, Austria, Italy, and Spain, the notion of giving a diamond ring to commemorate an engagement had never taken hold. In England and France, diamonds were still presumed to be jewels for aristocrats rather than the masses. Furthermore, Europe was on the verge of war, and there seemed little possibility of expanding diamond sales. This left the United States as the only real market for De Beers's diamonds. In fact, in 1938 some three quarters of all the carat's diamonds were sold for engagement rings in the United States. Most of these stones, however, were smaller and of poorer quality than those bought in Europe, and had an average price of \$80 apiece. Oppenheimer and the bankers believed that an advertising campaign could persuade Americans to buy more expensive diamonds.

Oppenheimer suggested to Lauck that his agency prepare a plan for creating a new image for diamonds among Americans. He assured Lauck that De Beers had not called on any other American advertising agency with this proposal, and that if the plan met with his father's approval, N. W. Ayer would be the exclusive agents for the placement of newspaper and radio advertisements in the United States. Oppenheimer agreed to underwrite the costs of the research necessary for developing the campaign. *Lauck instantly accepted the offer.*

In their subsequent investigation of the American diamond market, the staff of N. W. Ayer found that since the end of World War I, in 1919, the total amount of diamonds sold in America, measured in carats, had declined by 50 percent; at the same time, the quality of the diamonds, measured in dollar value, had declined by nearly 100 percent. An Ayer memo concluded that the depressed state of the market for diamonds was "the result of the economy, changes in social attitudes and the promotion of competitive luxuries."

Although it could do little about the state of the economy, N. W. Ayer suggested that through a well-orchestrated advertising and public-relations campaign it could have a significant impact on the "social attitudes" of the public at large and thereby channel American spending toward larger and more expensive diamonds instead of "competitive luxuries." Specifically, the Ayer study stressed the need to strengthen the association in the public's mind of diamonds with romance. Since "young men buy over 90% of all engagement rings," it would be crucial to inculcate in them the idea that diamonds were a gift of love: the larger and finer the diamond, the greater the expression of love. Similarly, young women had to be encouraged to view diamonds as an integral part of any romantic courtship.

Since the Ayer plan to romanticize diamonds required subtly altering the public's picture of the way a man courts—and wins—a woman, the advertising agency strongly suggested exploiting the relatively new medium of motion pictures. Movie idols, the paragons of romance

for the mass audience, would be given diamonds to use as their symbols of indestructible love. In addition, the agency suggested offering stories and society photographs to selected magazines and newspapers which would reinforce the link between diamonds and romance. Stories would stress the size of diamonds that celebrities presented to their loved ones, and photographs would conspicuously show the glittering stone on the hand of a well-known woman. Fashion designers would talk on radio programs about the "trend towards diamonds" that Ayer planned to start. The Ayer plan also envisioned using the British royal family to help foster the romantic allure of diamonds. An Ayer memo said, "Since Great Britain has such an important interest in the diamond industry, the royal couple could be of tremendous assistance to this British industry by wearing diamonds rather than other jewels." Queen Elizabeth later went on a well-publicized trip to several South African diamond mines, and she accepted a diamond from Oppenheimer.

In addition to putting these plans into action, N. W. Ayer placed a series of lush four-color advertisements in magazines that were presumed to mold elite opinion, featuring reproductions of famous paintings by such artists as Picasso, Derain, Dali, and Dufy. The advertisements were intended to convey the idea that diamonds, like paintings, were unique works of art.

BY 1941, THE ADVERTISING AGENCY REPORTED TO ITS client that it had already achieved impressive results in its campaign. The sale of diamonds had increased by 55 percent in the United States since 1938, reversing the previous downward trend in retail sales. N. W. Ayer noted also that its campaign had required "the conception of a new form of advertising which has been widely imitated ever since. There was no direct sale to be made. There was no brand name to be impressed on the public mind. There was simply an idea—the eternal emotional value surrounding the diamond." It further claimed that "a new type of art was devised . . . and a new color, diamond blue, was created and used in these campaigns. . . ."

In its 1947 strategy plan, the advertising agency strongly emphasized a psychological approach. "We are dealing with a problem in mass psychology. We seek to . . . strengthen the tradition of the diamond engagement ring—to make it a psychological necessity capable of competing successfully at the retail level with utility goods and services. . . ." It defined as its target audience "some 70 million people 15 years and over whose opinion we hope to influence in support of our objectives." N. W. Ayer outlined a subtle program that included arranging for lecturers to visit high schools across the country. "All of these lectures revolve around the diamond engagement ring, and are reaching thousands of girls in their assemblies, classes and informal meetings in our leading educa-

tional institutions," the agency explained in a memorandum to De Beers. The agency had organized, in 1946, a weekly service called "Hollywood Personalities," which provided 125 leading newspapers with descriptions of the diamonds worn by movie stars. And it continued its efforts to encourage news coverage of celebrities displaying diamond rings as symbols of romantic involvement. In 1947, the agency commissioned a series of portraits of "engaged socialites." The idea was to create prestigious "role models" for the poorer middle-class wage-earners. The advertising agency explained, in its 1948 strategy paper, "We spread the word of diamonds worn by stars of screen and stage, by wives and daughters of political leaders, by any woman who can make the grocer's wife and the mechanic's sweetheart say 'I wish I had what she has.'"

De Beers needed a slogan for diamonds that expressed both the theme of romance and legitimacy. An N. W. Ayer copywriter came up with the caption "A Diamond Is Forever," which was scrawled on the bottom of a picture of two young lovers on a honeymoon. Even though diamonds can in fact be shattered, chipped, discolored, or incinerated to ash, the concept of eternity perfectly captured the magical qualities that the advertising agency wanted to attribute to diamonds. Within a year, "A Diamond Is Forever" became the official motto of De Beers.

In 1951, N. W. Ayer found some resistance to its million-dollar publicity blitz. It noted in its annual strategy review:

The millions of brides and brides-to-be are subjected to at least two important pressures that work against the diamond engagement ring. Among the more prosperous, there is the sophisticated urge to be different as a means of being smart. . . . The lower-income groups would like to show more for the money than they can find in the diamond they can afford. . . .

To remedy these problems, the advertising agency argued, "It is essential that these pressures be met by the constant publicity to show that only the diamond is everywhere accepted and recognized as the symbol of betrothal."

N. W. Ayer was always searching for new ways to influence American public opinion. Not only did it organize a service to "release to the women's pages [of daily newspapers] all the fresh material that we can find or create about the engagement ring" but it set about exploiting the relatively new medium of television by arranging for actresses and other celebrities to wear diamonds when they appeared before the camera. It also established a "Diamond Information Center" that placed a stamp of quasi-authority on the flood of "historical" data and "news" it released. "We work hard to keep ourselves known throughout the publishing world as the source of information on diamonds," N. W. Ayer commented in a memorandum to De Beers, and added: "Because we have done it

successfully, we have opportunities to help with articles originated by others."

N. W. Ayer proposed to apply to the diamond market Thorstein Veblen's idea, stated in *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, that Americans were motivated in their purchases not by utility but by "conspicuous consumption." "The substantial diamond gift can be made a more widely sought symbol of personal and family success—an expression of socio-economic achievement," N. W. Ayer said in a report. To exploit this desire for conspicuous display, the agency specifically recommended, "Promote the diamond as one material object which can reflect, in a very personal way, a man's . . . success in life." Since this campaign would be addressed to upwardly mobile men, the advertisements ideally "should have the aroma of tweed, old leather and polished wood which is characteristic of a good club."

Toward the end of the 1950s, N. W. Ayer reported to De Beers that twenty years of advertisements and publicity had had a pronounced effect on the American psyche. "Since 1939 an entirely new generation of young people has grown to marriageable age," it said. "To this new generation a diamond ring is considered a necessity to engagements by virtually everyone." The message had been so successfully impressed on the minds of this generation that those who could not afford to buy a diamond at the time of their marriage would "defer the purchase" rather than forgo it.

THE CAMPAIGN TO INTERNATIONALIZE THE DIAMOND invention began in earnest in the mid-1960s. The prime targets were Japan, Germany, and Brazil. Since N. W. Ayer was primarily an American advertising agency, De Beers brought in the J. Walter Thompson agency, which had especially strong advertising subsidiaries in the target countries, to place most of its international advertising. Within ten years, De Beers succeeded beyond even its most optimistic expectations, creating a billion-dollar-a-year diamond market in Japan, where matrimonial custom had survived feudal revolutions, world wars, industrialization, and even the American occupation.

Until the mid-1960s, Japanese parents arranged marriages for their children through trusted intermediaries. The ceremony was consummated, according to Shinto law, by the bride and groom drinking rice wine from the same wooden bowl. There was no tradition of romance, courtship, seduction, or prenuptial love in Japan; and none that required the gift of a diamond engagement ring. Even the fact that millions of American soldiers had been assigned to military duty in Japan for a decade had not created any substantial Japanese interest in giving diamonds as a token of love.

J. Walter Thompson began its campaign by suggesting that diamonds were a visible sign of modern Western val-

ues. It created a series of color advertisements in Japanese magazines showing beautiful women displaying their diamond rings. All the women had Western facial features and wore European clothes. Moreover, the women in most of the advertisements were involved in some activity—such as bicycling, camping, yachting, ocean swimming, or mountain climbing—that defied Japanese traditions. In the background, there usually stood a Japanese man, also attired in fashionable European clothes. In addition, almost all of the automobiles, sporting equipment, and other artifacts in the picture were conspicuous foreign imports. The message was clear: diamonds represent a sharp break with the Oriental past and a sign of entry into modern life.

The campaign was remarkably successful. Until 1959, the importation of diamonds had not even been permitted by the postwar Japanese government. When the campaign began, in 1967, not quite 5 percent of engaged Japanese women received a diamond engagement ring. By 1972, the proportion had risen to 27 percent. By 1978, half of all Japanese women who were married wore a diamond; by 1981, some 60 percent of Japanese brides wore diamonds. In a mere fourteen years, the 1,500-year Japanese tradition had been radically revised. Diamonds became a staple of the Japanese marriage. Japan became the second largest market, after the United States, for the sale of diamond engagement rings.

In America, which remained the most important market for most of De Beers's diamonds, N. W. Ayer recognized the need to create a new demand for diamonds among long-married couples. "Candies come, flowers come, furs come," but such ephemeral gifts fail to satisfy a woman's psychological craving for "a renewal of the romance," N. W. Ayer said in a report. An advertising campaign could instill the idea that the gift of a second diamond, in the later years of marriage, would be accepted as a sign of "ever-growing love." In 1962, N. W. Ayer asked for authorization to "begin the long-term process of setting the diamond aside as the only appropriate gift for those later-in-life occasions where sentiment is to be expressed." De Beers immediately approved the campaign.

THE DIAMOND MARKET HAD TO BE FURTHER restructured in the mid-1960s to accommodate a surfeit of minute diamonds, which De Beers undertook to market for the Soviets. They had discovered diamond mines in Siberia, after intensive exploration, in the late 1950s: De Beers and its allies no longer

controlled the diamond supply, and realized that open competition with the Soviets would inevitably lead, as Harry Oppenheimer gingerly put it, to "price fluctuations," which would weaken the carefully cultivated confidence of the public in the value of diamonds. Oppenheimer, assuming that neither party could afford risking the destruction of the diamond invention, offered the Soviets a straightforward deal—"a single channel" for controlling the world supply of diamonds. In accepting this arrangement, the Soviets became partners in the cartel, and coprotectors of the diamond invention.



Almost all of the Soviet diamonds were under half a carat in their uncut form, and there was no ready retail outlet for millions of such tiny diamonds. When it made its secret deal with the Soviet Union, De Beers had expected production from the Siberian mines to decrease gradually. Instead, production accelerated at an incredible pace, and De Beers was forced to reconsi-

der its sales strategy. De Beers ordered N. W. Ayer to reverse one of its themes: women were no longer to be led to equate the status and emotional commitment to an engagement with the sheer size of the diamond. A "strategy for small diamond sales" was outlined, stressing the "importance of quality, color and cut" over size. Pictures of "one-quarter carat" rings would replace pictures of "up to 2 carat" rings. Moreover, the advertising agency began in its international campaign to "illustrate gems as small as one-tenth of a carat and give them the same emotional importance as larger stones." The news releases also made clear that women should think of diamonds, regardless of size, as objects of perfection: a small diamond could be as perfect as a large diamond.

De Beers devised the "eternity ring," made up of as many as twenty-five tiny Soviet diamonds, which could be sold to an entirely new market of older married women. The advertising campaign was based on the theme of recaptured love. Again, sentiments were born out of necessity: older American women received a ring of miniature diamonds because of the needs of a South African corporation to accommodate the Soviet Union.

The new campaign met with considerable success. The average size of diamonds sold fell from one carat in 1939 to .28 of a carat in 1976, which coincided almost exactly with the average size of the Siberian diamonds De Beers was distributing. However, as American consumers became accustomed to the idea of buying smaller diamonds, they began to perceive larger diamonds as ostentatious. By the mid-1970s, the advertising campaign for smaller diamonds was beginning to seem *too* successful. In its

1978 strategy report, N. W. Ayer said, "a supply problem has developed . . . that has had a significant effect on diamond pricing"—a problem caused by the long-term campaign to stimulate the sale of small diamonds. "Owing to successful pricing, distribution and advertising policies over the last 15 years, demand for small diamonds now appears to have significantly exceeded supply even though supply, in absolute terms, has been increasing steadily." Whereas there was not a sufficient supply of small diamonds to meet the demands of consumers, N. W. Ayer reported that "large stone sales (1 carat and up) . . . have maintained the sluggish pace of the last three years." Because of this, the memorandum continued, "large stones are being . . . discounted by as much as 20%."

The shortage of small diamonds proved temporary. As Soviet diamonds continued to flow into London at an ever-increasing rate, De Beers's strategists came to the conclusion that this production could not be entirely absorbed by "eternity rings" or other new concepts in jewelry, and began looking for markets for miniature diamonds outside the United States. Even though De Beers had met with enormous success in creating an instant diamond "tradition" in Japan, it was unable to create a similar tradition in Brazil, Germany, Austria, or Italy. By paying the high cost involved in absorbing this flood of Soviet diamonds each year, De Beers prevented—at least temporarily—the Soviet Union from taking any precipitous actions that might cause diamonds to start glutting the market. N. W. Ayer argued that "small stone jewelry advertising" could not be totally abandoned: "Serious trade relationship problems would ensue if, after 15 years of stressing 'affordable' small stone jewelry, we were to drop all of these programs."

Instead, the agency suggested a change in emphasis in presenting diamonds to the American public. In the advertisements to appear in 1978, it planned to substitute photographs of one-carat-and-over stones for photographs of smaller diamonds, and to resume both an "informative advertising campaign" and an "emotive program" that would serve to "reorient consumer tastes and price perspectives towards acceptance of solitaire [single-stone] jewelry rather than multi-stone pieces." Other "strategic refinements" it recommended were designed to restore the status of the large diamond. "In fact, this [campaign] will be the exact opposite of the small stone informative program that ran from 1965 to 1970 that popularized the 'beauty in miniature' concept. . . ." With an advertising budget of some \$9.69 million, N. W. Ayer appeared confident that it could bring about this "reorientation."

N. W. Ayer learned from an opinion poll it commissioned from the firm of Daniel Yankelovich, Inc. that the gift of a diamond contained an important element of surprise. "Approximately half of all diamond jewelry that the men have given and the women have received were given with zero participation or knowledge on the part of the

woman recipient," the study pointed out. N. W. Ayer analyzed this "surprise factor":

Women are in unanimous agreement that they want to be surprised with gifts. . . . They want, of course, to be surprised for the thrill of it. However, a deeper, more important reason lies behind this desire. . . . "freedom from guilt." Some of the women pointed out that if their husbands enlisted their help in purchasing a gift (like diamond jewelry), their practical nature would come to the fore and they would be compelled to object to the purchase.

Women were not totally surprised by diamond gifts: some 84 percent of the men in the study "knew somehow" that the women wanted diamond jewelry. The study suggested a two-step "gift-process continuum": first, "the man 'learns' diamonds are o.k." from the woman; then, "at some later point in time, he makes the diamond purchase decision" to surprise the woman.

Through a series of "projective" psychological questions, meant "to draw out a respondent's innermost feelings about diamond jewelry," the study attempted to examine further the semi-passive role played by women in receiving diamonds. The male-female roles seemed to resemble closely the sex relations in a Victorian novel. "Man plays the dominant, active role in the gift process. Woman's role is more subtle, more oblique, more enigmatic. . . ." The woman seemed to believe there was something improper about receiving a diamond gift. Women spoke in interviews about large diamonds as "flashy, gaudy, overdone" and otherwise inappropriate. Yet the study found that "Buried in the negative attitudes . . . lies what is probably the primary driving force for acquiring them. Diamonds are a traditional and conspicuous signal of achievement, status and success." It noted, for example, "A woman can easily feel that diamonds are 'vulgar' and still be highly enthusiastic about receiving diamond jewelry." The element of surprise, even if it is feigned, plays the same role of accommodating dissonance in accepting a diamond gift as it does in prim sexual seductions: it permits the woman to pretend that she has not actively participated in the decision. She thus retains both her innocence—and the diamond.

For advertising diamonds in the late 1970s, the implications of this research were clear. To induce men to buy diamonds for women, advertising should focus on the emotional impact of the "surprise" gift transaction. In the final analysis, a man was moved to part with earnings not by the value, aesthetics, or tradition of diamonds but by the expectation that a "gift of love" would enhance his standing in the eyes of a woman. On the other hand, a woman accepted the gift as a tangible symbol of her status and achievements.

By 1979, N. W. Ayer had helped De Beers expand its sales of diamonds in the United States to more than \$2.1 billion, at the wholesale level, compared with a mere \$23 million in 1939. In forty years, the value of its sales had



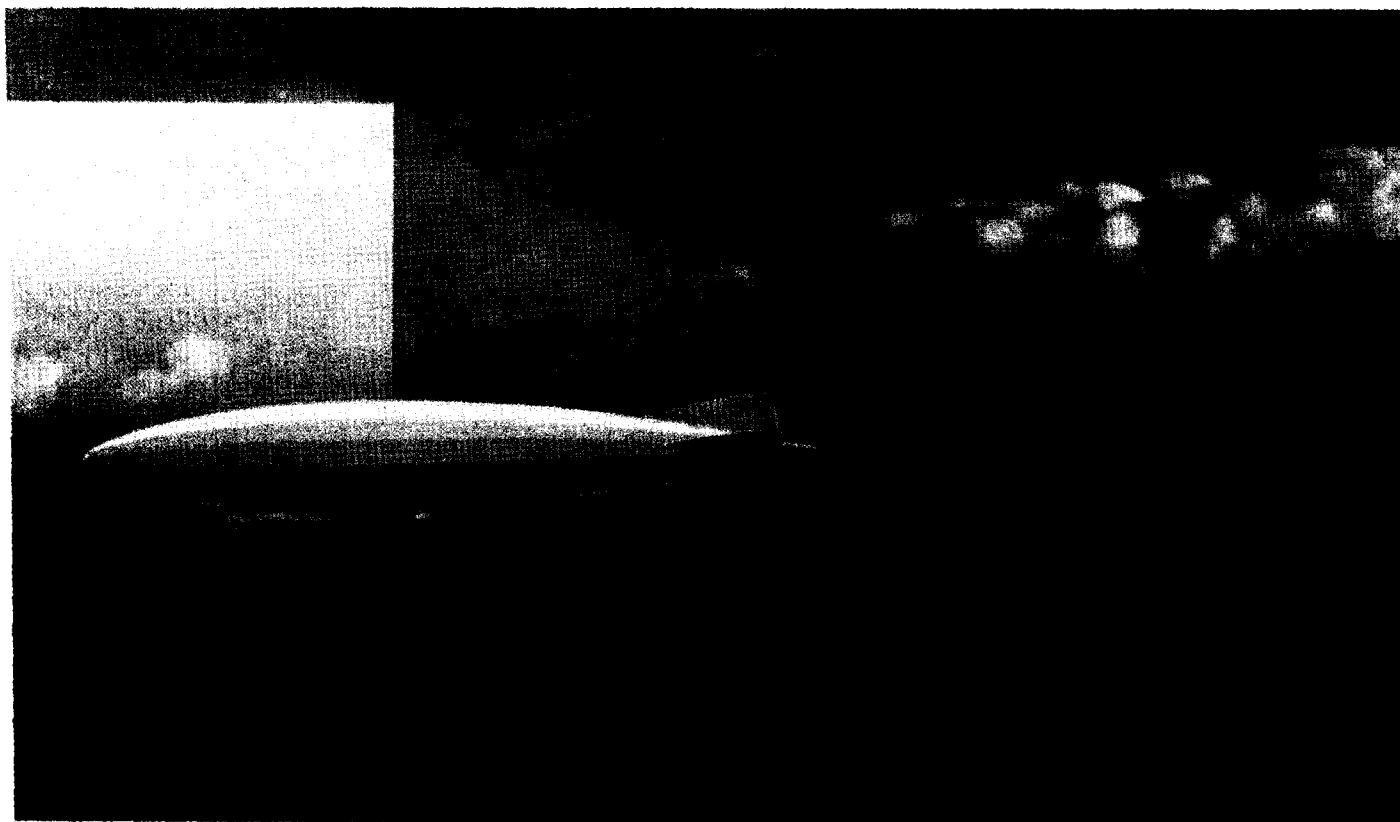
increased nearly a hundredfold. The expenditure on advertisements, which began at a level of only \$200,000 a year and gradually increased to \$10 million, seemed a brilliant investment.

EXCEPT FOR THOSE FEW STONES THAT HAVE been destroyed, every diamond that has been found and cut into a jewel still exists today and is literally in the public's hands. Some hundred million women wear diamonds, while millions of others keep them in safe-deposit boxes or strongboxes as family heirlooms. It is conservatively estimated that the public holds more than 500 million carats of gem diamonds, which is more than fifty times the number of gem diamonds produced by the diamond cartel in any given year. Since the quantity of diamonds needed for engagement rings and other jewelry each year is satisfied by the production from the world's mines, this half-billion-carat supply of diamonds must be prevented from ever being put on the market. The moment a significant portion of the public begins selling diamonds from this inventory, the price of diamonds cannot be sustained. For the diamond invention to survive, the public must be inhibited from ever parting with its diamonds.

In developing a strategy for De Beers in 1953, N. W. Ayer said: "In our opinion old diamonds are in 'safe hands' only when widely dispersed and held by individuals as cherished possessions valued far above their market price." As far as De Beers and N. W. Ayer were con-

cerned, "safe hands" belonged to those women psychologically conditioned never to sell their diamonds. This conditioning could not be attained solely by placing advertisements in magazines. The diamond-holding public, which includes people who inherit diamonds, had to remain convinced that diamonds retained their monetary value. If it saw price fluctuations in the diamond market and attempted to dispose of diamonds to take advantage of changing prices, the retail market would become chaotic. It was therefore essential that De Beers maintain at least the illusion of price stability.

In the 1971 De Beers annual report, Harry Oppenheimer explained the unique situation of diamonds in the following terms: "A degree of control is necessary for the well-being of the industry, not because production is excessive or demand is falling, but simply because wide fluctuations in price, which have, rightly or wrongly, been accepted as normal in the case of most raw materials, would be destructive of public confidence in the case of a pure luxury such as gem diamonds, of which large stocks are held in the form of jewelry by the general public." During the periods when production from the mines temporarily exceeds the consumption of diamonds—the balance is determined mainly by the number of impending marriages in the United States and Japan—the cartel can preserve the illusion of price stability by either cutting back the distribution of diamonds at its London "sights," where, ten times a year, it allots the world's supply of diamonds to about 300 hand-chosen dealers, called "sight-holders," or by itself buying back diamonds at the wholesale level.



The underlying assumption is that as long as the general public never sees the price of diamonds fall, it will not become nervous and begin selling its diamonds. If this huge inventory should ever reach the market, even De Beers and all the Oppenheimer resources could not prevent the price of diamonds from plummeting.

Selling individual diamonds at a profit, even those held over long periods of time, can be surprisingly difficult. For example, in 1970, the London-based consumer magazine *Money Which?* decided to test diamonds as a decade-long investment. It bought two gem-quality diamonds, weighing approximately one-half carat apiece, from one of London's most reputable diamond dealers, for £400 (then worth about a thousand dollars). For nearly nine years, it kept these two diamonds sealed in an envelope in its vault. During this same period, Great Britain experienced inflation that ran as high as 25 percent a year. For the diamonds to have kept pace with inflation, they would have had to increase in value at least 300 percent, making them worth some £1,400 pounds by 1978. But when the magazine's editor, Dave Watts, tried to sell the diamonds in 1978, he found that neither jewelry stores nor wholesale dealers in London's Hatton Garden district would pay anywhere near that price for the diamonds. Most of the stores refused to pay any cash for them; the highest bid Watts received was £500, which amounted to a profit of only £100 in over eight years, or less than 3 percent at a compound rate of interest. If the bid were calculated in 1970 pounds, it would amount to only £167. Dave Watts summed up the magazine's experiment by saying, "As an

8-year investment the diamonds that we bought have proved to be very poor." The problem was that the buyer, not the seller, determined the price.

The magazine conducted another experiment to determine the extent to which larger diamonds appreciate in value over a one-year period. In 1970, it bought a 1.42-carat diamond for £745. In 1971, the highest offer it received for the same gem was £568. Rather than sell it at such an enormous loss, Watts decided to extend the experiment until 1974, when he again made the rounds of the jewelers in Hatton Garden to have it appraised. During this tour of the diamond district, Watts found that the diamond had mysteriously shrunk in weight to 1.04 carats. One of the jewelers had apparently switched diamonds during the appraisal. In that same year, Watts, undaunted, bought another diamond, this one 1.4 carats, from a reputable London dealer. He paid £2,595. A week later, he decided to sell it. The maximum offer he received was £1,000.

In 1976, the Dutch Consumer Association also tried to test the price appreciation of diamonds by buying a perfect diamond of over one carat in Amsterdam, holding it for eight months, and then offering it for sale to the twenty leading dealers in Amsterdam. Nineteen refused to buy it, and the twentieth dealer offered only a fraction of the purchase price.

Selling diamonds can also be an extraordinarily frustrating experience for private individuals. In 1978, for example, a wealthy woman in New York City decided to sell back a diamond ring she had bought from Tiffany two

years earlier for \$100,000 and use the proceeds toward a necklace of matched pearls that she fancied. She had read about the "diamond boom" in news magazines and hoped that she might make a profit on the diamond. Instead, the sales executive explained, with what she said seemed to be a touch of embarrassment, that Tiffany had "a strict policy against repurchasing diamonds." He assured her, however, that the diamond was extremely valuable, and suggested another Fifth Avenue jewelry store. The woman went from one leading jeweler to another, attempting to sell her diamond. One store offered to swap it for another jewel, and two other jewelers offered to accept the diamond "on consignment" and pay her a percentage of what they sold it for, but none of the half-dozen jewelers she visited offered her cash for her \$100,000 diamond. She finally gave up and kept the diamond.

Retail jewelers, especially the prestigious Fifth Avenue stores, prefer not to buy back diamonds from customers, because the offer they would make would most likely be considered ridiculously low. The "keystone," or markup, on a diamond and its setting may range from 100 to 200 percent, depending on the policy of the store; if it bought diamonds back from customers, it would have to buy them back at wholesale prices. Most jewelers would prefer not to make a customer an offer that might be deemed insulting and also might undercut the widely held notion that diamonds go up in value. Moreover, since retailers generally receive their diamonds from wholesalers on consignment, and need not pay for them until they are sold, they would not readily risk their own cash to buy diamonds from customers. Rather than offer customers a fraction of what they paid for diamonds, retail jewelers almost invariably recommend to their clients firms that specialize in buying diamonds "retail."

The firm perhaps most frequently recommended by New York jewelry shops is Empire Diamonds Corporation, which is situated on the sixty-sixth floor of the Empire State Building, in midtown Manhattan. Empire's reception room, which resembles a doctor's office, is usually crowded with elderly women who sit nervously in plastic chairs waiting for their names to be called. One by one, they are ushered into a small examining room, where an appraiser scrutinizes their diamonds and makes them a cash offer. "We usually can't pay more than a maximum of 90 percent of the current wholesale price," says Jack Brod, president of Empire Diamonds. "In most cases we have to pay less, since the setting has to be discarded, and we have to leave a margin for error in our evaluation—especially if the diamond is mounted in a setting." Empire removes the diamonds from their settings, which are sold as scrap, and resells them to wholesalers. Because of the steep markup on diamonds, individuals who buy retail and in effect sell wholesale often suffer enormous losses. For example, Brod estimates that a half-carat diamond ring, which might cost \$2,000 at a retail jewelry store, could be sold for only \$600 at Empire.

The appraisers at Empire Diamonds examine thousands of diamonds a month but rarely turn up a diamond of extraordinary quality. Almost all the diamonds they find are slightly flawed, off-color, commercial-grade diamonds. The chief appraiser says, "When most of these diamonds were purchased, American women were concerned with the size of the diamond, not its intrinsic quality." He points out that the setting frequently conceals flaws, and adds, "The sort of flawless, investment-grade diamond one reads about is almost never found in jewelry."

Many of the elderly women who bring their jewelry to Empire Diamonds and other buying services have been victims of burglaries or muggings and fear further attempts. Thieves, however, have an even more difficult time selling diamonds than their victims. When suspicious-looking characters turn up at Empire Diamonds, they are asked to wait in the reception room, and the police are called in. In January of 1980, for example, a disheveled youth came into Empire with a bag full of jewelry that he called "family heirlooms." When Brod pointed out that a few pieces were imitations, the youth casually tossed them into the wastepaper basket. Brod buzzed for the police.

When thieves bring diamonds to underworld "fences," they usually get only a pittance for them. In 1979, for example, New York City police recovered stolen diamonds with an insured value of \$50,000 which had been sold to a 'fence' for only \$200. According to the assistant district attorney who handled the case, the fence was unable to dispose of the diamonds on 47th Street, and he was eventually turned in by one of the diamond dealers he contacted.

While those who attempt to sell diamonds often experience disappointment at the low price they are offered, stories in gossip columns suggest that diamonds are resold at enormous profits. This is because the column items are not about the typical diamond ring that a woman desperately attempts to peddle to small stores and diamond-buying services like Empire but about truly extraordinary diamonds that movie stars sell, or claim to sell, in a publicity-charged atmosphere. The legend created around the so-called "Elizabeth Taylor" diamond is a case in point. This pear-shaped diamond, which weighed 69.42 carats after it had been cut and polished, was the fifty-sixth largest diamond in the world and one of the few large-cut diamonds in private hands. Except that it was a diamond, it had little in common with the millions of small stones that are mass-marketed each year in engagement rings and other jewelry.

A SERIOUS THREAT TO THE STABILITY OF THE DIAMOND invention came in the late 1970s from the sale of "investment" diamonds to speculators in the United States. A large number of fraudulent investment firms, most of them in Arizona, began telephoning

prospective clients drawn from various lists of professionals and investors who had recently sold stock. "Boiler-room operators," many of them former radio and television announcers, persuaded strangers to buy mail-order diamonds as investments that were supposedly much safer than stocks or bonds. Many of the newly created firms also held "diamond-investment seminars" in expensive resort hotels, where they presented impressive graphs and data. Typically assisted by a few well-rehearsed shills in the audience, the seminar leaders sold sealed packets of diamonds to the audience. The leaders often played on the fear of elderly investors that their relatives might try to seize their cash assets and commit them to nursing homes. They suggested that the investors could stymie such attempts by putting their money into diamonds and hiding them.

The sealed packets distributed at these seminars and through the mail included certificates guaranteeing the quality of the diamonds—as long as the packets remained sealed. Customers who broke the seal often learned from independent appraisers that their diamonds were of a quality inferior to that stated. Many were worthless. Complaints proliferated so fast that, in 1978, the attorney general of New York created a "diamond task force" to investigate the hundreds of allegations of fraud.

Some of the entrepreneurs were relative newcomers to the diamond business. Rayburne Martin, who went from DeBeers Diamond Investments, Ltd. (no relation to the De Beers cartel) to Tel-Aviv Diamond Investments, Ltd.—both in Scottsdale, Arizona—had a record of embezzlement and securities law violations in Arkansas, and was a fugitive from justice during most of his tenure in the diamond trade. Harold S. McClintock, also known as Harold Sager, had been convicted of stock fraud in Chicago and involved in a silver-bullion-selling caper in 1974 before he helped organize DeBeers Diamond Investments, Ltd. Don Jay Shure, who arranged to set up another DeBeers Diamond Investments, Ltd., in Irvine, California, had also formerly been convicted of fraud. Bernhard Dohrmann, the "marketing director" of the International Diamond Corporation, had served time in jail for security fraud in 1976. Donald Nixon, the nephew of former President Richard M. Nixon, and fugitive financier Robert L. Vesco were, according to the New York State attorney general, participating in the late 1970s in a high-pressure telephone campaign to sell "overvalued or worthless diamonds" by employing "a battery of silken-voiced radio and television announcers." Among the diamond salesmen were also a wide array of former commodity and stock

brokers who specialized in attempting to sell sealed diamonds to pension funds and retirement plans.

In London, the real De Beers, unable to stifle all the bogus entrepreneurs using its name, decided to explore the potential market for investment gems. It announced in March of 1978 a highly unusual sort of "diamond fellowship" for selected retail jewelers. Each jeweler who participated would pay a \$2,000 fellowship fee. In return, he would receive a set of certificates for investment-grade diamonds, contractual forms for "buy-back" guarantees, promotional material, and training in how to sell these un-

mounted diamonds to an entirely new category of customers. The selected retailers would then sell loose stones rather than fine jewels, with certificates guaranteeing their value at \$4,000 to \$6,000.

De Beers's modest move into the investment-diamond business caused a tremor of concern in the trade. De Beers had always strongly opposed retailers

selling "investment" diamonds, on the grounds that because customers had no sentimental attachment to such diamonds, they would eventually attempt to resell them and cause sharp price fluctuations.

If De Beers had changed its policy toward investment diamonds, it was not because it wanted to encourage the speculative fever that was sweeping America and Europe. De Beers had "little choice but to get involved," as one De Beers executive explained. Many established diamond dealers had rushed into the investment field to sell diamonds to financial institutions, pension plans, and private investors. It soon became apparent in the Diamond Exchange in New York that selling unmounted diamonds to investors was far more profitable than selling them to jewelry shops. By early 1980, David Birnbaum, a leading dealer in New York, estimated that nearly a third of all diamond sales in the United States were, in terms of dollar value, of these unmounted investment diamonds. "Only five years earlier, investment diamonds were only an insignificant part of the business," he said. Even if De Beers did not approve of this new market in diamonds, it could hardly ignore a third of the American diamond trade.

To make a profit, investors must at some time find buyers who are willing to pay more for their diamonds than they did. Here, however, investors face the same problem as those attempting to sell their jewelry: there is no unified market in which to sell diamonds. Although dealers will quote the prices at which they are willing to sell investment-grade diamonds, they seldom give a set price at which they are willing to buy diamonds of the same grade.



In 1977, for example, *Jewelers' Circular Keystone* polled a large number of retail dealers and found a difference of over 100 percent in offers for the same quality of investment-grade diamonds. Moreover, even though most investors buy their diamonds at or near retail price, they are forced to sell at wholesale prices. As *Forbes* magazine pointed out, in 1977, "Average investors, unfortunately, have little access to the wholesale market. Ask a jeweler to buy back a stone, and he'll often begin by quoting a price 30% or more *below* wholesale." Since the difference between wholesale and retail is usually at least 100 percent in investment diamonds, any gain from the appreciation of the diamonds will probably be lost in selling them.

"There's going to come a day when all those doctors, lawyers, and other fools who bought diamonds over the phone take them out of their strongboxes, or wherever, and try to sell them," one dealer predicted last year. Another gave a gloomy picture of what would happen if this accumulation of diamonds were suddenly sold by speculators. "Investment diamonds are bought for \$30,000 a carat, not because any woman wants to wear them on her finger but because the investor believes they will be worth \$50,000 a carat. He may borrow heavily to leverage his investment. When the price begins to decline, everyone will try to sell their diamonds at once. In the end, of course, there will be no buyers for diamonds at \$30,000 a carat or even \$15,000. At this point, there will be a stampede to sell investment diamonds, and the newspapers will begin writing stories about the great diamond crash. Investment diamonds constitute, of course, only a small fraction of the diamonds held by the public, but when women begin reading about a diamond crash, they will take their diamonds to retail jewelers to be appraised and find out that they are worth less than they paid for them. At that point, people will realize that diamonds are not forever, and jewelers will be flooded with customers trying to sell, not buy, diamonds. That will be the end of the diamond business."

BUT A PANIC ON THE PART OF INVESTORS IS NOT THE only event that could end the diamond business. De Beers is at this writing losing control of several sources of diamonds that might flood the market at any time, deflating forever the price of diamonds.

In the winter of 1978, diamond dealers in New York City were becoming increasingly concerned about the possibility of a serious rupture, or even collapse, of the "pipeline" through which De Beers's diamonds flow from the cutting centers in Europe to the main retail markets in America and Japan. This pipeline, a crucial component of the diamond invention, is made up of a network of brokers, diamond cutters, bankers, distributors, jewelry manufacturers, wholesalers, and diamond buyers for retail establishments. Most of the people in this pipeline are

Jewish, and virtually all are closely interconnected, through family ties or long-standing business relationships.

An important part of the pipeline goes from London to diamond-cutting factories in Tel Aviv to New York; but in Israel, diamond dealers were stockpiling supplies of diamonds rather than processing and passing them through the pipeline to New York. Since the early 1970s, when diamond prices were rapidly increasing and Israeli currency was depreciating by more than 50 percent a year, it had been more profitable for Israeli dealers to keep the diamonds they received from London than to cut and sell them. As more and more diamonds were taken out of circulation in Tel Aviv, an acute shortage began in New York, driving prices up.

In early 1977, Sir Philip Oppenheimer dispatched his son Anthony to Tel Aviv, accompanied by other De Beers executives, to announce that De Beers intended to cut the Israeli quota of diamonds by at least 20 percent during the coming year. This warning had the opposite effect of what he intended. Rather than paring down production to conform to this quota, Israeli manufacturers and dealers began building up their own stockpiles of diamonds, paying a premium of 100 percent or more for the unopened boxes of diamonds that De Beers shipped to Belgian and American dealers. (By selling their diamonds to the Israelis, the De Beers clients could instantly double their money without taking any risks.) Israeli buyers also moved into Africa and began buying directly from smugglers. The Intercontinental Hotel in Liberia, then the center for the sale of smuggled goods, became a sort of extension of the Israeli bourse. After the Israeli dealers purchased the diamonds, either from De Beers clients or from smugglers, they received 80 percent of the amount they had paid in the form of a loan from Israeli banks. Because of government pressure to help the diamond industry, the banks charged only 6 percent interest on these loans, well below the rate of inflation in Israel. By 1978, the banks had extended \$850 million in credit to diamond dealers, an amount equal to some 5 percent of the entire gross national product of Israel. The only collateral the banks had for these loans was uncut diamonds.

De Beers estimated that the Israeli stockpile was more than 6 million carats in 1977, and growing at a rate of almost half a million carats a month. At that rate, it would be only a matter of months before the Israeli stockpile would exceed the cartel's in London. If Israel controlled such an enormous quantity of diamonds, the cartel could no longer fix the price of diamonds with impunity. At any time, the Israelis could be forced to pour these diamonds onto the world market. The cartel decided that it had no alternative but to force liquidation of the Israeli stockpile.

If De Beers wanted to bring the diamond speculation under control, it would have to clamp down on the banks, which were financing diamond purchases with artificially low interest rates. De Beers announced that it was adopt-

ing a new strategy of imposing "surcharges" on diamonds. Since these "surcharges," which might be as much as 40 percent of the value of the diamonds, were effectively a temporary price increase, they could pose a risk to banks extending credit to diamond dealers. For example, with a 40 percent surcharge, a diamond dealer would have to pay \$1,400 rather than \$1,000 for a small lot of diamonds; however, if the surcharge was withdrawn, the diamonds would be worth only a thousand dollars. The Israeli banks could not afford to advance 80 percent of a purchase price that included the so-called surcharge; they therefore required additional collateral from dealers and speculators. Further, they began, under pressure from De Beers, to raise interest rates on outstanding loans.

Within a matter of weeks in the summer of 1978, interest rates on loans to purchase diamonds went up 50 percent. Moreover, instead of lending money based on what Israeli dealers paid for diamonds, the banks began basing their loans on the official De Beers price for diamonds. If a dealer paid more than the De Beers price for diamonds—and most Israeli dealers were paying at least double the price—he would have to finance the increment with his own funds.

To tighten the squeeze on Israel, De Beers abruptly cut off shipments of diamonds to forty of its clients who had been selling large portions of their consignments to Israeli dealers. As Israeli dealers found it increasingly difficult either to buy or finance diamonds, they were forced to sell diamonds from the stockpiles they had accumulated. Israeli diamonds poured onto the market, and prices at the wholesale level began to fall. This decline led the Israeli banks to put further pressure on dealers to liquidate their stocks to repay their loans. Hundreds of Israeli dealers, unable to meet their commitments, went bankrupt as prices continued to plunge. The banks inherited the diamonds.

Last spring, executives of the Diamond Trading Company made an emergency trip to Tel Aviv. They had been informed that three Israeli banks were holding \$1.5 billion worth of diamonds in their vaults—an amount equal to nearly the annual production of all the diamond mines in the world—and were threatening to dump the hoard of diamonds onto an already depressed market. When the banks had investigated the possibilities of reselling the diamonds in Europe or the United States, they found little interest. The world diamond market was already choked with uncut and unsold diamonds. The only alternative to dumping their diamonds on the market was reselling them to De Beers itself.

De Beers, however, is in no position to absorb such a huge cache of diamonds. During the recession of the mid-1970s, it had to use a large portion of its cash reserve to buy diamonds from Russia and from newly independent countries in Africa, in order to preserve the cartel arrangement. As it added diamonds to its stockpile, De Beers depleted its cash reserves. Furthermore, in 1980,

De Beers found it necessary to buy back diamonds on the wholesale markets in Antwerp to prevent a complete collapse in diamond prices. When the Israeli banks approached De Beers about the possibility of buying back the diamonds, De Beers, possibly for the first time since the depression of the 1930s, found itself severely strapped for cash. It could, of course, borrow the \$1.5 billion necessary to bail out the Israeli banks, but this would strain the financial structure of the entire Oppenheimer empire.

Sir Philip Oppenheimer, Monty Charles, Michael Grantham, and other top executives from De Beers and its subsidiaries attempted to prevent the Israeli banks from dumping their hoard of diamonds. Despite their best efforts, however, the situation worsened. Last September, Israel's major banks quietly informed the Israeli government that they faced losses of disastrous proportions from defaulted accounts almost entirely collateralized with diamonds. Three of Israel's largest banks—the Union Bank of Israel, the Israel Discount Bank, and Barclays Discount Bank—had loans of some \$660 million outstanding to diamond dealers, which constituted a significant portion of the bank debt in Israel. To be sure, not all of these loans were in jeopardy; but, according to bank estimates, defaults in diamond accounts rose to 20 percent of their loan portfolios. The crisis had to be resolved either by selling the diamonds that had been put up as collateral, which might precipitate a worldwide selling panic, or by some sort of outside assistance from the Israeli government or De Beers or both. The negotiations provided only stopgap assistance: De Beers would buy back a small proportion of the diamonds, and the Israeli government would not force the banks to conform to banking regulations that would result in the liquidation of the stockpile.

"Nobody took into account that diamonds, like any other commodity, can drop in value," Mark Mosevics, chairman of First International Bank of Israel, explained to *The New York Times*. According to industry estimates, the average one-carat flawless diamond had fallen in value by 50 percent since January of 1980. In March of 1980, for example, the benchmark value for such a diamond was \$63,000; in September of 1981, it was only \$23,000. This collapse of prices forced Israeli banks to sell diamonds from their stockpile at enormous discounts. One Israeli bank reportedly liquidated diamonds valued at \$6 million for \$4 million in cash in late 1981. It became clear to the diamond trade that a major stockpile of large diamonds was out of De Beers's control.

THE MOST SERIOUS THREAT TO DE BEERS IS YET ANOTHER source of diamonds that it does not control—a source so far untapped. Since Cecil Rhodes and the group of European bankers assembled the components of the diamond invention at the end of the nineteenth century, managers of the diamond cartel have shared a common nightmare—that a giant new source of diamonds

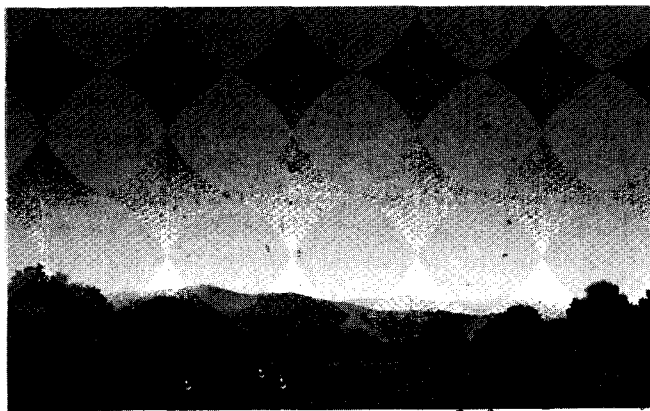
would be discovered outside their purview. Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, using all the colonial connections of the British Empire, succeeded in weaving the later discoveries of diamonds in Africa into the fabric of the cartel; Harry Oppenheimer managed to negotiate a secret agreement that effectively brought the Soviet Union into the cartel. However, these brilliant efforts did not end the nightmare. In the late 1970s, vast deposits of diamonds were discovered in the Argyle region of Western Australia, near the town of Kimberley (coincidentally named after Kimberley, South Africa). Test drillings last year indicated that these pipe mines could produce up to 50 million carats of diamonds a year—more than the entire production of the De Beers cartel in 1981. Although only a small percentage of these diamonds are of gem quality, the total number produced would still be sufficient to change the world geography of diamonds. Either this 50 million carats would be brought under control or the diamond invention would be destroyed.

De Beers rapidly moved to get a stranglehold on the Australian diamonds. It began by acquiring a small, indirect interest in Conzinc Riotinto of Australia, Ltd. (CRA), the company that controlled most of the mining rights. In 1980, it offered a secret deal to CRA through which it would market the total output of Australian production. This agreement might have ended the Australian threat if Northern Mining Corporation, a minority partner in the venture, had accepted the deal. Instead, Northern Mining leaked the terms of the deal to a leading Australian newspaper, which reported that De Beers planned to pay the Australian consortium 80 percent less than the existing market price for the diamonds. This led to a furor in Australia. The opposition Labour Party charged not only that De Beers was seeking to cheat Australians out of the true value of the diamonds but that the deal with De Beers would support the policy of apartheid in South Africa. It demanded that the government impose export controls on the diamonds rather than allow them to be controlled by a South African corporation. Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser, faced with a storm of public protest, said that he saw no advantage in "arrangements in which Australian diamond discoveries only serve to strengthen a South African monopoly." He left the final decision on marketing, however, to the Western Australia state gov-

ernment and the mining companies, which may or may not decide to make an arrangement with De Beers.

De Beers also faces a crumbling empire in Zaire. Sir Ernest Oppenheimer had concluded, more than fifty years ago, that control over the diamond mines in Zaire (then called the Belgian Congo) was the key to the cartel's control of world production. De Beers, together with its Belgian partners, had instituted mining and sorting procedures that would maximize the production of industrial (rather than gem) diamonds. Since there was no other ready customer for the enormous quantities of industrial

diamonds the Zairian mines produced, De Beers remained their only outlet. In June of last year, however, President Mobutu abruptly announced that his country's exclusive contract with a De Beers subsidiary would not be renewed. Mobutu was reportedly influenced by offers he received for Zaire's diamond production from both Indian and American manufactur-



ers. According to one New York diamond dealer, "Mobutu simply wants a more lucrative deal." Whatever his motives, the sudden withdrawal of Zaire from the cartel further undercuts the stability of the diamond market. With increasing pressure for the independence of Namibia, and a less friendly government in neighboring Botswana, De Beers's days of control in black Africa seem numbered.

Even in the midst of this crisis, De Beers's executives in London have been maneuvering to save the diamond invention by buying up loose diamonds. The inventory of diamonds in De Beers's vault has swollen to a value of over a billion dollars—twice the value of the 1979 inventory. To rekindle the demand for diamonds, De Beers recently launched a new multimillion-dollar advertising campaign (including \$400,000 for television advertisements during the British royal wedding in July), yet it can be expected to buy only a few years of time for the cartel. By the mid-1980s, the avalanche of Australian diamonds will be pouring onto the market. Unless the resourceful managers of De Beers can find a way to gain control of the various sources of diamonds that will soon crowd the market, these sources may bring about the final collapse of world diamond prices. If they do, the diamond invention will disintegrate and be remembered only as a historical curiosity, as brilliant in its way as the glittering little stones it once made so valuable. □

Campus and the Corporation

There are growing grounds for concern about the health and vitality of higher education in America. Public and private universities face troubled futures rooted in fiscal uncertainties that strike at the heart of the educational mission.

Budgets and endowments are being ravaged by inflation. Faculty salary scales are under pressure; pay dropped by 20% in constant dollars during the last decade. Enrollments are on the decline, particularly in graduate studies. Bright young people are turning away from academic careers. With their budgets squeezed, universities are deferring needed maintenance. They are stinting on books for their libraries and instruments for their labs.

All this threatens the continued quality of on-campus teaching, scholarship, inquiry, innovation, and research: functions vital to the underpinnings of knowledge in our democratic society.

Take basic research, or the search for knowledge that enables us to do more things in better ways. At least 60% of all the basic research in the U.S. is done by universities. On-campus research and development in 1979 exceeded \$5 billion in value, and more than \$3.5 billion of the total represented basic research, as distinct from applied research and engineering development.

The U.S. government has been the principal sponsor of basic research at universities. However, government support has been weakening in recent years. One measure of hope is the increasing involvement of the business community in supporting university research and in contributing in other ways to the strengthen-

ing of higher education.

Still, there's large room for growth in corporate help for education. "Business has gained a clearer understanding of the role of the universities and the value of free inquiry," notes the Committee for Corporate Support of Private Universities. "One result is a substantial increase in business support of higher education — measured in inflated dollars. But in constant dollars, it has risen only marginally." What's especially disturbing is that many corporations give little or nothing to higher education.

Inducing more companies to support higher education is the task taken on by the Boston-based committee. It is not a fund-raising agency. Rather, it is an advocate, an exhorter, working to foster closer relationships between campus and the corporation.

Corporations turn to the campus for the talented, trained people they need. They draw on the ideas and innovations that flow from university scholarship and research. So business has a direct self-interest in getting closer to the higher education community, finding out what the needs are, and helping to fill them. There are many ways to help: direct research grants, capital contributions, matching employees' gifts to universities, fellowships for young teacher-scholars, cooperative projects in teaching and research.

Increasing ties of understanding and support are being formed between business and education. Such links are mutually valuable. They serve both institutions, along with the broad public interest. They should be multiplied and strengthened.



*Seeing Portugal before progress pollutes the air
and spoils the countryside*

ESCAPE TO THE PAST

BY ELEANOR PERÉNYI

TO MOST PEOPLE, PORTUGAL MEANS THE ALGARVE, the sunny southern coast famous for quaint fishing villages and beaches where one can swim for most of the year. And, of course, the combination will be its undoing. Motoring around the country last February, my friends and I recognized the symptoms from afar: high-rises under construction, neon signs, and, in Albufeira, where we spent a night in a horrid new hotel full of British golfers, the familiar tacky-tacky boutiques and discos. It is sad and it is almost universal, this transformation of a former beauty spot into a sleazy resort—but not yet in Portugal, which except for this bit of coast and another at Estoril, near Lisbon, so far has escaped the blight of mass tourism and is otherwise decades behind the rest of Europe. It has little industry, which means no pollution; no roads that could properly be called superhighways (and a few whose cobblestone surfaces suggest a coach-and-four), which means no billboards or fast-food chains. Cars are scarce outside the cities, and huge stretches of landscape look like a well-groomed Arcadia, with mile after mile of espaliered fruit trees and grape vines, of shapely cork and live oaks, carobs, stone pines, and some evergreen species not found elsewhere on the Continent; of wheatfields still plowed by oxen, and more windmills than any other European country now has. In short, Portugal is an undeveloped backwater where human and animal labor do most of the work, and even the fishing fleets are launched and hauled ashore by hand.

The towns, and Lisbon itself with its antique yellow trolley cars and a wrought-iron Victorian elevator to take you to the top of the highest hill, have the old-fashioned air of places where families take their Sunday outings together, listen to a band in one of the lovely parks, and go to bed early, and the young are dying of

boredom. There is a certain liveliness to the street life, as in any southern country where it is warm enough for outdoor cafés, but nothing like the bravura of Italy. (The *O sole mio* spirit isn't in this decorous Iberian people, who are polite to strangers but never chummy with them, and whose folk songs, the famous *fados*, are melancholy laments.) If there is any intellectual ferment in the air, we failed to notice it.

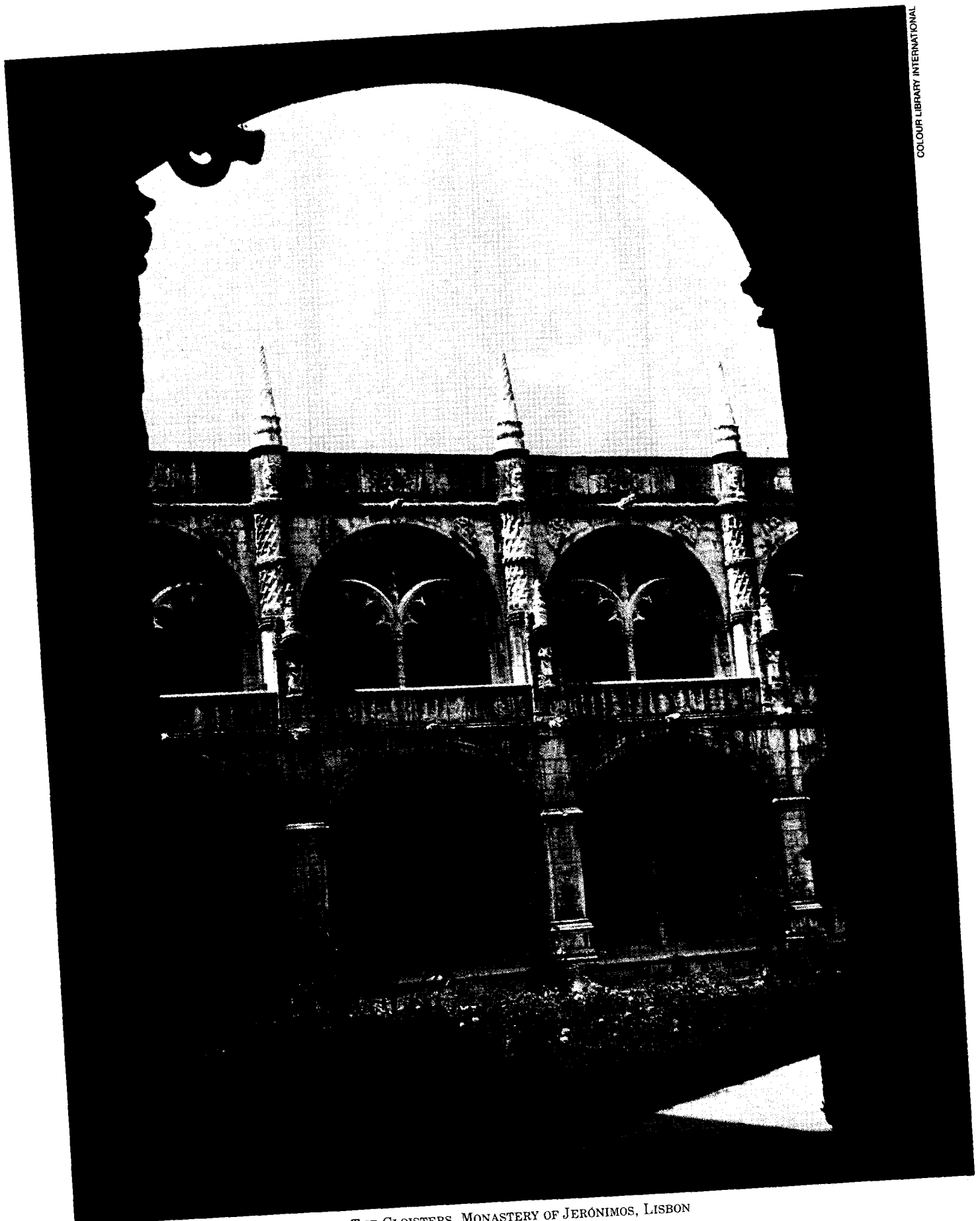
Nevertheless, something is going on. Portugal endured thirty-six years of dictatorship under Antonio Salazar, but the bloodless revolution of 1974 made it a democracy, as well as ending its colonial war in Angola, and it is now on its way to becoming a full-fledged member of the European community. This is good news for those of liberal conscience, not so good for those of us who, to be honest about it, put our consciences aside when we travel, preferring the lovely, backward countries to stay that way. Progress will pollute the still pure air of Portuguese cities, spoil the countryside with billboards and factories, and change forever the character of this sturdy people who

once sent their mariners to the ends of the earth, and this gives a sense of urgency to those of us for whom travel means an escape into the past, who would rather look at the architecture than lie on the beach, and who pass up a Hilton in favor of a crumbling old Ritz every time.

Portugal abounds in old Ritzes. I use the term generically; there is a real Ritz in Lisbon, a modern one with no atmosphere at all, and we didn't stay at it. Our choice was the Avenida Palace, which fills the bill by being very grand (tapestries, red plush, chandeliers) and rather shabby. Grandeur, less shabby, and twice the price is the Infante de Sagres at Porto. Its high-Edwardian decor is appropriate to a city where the wine trade has been so heavily involved with England that



INTERIOR DETAIL, TEMPLARS CHURCH, TOMAR



THE CLOISTERS, MONASTERY OF JERÓNIMOS, LISBON

there is even an English club, founded in 1785. But the masterpiece of the genre is the Palace Hotel, built as a royal hunting lodge in the 1890s, in the heart of the forest of Buçaco. This forest, which must be the only one in the world with a wall around it, whose rare and extraordinary trees were protected by a papal bull threatening vandals with excommunication, was for hundreds of years the preserve of Carmelite monks. But there is nothing sacred-looking about the hotel. The architect was a designer of opera sets, and might have done the place for a particularly excruciating production of *Tunnhäuser*. It is, in fact, a horror, but so naively awful as to be totally beguiling, and some of the late Victorian furniture is marvelous: elaborately carved stuff from Goa and Macao, it represents the last flowering of Portuguese colonial—a rich and, to my knowledge, unexplored vein of furniture design. What with walks in the fairy-tale forest and the baronial comfort of this preposterous pile, we would have been glad to stay longer at Buçaco than time, by then, allowed.

THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO MAKE A MOTOR TRIP: PLAN IT all in advance and make reservations, or take your chances. We chose the latter, and only once were turned away from a full-up *pousada*, a tiny one. Mostly we had these inns, many of them in remodeled castles and convents, to ourselves. Lovely as the weather was last February—warm enough to bring hedges of camellias and golden mimosa trees into bloom—there were almost no tourists in those parts of Portugal that interested us most, and I suspect there never are very many, which is a good thing, because I know of no way to decide ahead of time, without a knowledge of the country, how long one might wish to stay in a given place.

Take the shrine of Bom Jesus, near Braga. This is a sacred park of a type uniquely Portuguese, pinned to the side of a mountain. At the top is a Baroque church in the black granite and whitewash characteristic of this style in the northern provinces, and descending from it like a waterfall is an astonishing series of terraced staircases, each with its fountain and its chapel not unlike a Chinese pavilion. Our plan was to lunch there and go on to Braga



MANUELINE STEEPLE, BATTLE ABBEY, BATALHA

for the night, a plan that went out the window the moment we parked the car under huge trees on the terrace beside the church. Everywhere was the sound of water: gurgling from a grotto into a pool, slipping down the mountain to feed the fountains, and, as we later found to our delight, powering the ridiculous little funicular that toils up and down the declivity when it feels like it. The camellias are here clipped into buns and pyramids, the formal flower beds had just been set out with baby annuals. The cascade of steps would obviously take a long time to descend and even longer to climb again. And there was the park . . . Lunch at the little hotel, Do Elevador, by the funicular, was followed by inquiries about rooms, and in the end we stayed for three days.

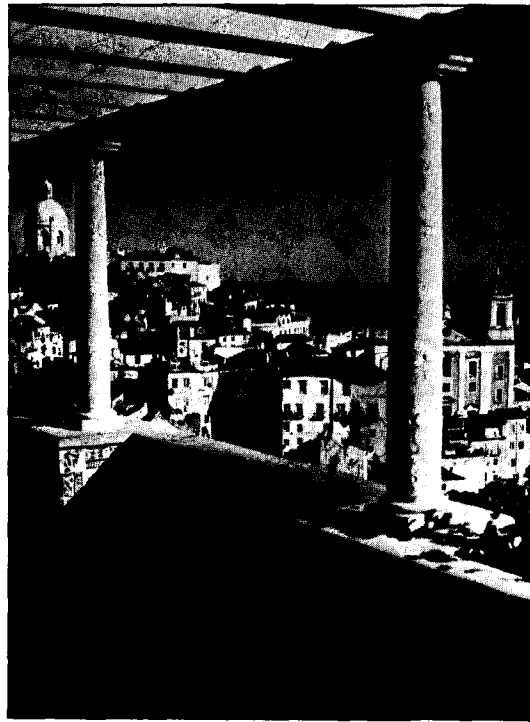
Another church and staircase like this is at Lamego, and Sacheverell Sitwell (whose book *Portugal and Madeira*, for all its irritating style and many inaccuracies, is the only detailed guide to Portuguese architecture) considers it superior. He is wrong. Lamego has its beauties, though some of the terraces have been defaced with modern *azulejos*. But it is part of a town and hasn't the sequestered magic of Bom Jesus.

Our unfixed itinerary allowed us to stay at Bom Jesus. It also worked the other way. Coimbra, for which we had high hopes, proved a disaster. The hotel listed by Michelin as the best was traveling-salesman modern (Michelin, one should know, often goes astray in Portugal through its preference for new hotels over old ones, which it tends to leave out), and the night was made hideous by thundering trucks. That could have been endured had not the city itself been a shambles of torn-up streets, which made it literally impenetrable. Navigating old Portuguese towns with their rat-mazes of one-way streets is hard on foreign drivers at best, but Coimbra defeated even my optimistic friend, who trusted neither me nor his wife at the wheel, and in consequence had to endure our shrieks of dismay when we landed for the fourth or fifth time in a blind alley at the foot of a flight of steps. "Never mind," he would say cheerfully. "Now we're seeing the *real* Portugal."

This happened so often that the real Portugal became a joke, but not in Coimbra. We had, in the end, to take a taxi to the university, the principal sight, only to find that today it isn't worth its stars in the guidebooks. Most of the buildings are new and ugly. Only the chapel, the examination room, and the famous library are intact, and the library must always have been something of a disap-

pointment. The finest things in it are the *chinoiserie* bookcases, gold on black, green, and orange lacquer (disconcerting, though, to note the number of outdated scientific works in poor, nineteenth-century bindings among the older morocco editions), and brazilwood tables big as rafts. The proportions of the rooms are elegant too, but this isn't, as one had been led to believe, the equal of the Baroque libraries in Austria. What else there may be to see in Coimbra, I can't say. The cathedral was firmly locked, and the struggle to reach other buildings not to be faced, especially as according to Sitwell they are utterly spoiled. We were out of Coimbra, where we had thought to spend several days, in less than twenty-four hours.

Here I must speak of a subject avoided by the standard guidebooks for obvious reasons: the shocking work with scrub brush, chisel, and even paint pot that goes by the name of restoration in Portugal. It isn't a new development. Writing in 1954, Sitwell said this: "It is the great vandalism of our lifetimes, I myself having lived to see the great Abbeys of Batalha and Alcobaça so much scrubbed and cleaned that, now, they are scarcely worth entering. The patina of ages was being removed at Viseu, as elsewhere, and when it is gone the empty vessels of the churches denuded of all ornament are made to look brand new." A quarter-century later, the vandals are still at it. The little cathedral at Aveiro was being gutted when we arrived; the cloister of the convent at Beja (where lived the famous nun whose letters to her French lover were a literary *succès de scandale* in the seventeenth century) was so deep in rubble that we couldn't get in. It was, we were told, being made into a *pousada*, a fate that has already befallen the Convento dos Lóios, at Évora, where the cloister, in addition to being stripped, has been glassed in, the former chapter house is a reading lounge, and the Manueline doorway to the refectory is painted canary yellow. An awkward question arises: The Pousada dos Lóios is an enchanting hotel, and I don't doubt the one at Beja will be too. Many of Italy's most delightful hotels, including that old Sitwellian favorite the Cappuccini at Amalfi, are also installed in old convents. So what price vandalism? Perhaps these weren't first-class buildings to begin with, which makes a difference. But isn't it also true that we make allowances when the object has been our pleasure and convenience? "What an attractive restaurant!" we say of the Cozinha Velha, literally the "old kitchen" of the pal-



VIEW FROM THE BELVEDERE OF SANTA LUZIA, LISBON

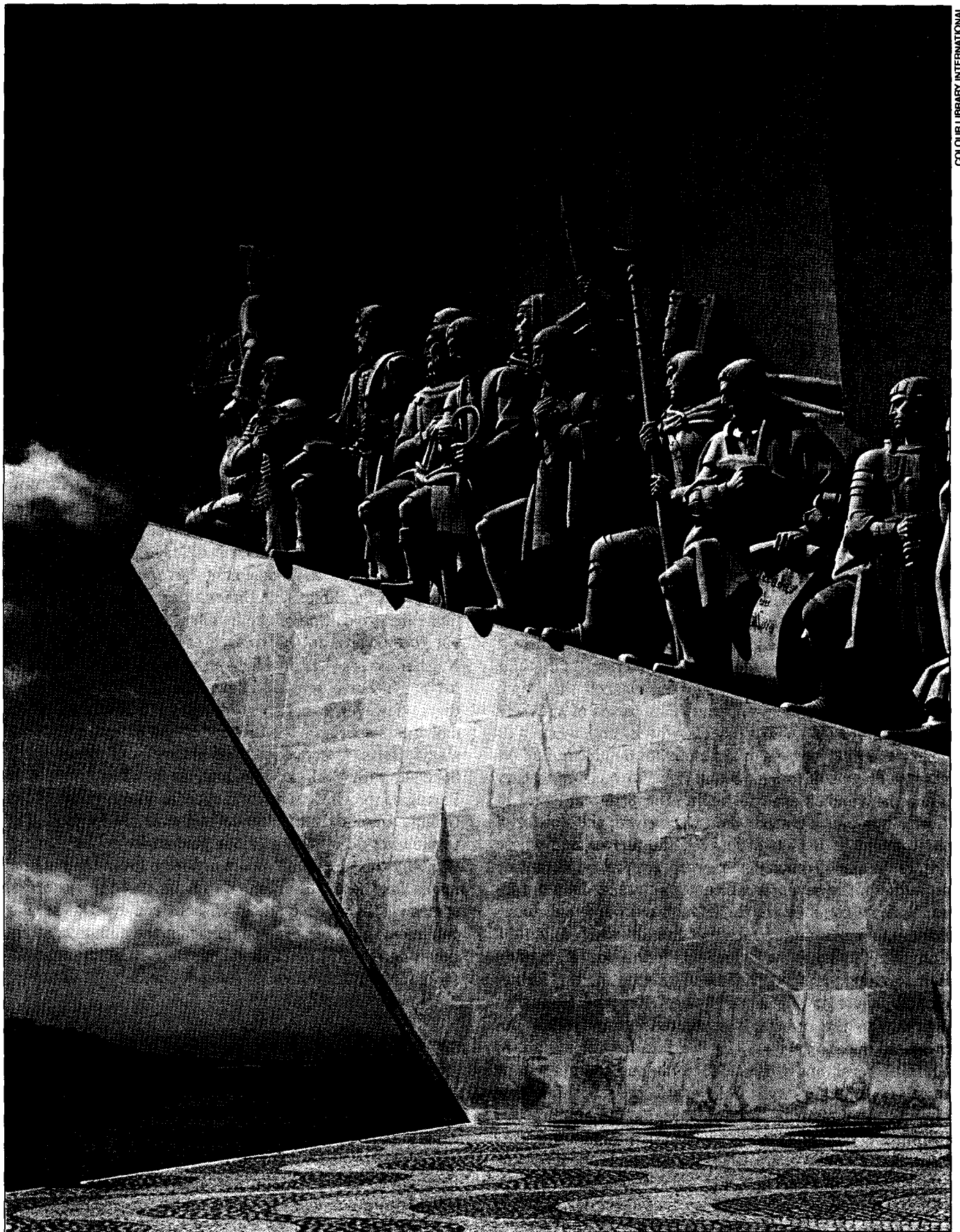
HEYWARD ASSOCIATES, INC.

ace at Queluz; yet we echo Sitwell—"completely desecrated"—in the monks' kitchen at Alcobaça, with its very similar cone-shaped chimney.

About the best that can be said for the restorations is that, like one's reactions, they aren't consistent. Neither the Jerónimos monastery nor the abbey of Tomar have been damaged seriously, if at all, and they are the two most magnificent and valuable buildings in Portugal. And much as the restorers may have longed to demolish them, they have refrained from touching the golden linings added to many Gothic churches and chapels in the seventeenth century—a period of new wealth derived from the discovery of gold and diamonds in Brazil. Ironically, the finest of these Aladdin's caves belonged to the

Order of Poor Clares, who went to Mass as if to the opera, in Baroque chapels that might have been designed as stage sets by Bibiena, if Bibiena had worked in twenty-four-carat gold. One of the loveliest of the lot is at Beja, but the jewel is in the Church of Santa Clara in Porto. Neither gets a star in Michelin's Green Guide, and taxi drivers in Porto deny all knowledge of Santa Clara. It is there, however, and persistence pays. But no less splendid, if less subtle, is the interior of São Francisco, not far away. Here, every Gothic curvature was crusted and flounced with gold carving, and, as so often happens in Portugal, the Christian world recedes into a vision of the Orient, a fantastical Golconda just over the horizon. The trouble is that all this glorious gold badly needs dusting, and why this should be so is a mystery, given the national mania for the scrub brush. Can it be that the restorers, somehow thwarted in their wish to remove the secular gaudiness, have out of spite refused it the minimum attention it deserves? I don't complain. Better the dirt than destruction, but the rationale escapes one.

BAROQUE ARCHITECTURE CAME LATE TO PORTUGAL and was there translated into an original and charming idiom. But what distinguishes Portuguese architecture from all others is another style altogether. It is called Manueline, after the first king of that name, and to understand it one must know something of Portugal's relation to the sea and the great adventure called simply *os descobrimentos* ("the discoveries"). Notice how distinct is the sense of this from the Spanish *conquista*. There were no Cortezes or Pizarros in Portu-



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THE GREAT PORTUGUESE EXPLORERS COMMEMORATED IN THE MONUMENT TO THE DISCOVERIES, LISBON

guese history. Their heroes are Prince Henry the Navigator; Bártholomeu Dias, who rounded the Cape of Good Hope and thus opened the way for Vasco da Gama's epic passage to India; Pedro Cabral, who discovered Brazil; and the greatest of all mariners, whose name in his native language is written Magalhães and pronounced something like "Magelensch." The exploits of these men fully equaled those of Columbus, and they had a better idea of where they were going. Thanks to Henry the Navigator and his school of cartographers, astronomers, and mathematicians (many of them Jews, and even Moors), established at Sagres in the early years of the fifteenth century, the Portuguese abandoned medieval geography long before the rest of Europe did, and their ships, the fleet little caravels that could sail into the wind, were the finest afloat. Columbus himself owed much to Portuguese seamanship and the knowledge acquired during his years in Portuguese service, when he sailed with Portuguese pilots to England and down the Guinea coast. More skillful seamen have never lived, and the empire they created lasted for four centuries, longer than any other established by a European state. (Macao, on the Chinese mainland, is Portuguese to this day.) It also overwhelmed and, rather quickly, ruined the country. The population dropped from two to one million in less than a century. Her wealth, like Spain's, was squandered on churches, or siphoned off to the money markets of northern Europe. By the end of the eighteenth century, the center of Portuguese culture had shifted to Brazil, where it remains. (During the Napoleonic wars, when the royal family fled to Rio, it actually became the seat of government, a unique instance of a mother country being ruled from a colony.)

But before all this happened—indeed, at the very moment the discoveries were taking place—Portugal was responding to the overseas experience with an extraordinary flowering of architectural and literary genius. No real analogy can be made, because nowhere else in Europe is there a major sixteenth-century building that can be read as a text of maritime discovery, and in Portugal there are several; nor a major poet who fought pirates in the Red Sea, soldiered in Goa and the Spice Islands, was imprisoned in Macao, was shipwrecked on the Mekong, and returned with the manuscript of a national epic. The life of Luis Vaz de Camões, author of what Cervantes called the *tesoro de luso*, which we know as *The Lusiads*, is entirely unbelievable. And so in their way are the

buildings whose dates more or less coincide with his lifetime.

We know little about the architects who invented Manueline, and almost nothing about the earliest master, Boytac—except, from his name, that he wasn't Portuguese but from Languedoc. His most important works are the Jerónimos in Lisbon, the cloister and perhaps the unfinished chapels at Batalha, and the little Church of Jesus at Setúbal; and all three suggest that, like Camões, he knew Africa and the Indies, and was familiar with tropical forests and coral seas. But there isn't, in fact, the slightest evidence that he ever left Portugal once he had settled there. If the twisted columns of the Church of Jesus seem rather to descend from the roof like lianas than to support it, and his cloisters to have been composed from the debris of wrecked ships (ropes, anchors, armillary spheres) resurrected as coral—these must be dreams inspired by travelers' tales. And why not? The Jerónimos was in every sense Vasco da Gama's church. It was constructed almost on the spot where he sailed for India in 1497 on one of the great voyages of history, financed by the cargo of pepper he brought back from Calicut, and there he was buried. The wonder is the immediacy of Boytac's inspiration. The Jerónimos was begun less than three years after Da Gama's return, and in that time Boytac had devised an entirely new architectural language based on the sea and the lands beyond. As Sitwell has said, the Jerónimos, with its octagonal pillars like huge palm trunks whose ribbed leaves form the vaulting, is more an Indian temple than a Gothic abbey.

But wonderful as the Jerónimos is, it isn't the most remarkable thing in Manueline art. That honor belongs to

Diogo de Arruda's "sea window" on the wall of the Convent of Christ at Tomar. It hangs there like a stupendous jewel of Indian design, except that it, too, is a meditation on marine themes—madrepores, seawrack, cork, halyards, cables—and, in what would ordinarily be the rose window above, a whirl of sails just taking the wind. Does it sound rather frightful? In a way it is. The whole thing, like Manueline itself, is somewhere on the borderline between the monstrous and the sublime, and only an architect of genius could have got away with it. Nineteenth-century attempts to duplicate Manueline resulted in our horrific hotel at Buçaco and the railroad station next to the Avenida Palace, in Lisbon—both of them pure camp, and there was always that dan-



FISHERMEN OF NAZARÉ

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON/MAGNUM

ger. That it was so triumphantly avoided was due to the directness of the inspiration. These abbeys have nothing in common, either, with the building that naturally comes to mind for comparison; St. Mark's in Venice, that palimpsest of objects captured from the exotic East by another race of seafarers. Not so much as a pearl was brought back to adorn these Portuguese abbeys. They speak not of luxury and conquest but of the experience of men whose descendants can be seen today hard at work in ports like Nazaré—and, for that matter, here in my own New England fishing village, dominated by the Azoreans whose Portuguese ancestors discovered those islands a generation before Columbus. Manueline is the tough experience of the sea turned into a rare architectural poetry.

DIRECTNESS AND SIMPLICITY SEEM BASIC TO Portuguese life. There is, for example, no *haute cuisine*: the diet is much the same for rich and poor. All classes eat salted or fresh cod simply prepared, savory stews of pork and clams, green soups based on kale. A dish of eels or fresh sardines is safer to order than a steak, and the fresh and delicate cheeses sold at street markets can't be bettered in the most expensive restaurants. Fruits are strictly seasonal. In February it was winter pears, green and decidedly *al dente*, a far cry from the French product you can eat with a spoon. Above all, there is the bread. Now that the French *baguette* is kneaded by machinery and something disastrous has been done to the flour, a coarse and tasty Portuguese loaf may be the best on the Continent. It is magnificent, and different in each place, but like everything else except the exquisite shellfish (ordered by weight and expensive), it is peasant food.

As with the food, so with the living arrangements. There is a curious absence of luxury and apparently always has been. We don't know much of what Lisbon looked like before the great earthquake of 1755 that destroyed most of the city, including many palaces. But those that are left look modest enough, and we have William Beckford's word that the palace of the Marialva family, of whose wealth and importance he couldn't say enough, was meanly furnished. (Beckford was a colossal snob, which is one reason why his journal, written in the late eighteenth century, is so amusing.) The great Portuguese families today don't have palaces in the capital (or if they do, these weren't pointed out to us), but they have their *quintas* in the country, and from these it is possible to get some idea of how the other half lived and still lives—even if, like us, one has failed to get letters of introduction to the owners. As it happens, the Marialva villa at Sintra has been turned into a hotel, and whatever

it may have been in Beckford's time, it is now beautifully furnished with antiques and is as close to a private residence as a hotel can be. But grand in the sense of an English country house or a French chateau it is not, and it is quite small—even simple, for all its orange groves and formal boxwood *parterre*.

Very different is the Vila Mateus, a portrait of which adorns the squat bottles of wine made by the counts of Real and sold all over the world. The villa can be seen on application at the front door. The outside is a fantastic example of the granite and whitewash Baroque of the north. Big as a barracks and rather like one in shape, it is ornamented with all the pinnacles and coats-of-arms a country palace could require. But inside, it is a family house, and a surprisingly shabby and rustic one—that is its great charm. The coved wooden ceilings are beautiful in their plainness, and the often magnificent pieces of furniture alternate with others of dubious date and fading upholstery. Though the family was obviously in residence, the rooms were freezing. There was here nothing approaching luxury, let alone comfort. The counts of Real are clearly a race as hardy as their peasants—with one of whom I conducted the kind of conversation that depends on a mutuality of interest, since we had no common language. I spoke Spanish, he Portuguese—yet because he was a gardener I understood him very well, and he me. He showed me everything: the box gardens reddened with frost (this is far north for box), the evergreen tunnel he had made himself, and still pruned, and what was of equal interest to both of us, the vegetable and gooseberry patches that typically adjoin formal pleasure gardens.

No doubt the Portuguese aristocracy had—and has—its share of drones and imbeciles like every other. One has only to visit the Coach Museum, in Lisbon, to see that it did. Here, lined up as if for some futile race, are gilded Cinderella coaches ready to turn into pumpkins, open barges on wheels, traveling drawing rooms lined with velvet—and all for what? There was nowhere to go in these creations. Portuguese roads were famous for their badness well into the twentieth century, and are still nothing to boast about. Symbols of conspicuous consumption, the Portuguese coaches seem to have circulated endlessly in the streets of Lisbon. Their modern equivalent is the Mercedes-Benzes and Rolls-Royces of the Saudi princes, who also have nowhere to go, and both are pathetic in their way, fooling nobody. Arabia's hard heart is elsewhere. So was Portugal's, and for the moment it still is. Those blind alleys we so often landed in, full of geraniums and dozing dogs and tethered goats, those stone-faced ancients who sat in doorways utterly indifferent to our efforts to turn around: looking back, I often think they were "the real Portugal," after all. □



An Atlantic "First"

SHINY OBJECTS

BY DIANNE BENEDICT

MRS. GILLNETTER WAS A DARK, SERIOUS-LOOKING person. Her hands, folded in her lap, were blunt and rough. Small, hard muscles showed in her arms from years of work. A heavy grayness hung under her eyes and around her mouth, as if she lived on food without any taste to it and was deaf to all musical sound. She had hardly moved in more than an hour, and then only to secure in her coarse black hair the two small tortoiseshell combs, sharp as cats' teeth, that fastened her braids.

She sat on her porch in a wicker rocker, looking down

the long dirt track that led from her house to the road. Before yesterday, when Mr. Cunningham had spent the entire afternoon in her parlor, nobody but herself had traveled up that track in over a year.

On a wire directly in front of her sat a quivering blue-and-rust-colored swallow. Clean, dark fire showed in its eyes. It glanced back and forth between Mrs. Gillnetter and a river-mud nest with four eggs in it under the eaves.

Over Mrs. Gillnetter's head, an old, wide-spreading locust, dense with bees, rubbed its flowering branches mournfully across the roof, and nearby, where the yard ended and the cactus began, a band of sheep with two new lambs ranged along the wire fence. One of these

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sheep, though it stayed close with the others and gave no evidence of suffering any particular problem, had been bleating monotonously all morning.

Though the springtime was in full progress all around her, Mrs. Gillnetter gave no thought to it. She was awaiting the arrival of a child, a boy of twelve. She had been informed, by means of a fat letter stuffed with medical records, that this child was in need of special care and that the county would pay her handsomely for taking him in. She had never seen him, and she disliked everything Mr. Cunningham had told her about him in her parlor yesterday afternoon.

"I am not exaggerating," Mr. Cunningham had said, "when I tell you that we're speaking here of an individual who spends every waking hour rewriting the Bible."

Mrs. Gillnetter didn't hold with the Bible. She found all the turbulence in it upsetting, and she doubted whether any amount of attention given to it by a twelve-year-old boy, who was himself in need of special care, was going to lighten it up any.

Mr. Cunningham had shown her a photograph in which all she could make out clearly was a wide, dead-white face set directly onto a pair of frail shoulders, the eyes in shadow under a shelf of dark hair. Later, along with her copy of the child-care papers, Mrs. Gillnetter had thrown this photograph into the oil drum out back and burned it. She had indicated on the form they had given her to fill out in the beginning that she wanted a teenage girl. Now this sickly looking boy with an overlarge head was due to arrive at any moment. Mrs. Gillnetter felt as if the county people had her by the wrists and around the waist, and were rushing her against her will into an ugly situation.

"You got nobody but yourself to blame," she said aloud to herself, by which she meant that when Mr. Cunningham had squatted spread-legged on a stool yesterday afternoon, carrying on about the boy and showing off his photograph, she, for her part, had only sat staring at the oval rug with pansies on it lying on the floor between them and had said nothing. It was always that way. While she was casting about for the right words to express her feelings, the other person always ran off with the decision.

She recalled that Mr. Cunningham had smelled like a lemon meringue pie that had been left out too long in the room. He was a stout man, dressed in a white summer suit and a string tie secured by a knob of turquoise as big as a turkey egg. He had stood over her, mopping his neck with a red kerchief, while she worked on the papers.

"The boy's full name is Ulysses Montgomery Dade," he had said, leaning so close that she nearly stopped breathing. "But take your time, Miss Lucy. We got all the time in the world."

She always got so angry she could hardly control herself whenever anybody called her Lucy, but instead of strangling Mr. Cunningham by hauling backward with sudden and unexpected force on his string tie, like she

wanted to, she had excused herself and gone and stood for a long time in the pantry with her arms rolled up in her apron.

Now she looked down the dirt track once more and caught sight of a man in a fedora hat standing at the gate. This man was so short that he was obliged to peer over the top board, holding on to it with both hands. Mrs. Gillnetter perceived some sort of footgear on this person, shaped like two black-leather buckets, that was unfamiliar to her. She thought to herself that it never failed that if you already had one thing to deal with on a particular afternoon, another was always bound to come along.

She went to the edge of the porch steps and called out, "You'd best go on now. This here isn't any place to be waiting around." The man continued to peer at her, making no move to leave. She looked intently at him and made out a pair of thick, rimless glasses under the fedora hat and a mustard-colored heavy woolen suit. Resting under the gate, in the dust of the track, was an old black satchel and a cardboard box tied shut with hemp rope. "Looks like some kind of dwarf salesman has run out of gas," Mrs. Gillnetter said.

"Mr. Gillnetter and I don't have any gas right now," she called out, "but down the next house is a telephone."

"I know you ain't married," the person at the gate called out to her, and this immediately made her so angry that she had to turn and go inside the house.

For the next half-hour, she kept watch through the front windows. On about the seventeenth time she went to do this, she was relieved to see that the dwarf was gone. "It always pays to just go on about your life," Mrs. Gillnetter said, and then the telephone rang.

"Miss Lucy, I'm afraid there is going to be maybe a short delay," Mr. Cunningham said to her on the phone. "There is no sense making up a story to you about it, the boy has received the bad news this morning that his condition is terminal, and it was temporarily upsetting to him, and now he has run off."

While she was having this conversation with Mr. Cunningham in her kitchen, she was able to see, through the window over the sink-pump, a short person with an overlarge head climbing into the back of the blue-and-green Plymouth truck that had rested unused beside the tractor shed for fourteen years. He hauled the black satchel and the cardboard box with him up into the bed of the truck and went and sat down with his back against the cab. Mrs. Gillnetter watched him take off his heavy glasses and wipe them carefully on a fold in his shirtfront and put them back on, adjusting the delicate wires over his ears one at a time. Then he sat with his arms around the satchel, fanning off bluebottle flies with his battered fedora.

Mrs. Gillnetter laid the phone down gently on the counter while Mr. Cunningham was still talking and went out onto the screened porch and stood there watching. The person in the truck, she could see now, was a boy. Be-

fore long, he appeared to come to a decision. He took off his jacket, climbed down out of the truck, and disappeared into the shed. He emerged a few moments later dragging a small bedspring. As he hauled this bedspring through the dust of the yard, Mrs. Gillnetter was able to see for the first time that his legs were severely bowed and that his feet were tilted to the sides, which action had caused the black leather buckets with their heavy laces to run down over the soles.

Mrs. Gillnetter felt safe on the screened porch. She sat on a stack of newspapers and began to cast about for the right words to express her feelings to the county people. "I am not equipped," she said to them in a whisper.

The boy struggled for a long time getting the bedspring up into the truckbed, then returned to the shed and dragged out the mattress. This narrow bed was the very one Mrs. Gillnetter had slept on as a child, and she wondered if he was going to set up the wooden-spool bedstead in the back of the truck too. She remembered that she had been waked up out of that bed every morning of the world by a black-and-white terrier named Gabriel, who used to stand on her chest licking her face until she threw him off.

"That dog is long dead," she said. She began to search for the words to tell the boy that he would not be staying.

While she was doing this, he went several times back into the shed. He brought out a lacquered-paper Chinese screen, a table-top with bluebirds stenciled on it, a coat-rack, a stack of horse blankets, and an old leaded green-glass window. He arranged these belongings carefully, with many pauses and considerations, in the back of the truck.

The sun was getting down low over the fields, making long shadows, when Mrs. Gillnetter opened the screen door and went outside. She crossed the yard slowly, with her arms wrapped up in her apron, and stopped under a persimmon tree a few feet away from the boy. He sat on the mattress, writing on an Indian Head tablet that he had in his lap. There were maybe two-dozen wadded-up balls of yellow paper lying around him, and his hair showed clearly that he'd been running his fingers every which way through it. He wore a troubled look, as if he were possessed by thoughts not meant to be conjured up together. He glanced at her with his eyes full of dark feeling and reached for the fedora, pulling it on very low to the front. From the shadow under the brim, he studied her with a strong, direct gaze.

"You a Mexican?" he asked.

She didn't answer him.

"You colored?"

"You have got to go back," she said. "I am very sorry for the inconvenience."

"There wouldn't be no problem with that," the boy said, "except that I have moved in here."

"No, you have not," she said.

"Yes. I saw it in a dream."

Mrs. Gillnetter unrolled her arms from her apron and

moved out of the shadow of the persimmon tree. The orange color from the late sun slanted over her, filling her with a sense of beauty and power that came seldom to her. "You think you are big enough that you can work it so you get your way, only you are not," she said. "You are only a puny child."

The boy swung his strange leather boots over the edge of the mattress and stood up, bracing himself with a hand on the coatrack, and Mrs. Gillnetter saw that he was about as tall as an eight-year-old child.

"I am a new voice," he said.

"You are a dwarf child without so much as a penny nor any place to live, and you had better take heed that you are at the mercy of strangers," Mrs. Gillnetter said.

"You are at the mercy of the stranger, too," the boy said.

He took off the fedora and came a step forward, emerging out of the shadows, and when Mrs. Gillnetter looked at his face turned full toward her, she felt as if a deep, sad, far-off note had rung from a bell.

"The stranger," the boy said. "The thief. He has come into your household even now for gold."

Mrs. Gillnetter rolled her arms back up in her apron. She went a step nearer. They remained that way for a while, like two solitary people thrown together suddenly on a journey, the dwarf child in the truck and the woman on the ground, looking at each other in genuine alarm.

THAT EVENING ULYSSES MONTGOMERY CARRIED ALL his furniture into the house and up the stairs and locked himself away in a room on the second floor. In the days following, the total silence, combined with Mrs. Gillnetter's unwillingness to knock on the door, caused her many vexations of the spirit. She abandoned as hopeless several schemes to evict the child from her house, progressing from these to the possibility of going to live in a hotel she had once stayed at in Sweet Water, which had a small room over the back stairwell that was shut off altogether from the traffic. At mealtimes, she left the boy food on a tray with a cross-stitch napkin over it outside his door, but he never touched it.

On the afternoon of the third day, she heard him singing about pomegranates. She was in the kitchen, scalding a chicken. She heard the song through a grate in the ceiling over her head. After the song about pomegranates, he began a song about cinnamon and grapes. While he was singing this song, Mrs. Gillnetter became aware of energetic flapping, and a full-grown crow appeared at the window over the sink-pump, causing her to drop the pullet off the fork into the scalding water, which splashed up over the edge and half drenched the fire. She stood with the fork in one hand and the lid to the scalding pot in the other, watching the crow, which seemed as if it were appearing to her in a dream. It strode back and forth along the windowsill, putting its head first to one side and then

to the other. In the tip of its beak it held a small tin star. It dropped the star through a hole in the screen, looked in keenly after it, then flew away.

"Give a crow a shiny object," Mrs. Gillnetter said.

She went to the window and looked inside the sill. She saw a tarnished tin star lying there. She lifted the edge of it with a prong of the fork, but it was as homely and blank on one side as it was on the other. She looked out the window at the persimmon tree, which had dark leaves pointing upward crisply and a multitude of small, purple-throated flowers. This tree seemed to her, like the crow, as if it were about to speak to her out of a dream. A pale-blue fire stirred the air around it. Mrs. Gillnetter studied this for a while, then turned back into the kitchen to relight the stove.

Late that evening, she put away everything in the kitchen and scrubbed the table with a coarse brush and a sprinkling of salt. She took the bucket of ashes outdoors and spread them evenly among her onions. Then she went upstairs to where the boy was locked away in his room and spoke to him for the first time.

"I'm not bringing no more food up here to this door," she said.

She heard his heavy dragging step approach and stop close by.

"Food?" he said.

"That's right. And I am not equipped for no more conjuring, neither."

"What food?" the boy said.

"Why, the food I have brought up here three times a day."

"There's food there?"

"Not no more, there ain't."

"Where'd it go?"

"Where'd it go? Why, I took it back down again."

"Well, say what it was. Was it yams? And parsnips? And nutmeats? And the whole business melted over with brown sugar?"

"Pshaw, boy! It was *food*. Regular *food*."

"Was it barley cakes? Stuffed with raisins, maybe, and pork and pineapple?"

Mrs. Gillnetter, finding it tedious to go on with this conversation, fell silent. The boy opened the door and stood before her, barefoot and bare-chested in his heavy woolen suit.

"Are you playing tricks on me about the food?" he said. His eyes were bright with pain.

"You have got grit to say that," Mrs. Gillnetter said. "You with your devil crows. You with your fiery trees."

The boy lowered his head and moved, with a dragging step, out into the hall toward the stairs.

"I have to go find food now," he said.

"Not in my kitchen, you don't," Mrs. Gillnetter said.

She hurried past him on the stairs and went into the kitchen and bolted the door. After a moment, she heard him go out the front, and she stood in the middle of the

darkening kitchen, thinking maybe he had left, maybe he was headed out to the road, intent on returning to the county home; but then she heard a scratch on the window screen and, turning, saw him looking in at her, his large head dark against the red of the late-evening sky. The sight of him made her suddenly very angry. She took off her apron and flapped it at him and rushed toward the window, calling, "Shush, now! Shush!" She beat on the screen, seeking to drive him away, but he was intent on getting in. He forced his fingers around the edges of the screen and rattled it in its frame. The sound of his labored breathing, coming from so close in the darkness, was alarming.

She went around the unlit kitchen swiftly, closing all the windows, after which she sat down at the table, trembling. She took up from the center of the table the small red rooster that held the pepper, and set to polishing his head with her apron.

The boy had disappeared into the night. Suddenly Mrs. Gillnetter heard a pounding like thunder along the bottom of the sill.

"He has got hold of a fair-sized stone," she said. She set the rooster down again beside the white hen and folded her hands in her lap.

The pounding progressed from window to window, and after a while Mrs. Gillnetter could take no more of it. She got a plate off the shelf and went to the cooler and took out chicken and butter. She brought out greens and black-eyed peas and mixed these with vinegar and a little pork fat in the skillet. She blew a fire up under a handful of faggots, and warmed the boy's food over the direct flame.

He was taking the screen door off its hinges when she got to the back porch. She opened the inside door the space of its chain and called through.

"You listen here to me," she said. "It's only the lowest kind of animal behaves thataway outside the house."

"How come you to shut me out?" he said. "I can't abide it. I can't abide it, hear?"

"Now, quit!" Mrs. Gillnetter said. "And sit right there on that stair."

But the boy went down the steps and disappeared in the dark yard. Soon she heard him come in the front and go up the stairs to his room. He shut the door with a crash, throwing the bolt loudly, and drew something heavy against it.

"No telling what will happen now," Mrs. Gillnetter said.

She went out onto the porch and stood looking into the darkness, the plate of food growing cold in her hand.

"How quick it all comes up, without no warning," she said. "Land, it's like when we was little, and it would be a sunshiny day, with nothing untoward at all, and then one of the hands would holler out, 'Better head home, chirren, they's wolves sighted on the far hill.'"

She set the plate of food down at the top of the steps and peered into the night.

"Black as pitch," she said.

TOWARD MIDNIGHT MRS. GILLNETTER LAY AWAKE IN the moonlight for a long while, troubled with sleeplessness and indecision. Finally she got up out of bed and went to the door of the boy's room and knocked on it sharply.

"Tomorrow morning early I am going to take a screw-driver to the hinges on this door," she called out.

After a moment she heard the sound of the bedsprings and the laboring commotion the boy made when he got to his feet. Soon the latch was lifted and the door opened. Ulysses Montgomery stood before her, squinting in the harsh light from the hallway, barely awake. He was clad only in his undershorts, and his naked legs were startling in their deformity. His head, which he carried laid back slightly, appeared to burden him with its weight, and his chest was like an old peach basket with the ribs sprung. The frailty of the whole of him gave Mrs. Gillnetter suddenly an entirely new feeling about him. She reached out and pulled the door closed gently and waited there in the hall, listening. She heard no sound whatever. She pictured him leaning with his forehead against the door frame, fast asleep. After a moment, she turned out the light and went back to bed.

She had slipped away into a dream in which she was crossing over a wide bridge together with a multitude of people, when she woke to find Ulysses Montgomery standing beside her in the moonlight.

"You scared?" he asked her.

She raised herself up on her elbow and peered at him. He looked at her as if they had been in conversation most of the night and had only just that moment reached a mutual conclusion.

"Well, I am," he said. He turned and disappeared into the dark. She heard him dragging his feet over the floorboards, through the hall, down the stairs.

Mrs. Gillnetter lay back on her pillows. For the second time that night, she was overcome by the hugeness of her misfortune. Memory pictures of all that had happened since she had first caught sight of the boy at her gate assaulted her out of the darkness. She thought back to the way her life had been before he had come. The long days of the locust limbs creaking, and the wash on the line billowing in the sun. The great banks of clouds appearing out of one quarter of the sky and disappearing soundlessly into another. The gentle changes in the light. The stars at night so dense in their mantle.

A memory came over her suddenly of the blissful feeling she had had all those years ago after Mr. Gillnetter left, the peace and gladness that no words could circumscribe. That feeling had stayed with her, true and unchanging through all the years of solitude.

In the midst of these thoughts, she heard the screen door on the back porch open and clatter shut.

"Now he has gone out of the house in the middle of the night," she said.

She got up and looked out the window, and there was

Ulysses Montgomery crossing the yard in the moonlight. He moved haltingly without his shoes. She watched him cross, with his dragging step, between the trough and the windmill.

"He is headed out into the pasturage," she said.

She went down the stairs with her nightgown in a billow around her and sat on the stack of newspapers on the porch and laced on her boots.

"He is going to get caught in the cactus," she said.

She took the lantern from the nail. After lighting it, she put the matches in her pocket. She let the screen door slam and crossed the yard swiftly. The circle of light from the lantern swung violently around her as she went under the barbed wire. Beyond the fence began the vast expanse of prickly-pear cactus and mesquite.

Soon she saw Ulysses Montgomery ahead of her, dragging his feet laboriously over the rough ground. He kept on at the same pace, looking straight ahead, even when the light from the lantern slipped over him. When she caught up with him, she could think of nothing whatever to say and was forced to walk slowly alongside him, stumbling over the stony ground, getting her nightgown caught repeatedly in the pricklebush and thistles.

Finally, he stopped.

"This here's the top of the rise," he said.

Mrs. Gillnetter looked around her. She couldn't see that they were at the top of anything. The land was flat as a griddle.

"Put that thing out," he said, and he took hold of the lantern before she could do anything about it and blew out the flame. When he did this, the night sky with its stars became a bowl over them.

"Over yonder in that direction is the river they call the Jordan, which flows into the Sea of Galilee," he said. "All acrost the Holy Land is olive trees and fields of wheat growing and poppy flowers. I saw it in a picture."

He swung the unlit lamp slowly forward. "And thataway lies the polar ice cap, which is all over miles deep with ice as blue as any diamond. They's whole mountains of ice moving by slow degree toward the sea."

He set the lantern on the ground between them.

"And over there. Know what's over there?" Ulysses Montgomery said.

Mrs. Gillnetter knew what lay in that direction. It was a road that led to the home of a friend who had long ago deserted her. Looking across the moonlit trees toward that road, Mrs. Gillnetter saw this woman clearly as she had been when they were both young, the abundant chestnut hair held back in a ribbon, the narrow lace collar closed with an abalone pin.

"It's a no-account place without even a church," she said, thinking of the town where the other woman still lived.

"China," Ulysses Montgomery said. "Thataway lies China. It's all the wonders you can imagine. Gold and silver ships, and lakes with swans, and streets paved with

We're doing what has to be done.

Auto Theft.

Every 28 seconds, a vehicle is stolen somewhere in the U.S.

Cost to the public: \$4 billion a year. That's why Property-Casualty insurance companies work together to fight this crime.

With over 1,100,000 vehicles stolen in the U.S. last year, auto theft is not just a problem—it's an epidemic. One of every 143 registered motor vehicles is stolen, and fewer than 60 percent of them are recovered.

Owners of stolen vehicles are not the only victims. Auto theft costs the American public an incredible \$4 billion a year. *And every car owner and taxpayer helps to pay that bill.*

Why this sudden surge in auto theft? Several reasons. For one, the lure of a fast and easy profit has attracted organized crime. Two men working in an illegal "chop shop" can disassemble a stolen vehicle in forty minutes.

The component parts are passed along for sale at almost pure profit. The endless supply of — and demand for—these parts creates a black market bonanza.

At the same time, the illegal export of stolen vehicles is rising. Experts estimate that as many as 20,000 stolen cars are shipped to Mexico, alone, every year.

Even ordinary citizens are becoming involved. Evidence mounts that many engage in auto theft and fraud schemes as a way of disposing of expensive "gas guzzlers."

Action Needed...and Provided

Clearly, something has to be done. And, thanks to the combined efforts of the law enforcement, legal, and insurance



communities, something is being done.

Prominent in the fight is the National Automobile Theft Bureau, a non-profit organization funded by over 500 property-casualty insurance companies. The NATB combats auto theft through a wide range of educational, investigative, informational, and promotional services.

Last year,
the NATB
trained some
22,000

law enforcement officers in investigative techniques. It maintains an extensive computerized system of vehicle identification numbers and salvage records. And NATB agents help municipal, county, state, and federal authorities investigate and prosecute auto theft and fraud.

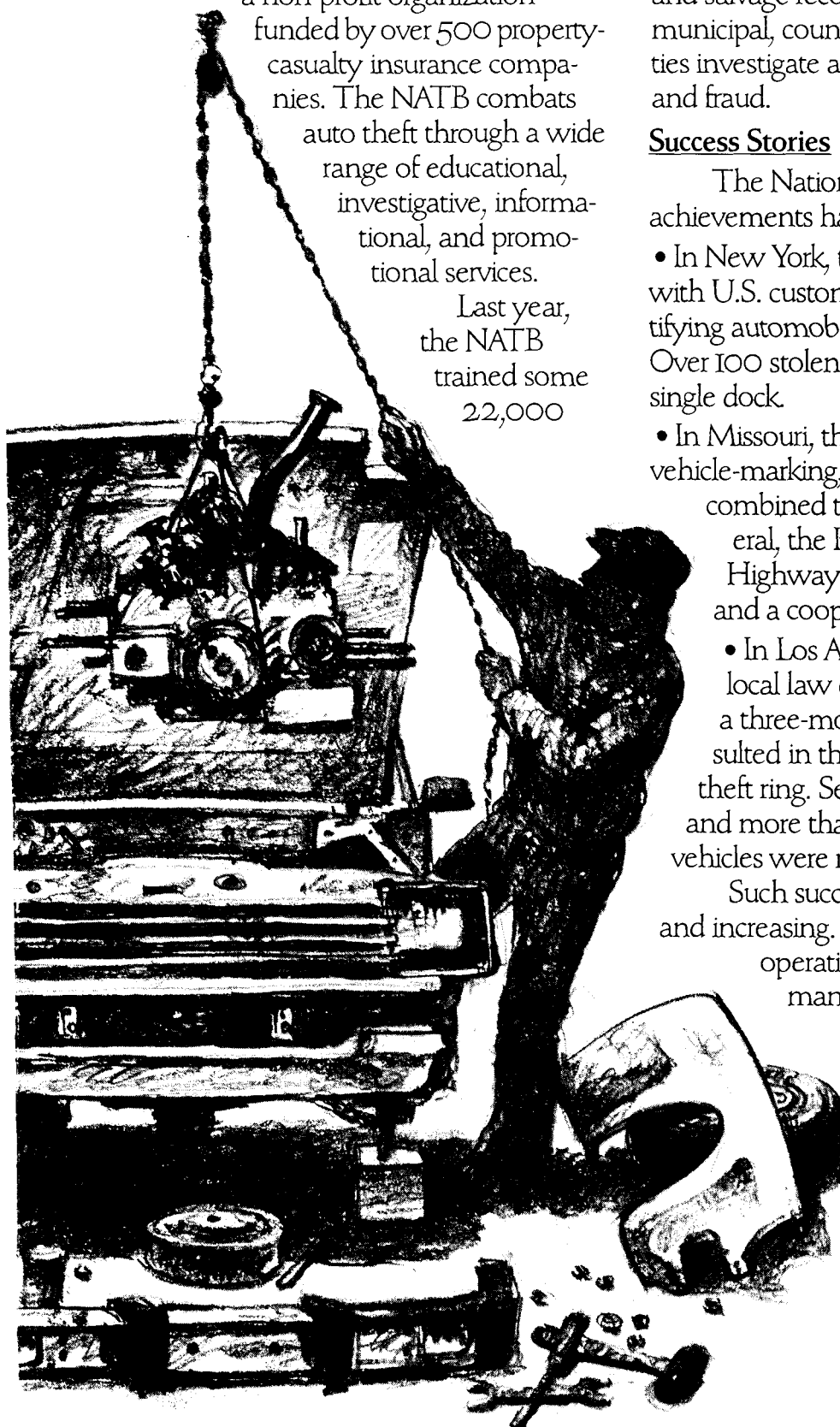
Success Stories

The National Automobile Theft Bureau's achievements have spanned the nation:

- In New York, the NATB recently joined with U.S. customs officials and the FBI in identifying automobiles awaiting export to Kuwait. Over 100 stolen vehicles were recovered on a single dock.
- In Missouri, the NATB helped sponsor a vehicle-marking, anti-theft program which combined the efforts of the Attorney General, the Police Chiefs Association, the Highway Patrol, 120 police departments, and a cooperative public.
- In Los Angeles, NATB officials joined local law enforcement agencies during a three-month investigation, which resulted in the break-up of a major auto theft ring. Seven suspects were arrested and more than \$700,000 worth of stolen vehicles were recovered.

Such success stories are encouraging—and increasing. They show that the cooperative efforts of car owners and manufacturers, law enforcement agencies, legislators, insurance companies, and the public can be effective in reducing losses and in helping to slow the rise in the cost of insurance.

And that's an objective we all share.



We're working to keep insurance affordable.

This message presented by the **American Insurance Association**, 85 John Street, NY, NY 10038

ivory and jasper. Only no man has ever seen it. Not ever. It all lies beyond a wall no man has ever climbed."

Mrs. Gillnetter was picturing the abalone pin, which her friend had given her. She had placed it on velvet in a small drawer of her dresser. Abruptly, she picked up the lantern.

"It's too far out there for us to be standing about dreaming on such things," she said. She took the matches from her pocket and lit the lantern and held it up between them. They looked at each other in silence. "There's cattle out here," she said.

"And snakes, too, probably," Ulysses Montgomery said.

"Yes, snakes, too," she said.

"I wisht I was a snake."

Mrs. Gillnetter was forced against her will to laugh. "That's some kind of low life," she said.

"Yes, a snake has been consigned low," he said. "He has been consigned so low he can't never lift up any part of hisself off the ground, only his head. He don't have any power to laugh nor anything to laugh at. So how can Jesus love him? Why, he loves him *because* he can't fly. He loves him *because* he can't sing. He loves him because he has intimate knowledge of everything from having to crawl over it."

Mrs. Gillnetter studied Ulysses Montgomery in the lantern light. His limbs were sunken over the long bones and swollen at the joints. There were hollows under his eyes. He looked as frail and spongy as a tumbleweed. She couldn't imagine where he had got the strength to come this far out into the pasturage.

"No chance you'll make it back," she said.

The boy's face, which had been bright until that moment, went dull and tired. He looked at the ground. "You're right, there," he said. "I have ruind my feet for this night. I can't walk no more tonight."

Mrs. Gillnetter looked back toward the house, wishing she'd left a light on. She could just make out the windmill fluttering, small and far away.

"How are we going to get you back?" she said.

"You are going to carry me," he said.

She felt a wave of sickness come over her at the suggestion of this. She looked away from him.

"Give me that thing," he said, taking the lantern. He stood sideways to her. "Ain't nothing for it only to just go ahead with it," he said. "Nobody ever minds it too much after the first time."

She bent and caught him under the knees and around the ribs. She had never carried anybody before, not even an infant. When she felt him fold against her, like a bird drawing its wings in, she caught sight, suddenly, of something very like the whole of his life. It was as if he had pulled his life in with him so small and compact and vivid that it could almost be put into her pocket.

She carried him carefully over the stony ground. The lantern, swinging in front of them, cast great shadows dancing from the trees. She was amazed at the feel of him, the smallness of his bones.

He held very still and didn't look up, but after a while he said to her, "What would you be for an animal?"

"I don't hold with all that," she said.

"A fish," he said. The hand holding the lantern sank lower, and she felt his head lean heavily against her. "You are a fish. In the waters. In amongst the bread." He spoke in a whisper.

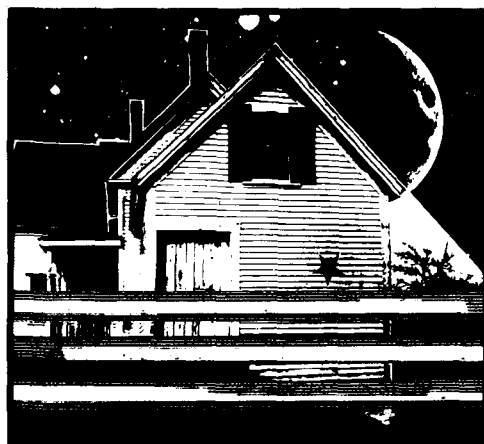
She was able to take the lantern from him before it slipped down. He was very still as they crossed under the low trees, and she thought he was asleep, but after a moment he began to meddle with the long braid that had come forward over her shoulder. He unwound the strands of it.

"I wouldn't keep on with that," she said.

But he pulled the braid loose into the heavy waves that she never liked to live with except for the time it took to brush them, and he drew the mass of her hair forward and lifted his head onto it and wound his hand in it.

"Feeding on the bread," he said, his voice so low that she could barely hear.

Soon his breathing was steady, warm on her neck, and she knew by the subtle change in the weight of him that he was asleep. □



ON THE PORCH AT THE FROST PLACE, FRANCONIA, N.H.

So here the great man stood,
fermenting malice and poems
we have to be nearly as fierce
against ourselves as he
not to misread by their disguises.
Blue in dawn haze, the tamarack
across the road is new since Frost
and thirty feet tall already.
No doubt he liked to scorch off
morning fog by simply staring through it
long enough so that what he saw
grew visible. "Watching the dragon
come out of the Notch," his children
used to call it. And no wonder
he chose a climate whose winter
and house whose isolation could be
stern enough to his wrath and pity
as to make them seem survival skills
he'd learned on the job, farming
fifty acres of pasture and woods.
For cash crops he had sweat and doubt
and moralizing rage, those staples
of the barter system. And these swift
and aching summers, like the blackberries
I've been poaching down the road
from the house where no one's home—
acid at first and each little globe
of the berry too taut and distinct
from the others, then they swell to hold
the riot of their juices and briefly
the fat berries are perfected to my taste,

and then they begin to leak and blob
and under their crescendo of sugar
I can taste how they make it through winter. . . .
By the time I'm back from a last,
six-berry raid, it's almost dusk,
and more and more mosquitos
will race around my ear their tiny engines,
the speedboats of the insect world.
I won't be longer on the porch
than it takes to look out once
and see what I've taught myself
in two months here to discern:
night restoring its opacities,
though for an instant as intense
and evanescent as waking from a dream
of eating blackberries and almost
being able to remember it, I think
I see the parts—haze, dusk, light
broken into grains, fatigue,
the mineral dark of the White Mountains,
the wavering shadows steadying themselves—
separate, then joined, then seamless:
the way, in fact, Frost's great poems,
like all great poems, conceal
what they merely know, to be
predicaments. However long
it took to watch what I thought
I saw, it was dark when I was done,
everywhere and on the porch,
and since nothing stopped
my sight, I let it go.

—William Matthews

THE KENNEDY IMPRISONMENT

2. THE PRISONER OF TOUGHNESS

BY GARRY WILLS

FOR MANY, THE PUZZLE OF THE INVASION OF CUBA at the Bay of Pigs, in 1961, is how a brilliant planner such as the CIA's Richard Bissell could have convinced himself and so many others that it would succeed. But we must remember that "it" was never a single thing. It changed character constantly, often without Bissell himself noticing what had happened. The original propaganda-cum-assassination-coup gave way first to a large-scale raid meant to set up a rival center of government at Trinidad, then to a covert raid again—but on the scale of a small invasion. By the time this confused sequence came to the point where the attack had to be launched or called off, Bissell seems to have taken a "cap over the wall" approach to the matter—Castro had to be attacked now, with whatever was at hand, or never. If the army of Cuban exiles that Bissell had assembled was disbanded, to roam free telling its tale, America would lose without even trying. It would get blamed for assembling the force in the first place, and blamed even more heatedly for not using it. The Cuban political leaders would air their grievances against the CIA. Castro would have a propaganda victory fixing him more securely in the affection of his people. Russia would feel freer to move in on Latin America.

President Eisenhower, who had authorized a small-scale CIA operation against Cuba, would have called off an amphibious invasion—the final form Bissell's plan took—unless it became clear that a *real* invasion was needed. But John F. Kennedy approved a raid on the scale of an invasion—and Bissell thought he would have to follow with whatever military assistance was needed to defeat Castro. The CIA would cause a crisis that America could not walk away from. In that sense, Bissell's one-man operation would succeed. A country that could not be invaded by following normal channels of military preparation *would* be invaded in order to rescue a desperate band of American-led patriots trapped on the beaches of "Pig

Bay." Bissell would throw our cap over the wall, and Kennedy would have to follow. What else could a President do who had begun his reign with the promise to "pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival and the success of liberty"?

By the time of the invasion, a certitude of Kennedy's support for whatever was needed pervaded the CIA team. Grayston Lynch, the guerrilla trainer who went ashore with his Cuban pupils, could not believe that the President would cancel a second air strike—it was, he said, like "finding out that Superman is a fairy." The agents who took it as implicit that the President would back them up conveyed this certitude to the Cubans as an explicit promise. When Peter Wyden, the author of *Bay of Pigs*, the best study of the invasion, interviewed veterans of the invasion, they still felt betrayed and sold out after pledges of support.

Even Bissell had some reason to feel betrayed. If he tried to "force the hand" of the military, draw them into a situation they would not have relished had they been given the choice, wasn't that what Kennedy's ideal of guerrilla government called for? The inventive and unorthodox agents of the President *should* cut across channels, defy normal procedure, get the bureaucracy moving despite itself; should welcome crises, not avoid them; should precipitate trouble, and then improvise; throw the cap over the wall, and then follow. That is what Kennedy had encouraged—and then, having loosed his unorthodox warriors, he failed to back them up. The President might claim he was misled into thinking this was less an invasion than a raid. But sophisticated men talked in signals, out on the Kennedy basketball court, not by way of long reports in triplicate. Bissell had only to wink among his peers, and he had taken Kennedy as a peer. How did Kennedy think a guerrilla raid in the hills could overthrow Castro in a matter of days? Kennedy had first trusted Bissell to know what he was doing; and then, at the crunch, he would not follow Bissell's recommendation to widen the war.

Kennedy apologists suggested that the New Frontier was itself betrayed in this episode, misled and lied to by the government in place—overborne by the military, who

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took too narrow a view of the problem; awed by experts dealing with a team of novices in the fledgling administration; told that ongoing procedures could not be broken off; reminded that Eisenhower's authority stood behind the plan. But Eisenhower told General Maxwell Taylor, during the investigation of the Bay of Pigs disaster, that he had never even heard of an amphibious invasion of Cuba until it was in the news. What he had authorized was the training of a few guerrillas, an action on the scale of the 1954 CIA-engineered coup in Guatemala, small enough to remain covert, the kind of thing the CIA had been doing. Bissell wanted to do something much grander; and though he probably had some of the final plan shaping in his head while Eisenhower was in office, the "takeoff" in terms of scale occurred when Kennedy was elected and gave Bissell the go-ahead at a November briefing. The invading troops were almost doubled in the two months that followed, and that larger number was redoubled by the time of the landing.

It is true that Eisenhower recommended a continuation of the CIA operation against Castro; but he meant the small-scale one he had authorized. As Peter Wyden concludes, "To him, nothing called a 'program' was fully hatched. When he insisted in a September 10, 1965, interview that 'there was no tactical or operational plan even discussed' with him while he was in the White House, he was technically correct." For Eisenhower, military terms had technical meanings.

If Kennedy, inheriting an Eisenhower plan, was forced to go ahead with it despite misgivings, why did he not question Eisenhower about the operation after he took office? Make the master answer his doubts? Explore the possibilities of failure with the man who supposedly stood behind the plan? Kennedy did nothing of the sort. And even when he called Eisenhower in for a face-saving "conference" after the invasion's failure, Eisenhower noted in his diary that "the President did not ask me for any specific advice"—though Kennedy later claimed, before reporters, that he had sought Eisenhower's counsel.

When William Pawley, the conservative diplomat who had advocated an assault on Castro, gave Eisenhower some details of the operation, Eisenhower wrote in his diary: "If this whole story is substantially correct, it is a very dreary account of mismanagement, indecision, and timidity at the wrong time." The right time for timidity would have been before Bissell gave the CIA the task of making an amphibious assault in force. Eisenhower was notoriously cautious when considering romantic options of that sort. Before the Guatemalan coup was launched, he had asked his advisers if they were *all* absolutely sure it would succeed. They were. Then, when trouble developed and Allen Dulles asked for more airplanes, Eisenhower asked what were the chances of this making the difference. "About 20 percent," Dulles told him. The President later said that if Dulles had given him an inflated estimate, he would not have got the planes. For Eisenhower,



only a realism verging on pessimism inspired confidence in the discussion of military matters.

By contrast, Kennedy asked his principal advisers not if they were sure of success but if they thought the mission worth trying. When the Joint Chiefs were asked to estimate the chances of a successful landing at Trinidad (the site chosen by the CIA before Kennedy overruled it), General David Gray wrote a report describing the chances as "fair," a term suggested by General Earl Wheeler. Wyden reports their conversation: "When they discussed what 'fair' meant, Gray said he thought the chances were thirty to seventy. 'Thirty in favor and seventy against?' asked Wheeler. 'Yes.'" Gray used no figures in his report for the White House, and President Kennedy never asked what "fair" meant. Gray thought it obvious that a "fair" rating would imply chances were not "very good" or even "good"—much less "certain." And this, remember, was the estimate for a landing site that had advantages the Bay of Pigs lacked.

The truth is that Kennedy went ahead with the Cuban action not to complete what he inherited from Eisenhower but to mark his difference from Eisenhower. He would not process things through military panels, or let the panels penetrate Bissell's secrecy. He would be bold where he had accused Eisenhower of timidity. He would send in not the Army, Navy, and Air Force but only Bissell's raiders. In all this he was the prisoner of his own rhetoric. As Theodore Sorensen, Kennedy's speechwriter and special assistant, admits, "his disapproval of the plan would be a show of weakness inconsistent with his general stance." A man who has to be tough in each response is not free.

ASTONISHINGLY, THEODORE SORESENSEN WROTE THAT after the failure of the invasion Kennedy was "grateful that he had learned so many major lessons—resulting in basic changes in personnel, policy and procedures—at so relatively small and temporary a cost." Astonishingly because, from the Sorensen account, Kennedy learned nothing at all from the Bay of Pigs. Kennedy failed, according to Sorensen, because "John Kennedy inherited the plan." But he did not. He inherited a growing invasion force that he let grow at an even faster rate. Sorensen says the matter was out of Kennedy's hands before he was President. "Unlike an inherited policy statement or Executive Order, this inheritance [of a plan] could not be simply disposed of by presidential rescision or withdrawal." But presidential directive was the only thing that could stop the plan—or, for that matter, launch the invasion. And the very man Kennedy appointed to teach him the lessons of the invasion—General Maxwell Taylor, made head of a special Cuba Study Group—concluded that such cancellation was the proper course.

The Taylor report, completed two months after the invasion, was distributed only within the executive branch and has never been released; but its principal author has

said enough in various places to show that the Sorensen account of Kennedy's education has little to do with the conclusions of that report. General Taylor believed—and he says that his fellow investigators concurred—that it was a lack of bureaucratic procedure and expertise that doomed the landing. The military was blamed for an operation it did not control. It was asked to advise from the sidelines with only partial glimpses of the total plan.

After General Taylor submitted his report, Kennedy asked him to join the White House staff as its military representative. Taylor recounted in his memoirs that the style of the Bay of Pigs operation was the style of the entire White House:

As an old military type, I was accustomed to the support of a highly professional staff trained to prepare careful analyses of issues in advance of decisions and to take meticulous care of classified information. I was shocked at the disorderly and careless ways of the new White House staff. I found that I could walk into almost any office, request and receive a sheaf of top secret papers, and depart without signing a receipt or making any record of the transaction. There was little perceptible method in the assignment of duties within the staff, although I had to admit that the work did get done, largely through the individual initiative of its members. When important new problems arose, they were usually assigned to ad hoc task forces with members drawn from the White House staff and other departments. These task forces did their work, filed their reports, and then dissolved into the bureaucratic limbo without leaving a trace or contributing to the permanent base of governmental experience.

If these were the problems Taylor was trying to point out to the President, then, according to Kennedy's alter ego, he did not pay attention to them: Sorensen says that Kennedy went away from the Bay of Pigs determined to push his own anti-bureaucratic method even *further*, in order to protect himself from the experts (whose advice had not been solicited).

BUT KENNEDY WAS NOT REALLY SEEKING TO LEARN new things from his investigation of the Bay of Pigs. That is obvious both from the formal instruction he gave to the Cuba Study Group and from the people he appointed to that group. Thus, he wrote to General Taylor:

It is apparent that we need to take a close look at all our practices and programs in the areas of military and paramilitary, guerrilla and anti-guerrilla activities which fall short of outright war. I believe we need to strengthen our work in this area. In the course of your study, I hope that you will give special attention to the lessons which can be learned from recent events in Cuba.

Taylor himself wondered at "the almost passing mention of the Bay of Pigs" in this plan for *expanding* guerrilla

warfare, with the Bay of Pigs used only as a cautionary tale for that purpose. An investigation of the meaning of the Cuban invasion might have called into question the very notion of paramilitary assaults on other governments. Kennedy's instructions precluded that. The question was not whether Americans should acquire a guerrilla-warfare capability but how America might do so most efficiently.

The simplest proof that Kennedy learned nothing from the Bay of Pigs invasion is that his solution was to make Robert Kennedy the director of the CIA. He told Arthur Schlesinger: "I made a mistake in putting Bobby in the Justice Department. He is wasted there. Byron White could do that job perfectly well. Bobby should be in the CIA. . . . It's a hell of a way to learn things, but I have learned one thing from this business—that is, that we will have to deal with CIA. McNamara has dealt with Defense; Rusk has done a lot with State; but no one has dealt with CIA." Though Robert turned down the directorship, he added the CIA's business to his crowded schedule at Justice. Robert would "deal" with the CIA, exactly as McNamara dealt with Defense. Both men spurred their organizations on to new excess.

The Bay of Pigs increased Robert Kennedy's determination to "get Castro." His emotional response to the defeat of his brother was intense. Even after the failure, Robert Kennedy thought of the Cuban problem in purely military terms; he told Taylor that the President would have gone as far as necessary for success had he known in time what had to be done.

Robert Kennedy endorsed the Taylor committee's request for a command center to wage the Cold War; and when his brother rejected it, Robert became a moving force in the secret groups set up to oppose Communist-inspired regimes or rebellions. These new groups were added to a prior one, the Special Group, which oversaw covert activities. General Taylor had been put in charge of it, with a mandate to turn a harsher eye on CIA proposals. The first *new* group—Special Group CI (for counterinsurgency)—was also chaired by Taylor, but included Robert Kennedy. It looked to the development of guerrilla-warfare skills within the Special Forces of the regular Army. The Green Berets were its pampered baby, and Vietnam is its legacy. Robert Kennedy became an ardent reader of Mao and Ho, and held seminars on guerrilla tactics at Hickory Hill. The President himself insisted on the green berets as a badge of distinction, against the Army's reluctance to set men off from others except by rank, and a green beret became a fixture on Robert's desk at the Justice Department.

Robert's enthusiasm for counterinsurgency made him push and prod the CI Group, enforcing his brother's belief that America's future power would depend on its guerrilla capacity. William Gaud, who served on the CI Group, said in his oral history report at the Kennedy Library that the President and the Attorney General "gave a hell of an im-

petus to the study of counterinsurgency and to setting up schools to indoctrinate our own people in this subject. And also, as a result of what they did, our own public safety programs, police programs, have been greatly enlarged." After observing Robert at the CI meetings, Gaud said: "There wasn't any question about the depth of his interest or the depth of his understanding of the problem. He was a pretty tough customer to face if he took one point of view and you took another, or if he felt that your agency had not been doing what it should be doing in respect of some problem. I developed a very healthy respect for his ability to get things done."

The things Robert got done included training Latin American officers in methods for putting down popular unrest. Why, after all, wait till a Diem is in trouble to come to the rescue? The pro-American governments should share America's expertise in *preventing* rebellion. Though there is no evidence that torture was taught in the American schools, there is no doubt that torturers were among their alumni, further embittering some Latin Americans against the United States.

For President Kennedy, Vietnam offered an invaluable opportunity to try out counterinsurgent devices and train American personnel. According to General Taylor:

The President repeatedly emphasized his desire to utilize the situation in Vietnam to study and test the techniques and equipment related to counterinsurgency, and hence, he insisted that we expose our most promising officers to the experience of service there. To this end he directed that Army colonels eligible for promotion to brigadier general be rotated through Vietnam on short orientation tours, and he was inclined to require evidence of specific training or experience in counterinsurgency as a prerequisite to promotion to general officer rank. He looked to the Special Group to verify compliance with his wishes in these matters, a duty which we fulfilled by means of recurrent spot checks on departmental performance.

There was no reluctance to be "drawn into" Vietnam—we welcomed it as a laboratory to test our troops for their worldwide duties.

Fort Bragg was already the center for training America's corps of anti-guerrilla guerrillas. The New Frontier philosophy of counterinsurgency had been enunciated in a famous speech Walt Rostow delivered at Fort Bragg in April of 1961. Rostow's academic reputation rested on his theory of the stages of economic development. In the early stages, emerging nations are vulnerable to opportunistic "scavengers of the process"—the Communists. It was America's historical role to protect the integrity of the development process by eliminating those scavengers. The counterinsurgents were technicians of progress: "I salute you, as I would a group of doctors, teachers, economic planners, agricultural experts, civil servants, or those others who are now leading the way in the whole

southern half of the globe in fashioning the new nations." There could be nothing more enlightened or liberal than the learning of "dirty tricks" to undo the scavengers who specialize in them. Roger Hilsman, director of the Bureau of Intelligence and Research at the State Department, was another enthusiast for counterinsurgency: "The way to fight the guerrilla was to adopt the tactics of the guerrilla," he wrote in *To Move A Nation*. New Frontiersmen traded maxims from the handbooks of the twentieth-century revolutionaries, then visited Fort Bragg to see how these heroes could be undone in their own back yards. The White House press corps was taken there in October of 1961 to watch Green Berets eat snake meat, stage ambushes, skip over ponds with back-pack rockets that let men literally walk on water. The Americans were coming—savvy as the Viet Cong, and with fancier gadgets.

ROBERT KENNEDY WAS ARDENT ABOUT THE GREEN Beret projects of the Special Group CI; but he was even more intense in pursuing the program of the second secret body set up in the wake of the Taylor report, the Special Group Augmented (SGA). This handled high-priority plots, and the highest priority of all was given to the downfall of Castro. At the very time when General Taylor, presiding over the Special Group, was supposed to curb the CIA, the Attorney General was using the SGA to increase its anti-Castro operations. The importance of this project can be seen from the fact that Robert Kennedy commandeered for its prosecution the "star" most in demand during this high season of counterinsurgent fever. Edward Lansdale was a man of mystery and glamour on the New Frontier, the man who had taught Ramon Magsaysay, president of the Philippines, and Ngo Dinh Diem how to put down rebellions against their regimes. Lansdale, who opposed the Bay of Pigs operation, was given a textbook assignment: show the CIA how it *should* have been done. Kennedy was ready to back him up with all the resources he might need. Operation Mongoose, the anti-Castro project, became the CIA's most urgent clandestine operation. Its base, in Miami, was the Agency's largest, with 600 case officers running 3,000 Cuban agents, fifty business fronts, and a fleet of planes and ships operating out of the "fronts." Lansdale was told to act quickly, and he promised to bring Castro down within a year. Robert Kennedy did not want the man who had humiliated his brother to gloat long over his triumph.

Far from checking CIA excesses, Robert Kennedy forced reluctant officials to undertake things they had resisted in the past. That was signally true of Richard Helms, an espionage man who had always opposed covert activity. Only after being "chewed out" by both Kennedys for Operation Mongoose's lack of success did Helms, a man temperamentally and historically opposed to assassination, revive the plot to use Mafia hit men against Cas-

tro's life. Defenders of the Kennedys naturally deny that their heroes commissioned the assassination plots; and, naturally, there is no record of a direct order—the CIA's lack of record-keeping about "sensitive" matters was one of its attractions for the anti-bureaucratic Kennedys. But what else are we to make of the fact that Helms, of all people, took over the assassination plot for the first time after his meeting with the Kennedys, *and that he canceled it as soon as Lyndon Johnson came into office?*

Besides, Robert Kennedy was working in the closest collaboration with Edward Lansdale all through this period, and that "enlightened" guerrilla leader asked William Harvey, who ran Task Force W (the CIA program meant to implement Operation Mongoose), to draw up papers on "liquidation of leaders" in Cuba. Harvey, a high-handed CIA veteran, told Lansdale it was stupid to put such things in writing.

The evidence that the Kennedys directly ordered Castro's death is circumstantial but convincing. When Robert Kennedy was told, on May 7, 1962, of the use of the Mafia against Castro, he blew up at Lawrence Houston, the CIA general counsel who briefed him, but expressed surprise and anger not at the plot against Castro, only at the killers being used. Houston told Thomas Powers, as Powers reported in *The Man Who Kept the Secrets*, "He was mad as hell. But what he objected to was the possibility it would impede [ongoing federal] prosecution against [suspected Mafia leaders] Giancana and Rosselli. He was not angry about the assassination plot, but about our involvement with the Mafia." Robert, who was calling CIA people at all levels to urge on Operation Mongoose, made no protest to Helms or any other CIA officer about the plan to kill Castro. That did not excite or upset him, and he did nothing—though he was by office an enforcer of the law—to make sure it was not resumed (as in fact it was). That is inconceivable unless he approved of the plan—and had in fact been part of its authorization.

When Lyndon Johnson took office, he did not continue the attempts on Castro's life. When he directly asked Helms about them and was given a full answer, Johnson was certain that President Kennedy had authorized the assassination attempts, that he was running "a damn Murder Incorporated in the Caribbean." He told Howard K. Smith: "Kennedy was trying to get Castro, but Castro got to him first." Johnson believed the planned gangland hit had backfired in Dallas.

Robert Kennedy, once the pursuer of those who merely humiliated his brother, showed no such vindictiveness, or even curiosity, about Lee Harvey Oswald (whose name he garbled in referring to him) or any accomplices Oswald might have had. Harris Wofford, a special assistant to Kennedy, argues, in *Of Kennedys and Kings*, that this reluctance came from disgust at his knowledge of the plot to kill Castro. Robert Kennedy did not want any investigation if it would lead to the plot against Castro, to his own involvement and his brother's. The deep change in Rob-

ert's character seems to have come from a genuine recoil against such violence and scheming. From that point on, he would seek out those for whom Castro was a hero, not a villain. Such a change did not come from any gradual learning process. In fact, the harshness of this shock indicated Robert's *failure* to learn from the Bay of Pigs experience. That episode made him rely on counter-insurgency more fanatically, which opened the way to Vietnam. It made him ignore the lesson taught by the CIA's own report, written by Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, its inspector general—that the overthrow of Castro should not have been undertaken in the first place—and seek that goal even more single-mindedly, forcing previously reluctant CIA officers into the effort. His response to failure at the Bay of Pigs was not detachment and a calm review of the CIA's murderous activities. The response was anger, and a call for greater efficiency in those activities.

BUT IF THE KENNEDYS LEARNED NOTHING FROM their first crisis with Cuba, how did they respond so wisely in the second Cuban crisis, when Russian missiles had to be removed? The orthodoxy is that such wisdom could only have been derived from lessons of the earlier mistake. But the orthodoxy assumes that the missile crisis ended in a triumph for America, and that assumption needs some looking at.

To the American public, Castro's acceptance of Russian missiles looked unprovoked, mysteriously aggressive, and threatening. There was no way for Americans to know—and, at that point, no Kennedy could bring himself to inform them—that Cuban protestations of a purely defensive purpose for the missiles were genuine. We did not know what Castro knew—that thousands of agents were plotting his death, the destruction of his government's economy, the sabotaging of his mines and mills, the crippling of his sugar and copper industries. We had invaded Cuba once; officials high in Congress and the executive department thought we should have followed up with overwhelming support for that invasion; by our timetable of a year to bring Castro down, the pressure to supply that kind of support in a new "rebellion" was growing. All these realities were cloaked from the American people, though evident to the Russians and the Cubans.

In this game of power played apart from popular support, the Kennedys looked like brave resisters of aggression, though they had actually been the causes of it. In *The Making of a Missile Crisis: October 1962*, Herbert Dinerstein has established, from study of Russian materials, that the Soviet Union did not consider Latin America ripe for Communist influence until the Bay of Pigs failure. That gave them an opportunity, as continued American activity against Castro gave them an excuse, for large-scale intervention in this hemisphere.

The Russians were aiming at influence by supporting

the Cuban David against a Goliath too cowardly to strike in the daylight. Americans, unaware of all this, did not bother to ask themselves hard questions about the real purpose of the missiles in Cuba. The President said the missiles being placed could strike at any city in the United States (which was not true), and implied that this was their purpose. But why would Castro launch missiles against even one of our cities, knowing it would be a suicidal act? Just one of our nuclear bombs on Havana would have destroyed his nation.

Well, then, if Castro did not have the missiles to conquer us, was he making himself a willing hostage to Russia's designs? Would he launch his missiles in conjunction with a larger Russian attack, knowing that we could incinerate his island as a sideblow to our response to Russia? Even if Castro had wanted to immolate his nation that way, his missiles would not have helped the Russians—might, rather, have been a hindrance, because of the "ragged attack" problem. If missiles were launched simultaneously from Russia and Cuba, the Cuban ones, arriving first, would confirm the warnings of Russian attack. Or, if Cuba's missiles were launched later, radar warning of the Russian ones' firing would let us destroy the Cuban rockets in their silos.

Then why were the missiles there? For defensive purposes, just as the Cubans said. We refused to accept this explanation, because President Kennedy had arbitrarily defined ground-to-ground missiles as "offensive," after saying that offensive weapons would not be tolerated. Yet we called our ground-to-ground missiles on the Soviets' Turkish border defensive. Deterrence—the threat of overwhelming response if attacked—is a category of defense when we apply it to our own weapons; but we denied the same definition to our opponents. Which meant that we blinded ourselves to the only reason Castro accepted (with some reluctance) the Russian missiles. He wanted to force the Kennedys to stop plotting his overthrow by threatening that if worse came to worst and we were ready to crush him, he would take some of our cities down with him.

Americans watched this drama, as it were, through a glass pane, unable to hear the dialogue. Even after the crisis, we read Khrushchev's defense of his motives for placing the missiles, and considered it mere Communist propaganda:

Cuba needed weapons as a means of containing the aggressors, and not as a means of attack. For Cuba was under a real threat of invasion. Piratical attacks were repeatedly made on her coasts, Havana was shelled, and airborne groups were dropped from planes to carry out sabotage. . . . Further events have shown that the failure of [the Bay of Pigs] invasion did not discourage the United States imperialists in their desire to strangle Cuba. (Speech of December 12, 1962)

Now we know that every factual statement in that list is true. But then we were unable to credit the rationale for

Russia's admittedly ingratiating advance to the defense of a Latin American country:

What were the aims behind this decision? Naturally, neither we nor our Cuban friends had in mind that this small number of IRBMs, sent to Cuba, would be used for an attack on the United States or any other country. Our aim was only to defend Cuba.

It might be argued now that even if we knew about our clandestine war against Castro, and admitted that the missiles were placed for deterrence, we could not tolerate their presence so near us. After all, accident or crazy leadership might launch them. The same is true of Russian missiles, of course. As Robert McNamara said at the time, a missile is a missile, whether fired at us from Russia or from Cuba. If mere proximity was the threat, we are in greater danger now than during the installation of those missiles, since Russian submarines cruise closer to our shores than the ninety-mile distance to Cuba. And the Kennedy Administration knew that would soon be the situation.

In interviews published in *The New Yorker* in 1970, Eugene Rostow, Lyndon Johnson's undersecretary of state for political affairs and now director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, defended the Vietnam commitment in terms of America's psychic needs rather than of outright military threat. Looking back at the Cuban decision his brother Walt took part in, Rostow admitted that there was no direct danger from the missiles:

"But during the Cuban missile crisis," [the interviewer asked] "were we more threatened from a technological standpoint than we had been before the missiles were installed?"

"No. I think we were just touching a nerve of concern. . . . the missile crisis was a situation that I think is important for us to think about, because we were ready to go."

Rostow talked of America as feeling psychically crowded and on the edge of panic. To our citizens, uninformed of the American campaign against Castro, the Cuban provocation seemed unmotivated and therefore eerie. President Kennedy had to do something to reassure the frightened populace. His toughness calmed a people "ready to go."

That later phrase was a key one for Rostow in defending the Vietnam War. We can feel "crowded" even by forces halfway around the world. And when that happens, we become "ready to go"—leaving our rulers with only one pressing problem: how to channel our aggression into a limited expression. ". . . the Cuban episode is worth studying because *we were ready to go then*," Rostow said. "There was a rage in the country and a sense of threat, and these were extremely dangerous." In the same way, if the North Koreans had added one more insult to the capture of the *Pueblo* in 1968, the American people would

have been unrestrainable: "There was a lot of rage in the country about that. And my guess is that if the Koreans acted up the Americans would hit very hard. *Very hard*. That would be natural, and human, but it might be dangerous." In the same way, if South Vietnam fell to the Communists, we would feel crowded. The problem, Rostow admitted, lay not in immediate military threat but in a sense of insecurity:

I think that if we faced that situation we would have to become a garrison state on a scale we can't even imagine now, and be concerned about threats from every quarter of the compass—be hemmed in. We couldn't be the kind of society we want to be.

The trade that counts for the United States is with Canada, Western Europe, and Japan. That's the bulk of it. And we could survive without most of that trade, I suppose. It isn't that. It's the sense of being hemmed in that becomes so dangerous.

By this reading, President Kennedy had two dangerous situations to deal with simultaneously—the missile emplacements and American panic over them. Robert Kennedy implicitly agreed with Rostow when he told the President he had to remove the missiles or be impeached. In other words, the President was a captive of his own people's panicky emotions. Options were denied him by the American people—he could not even think of leaving the missiles in place.

Yet Kennedy had himself stirred up the feelings that limited his freedom. He had called the missiles offensive and exaggerated their range. It is understandable that he would not reveal all the American provocation that explained the presence of the missiles. But why did he have to *emphasize* the notion that their placement was unprovoked? He told the nation that the Russians had lied to him in promising not to send offensive weapons to Cuba. He said in his address on the crisis: ". . . the greatest danger of all would be to do nothing." If he was chained to a necessity for acting, he forged the chains himself.

In this he was renewing a cycle that has bound all our postwar Presidents. In order to have freedom of maneuver, they instill a sense of crisis, but once that sense is instilled, it commits the leader to actions he did not have in mind when he instilled it. The most famous instance of this is Harry Truman's use of Senator Vandenberg's advice—if he wanted to rally support for anti-Communist aid to Greece and Turkey, he would have to "scare hell out of the country." But once Truman had raised the specter of communism as an immediate threat to America, he had to calm the people by imposing a security program, and establishing the attorney general's list of possible enemies of the state, which set up the machinery in 1947 that McCarthy would use in the 1950s.

Henry Kissinger assured his old academic friends during the Vietnam War that such a war must be prosecuted to the end, lest a new McCarthyism arise to ask "Who lost

Vietnam?" as it had asked "Who lost China?" War became a homeopathic cure for American bellicosity—a little war taps the aggressiveness that, bottled up, might break out in a larger war. By a kind of devilish symmetry, the contemptuous manipulation of public opinion leads to a slavishness toward public opinion. Kennedy thought he could wage a war out of sight of the American people, for the people's good; but when the Cubans responded in open ways, he could not explain their effrontery, and had to ride the wave of public fear. All the talent and willpower of the best and the brightest could not manipulate away the emotions they had aroused.

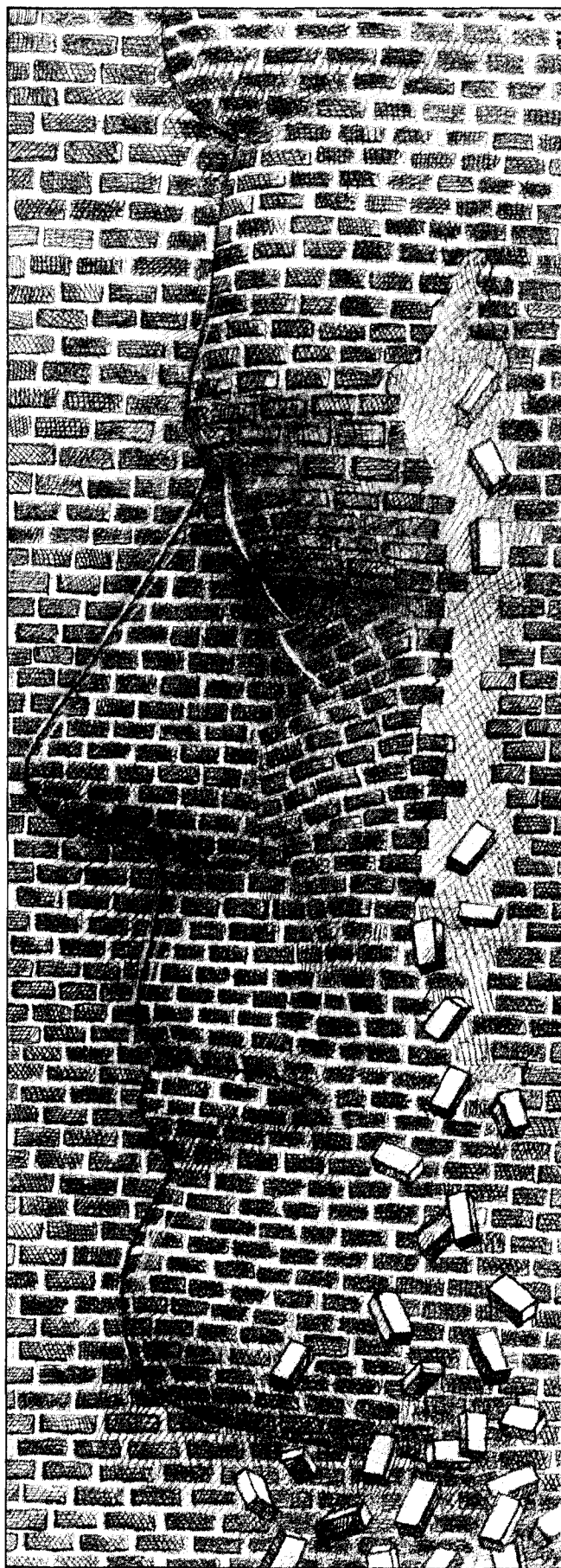
IN DEALING WITH THE CUBAN MISSILES, JOHN KENNEDY displayed what has come to be seen as a legendary restraint. It made Arthur Schlesinger rather weak in the knees:

It was this combination of toughness and restraint, of will, nerve and wisdom, so brilliantly controlled, so matchlessly calibrated, that dazzled the world. Before the missile crisis people might have feared that we would use our power extravagantly or not use it at all. But the thirteen days gave the world—even the Soviet Union—a sense of American determination and responsibility in the use of power which, if sustained, might indeed become a turning point in the history of the relations between east and west.

Undoubtedly there was restraint exercised in the White House, most laudably when a U-2 plane was shot down over Cuba during the tensest moments of the quarantine, before Russia had agreed to pull back. Although "ExCom," the ad hoc executive committee assembled to cope with the crisis, had earlier agreed to bomb one of the surface-to-air missile (SAM) sites if this happened, the President wisely said he would wait for Khrushchev's response to the principal point of contention.

There was also restraint, of a sort, in the quick rejection of a plan for outright conquest of the island—though no one was very serious in proposing that. The option that did get serious consideration, and toward which the President at first inclined, was a pre-emptive air strike to destroy the missile launching pads. If the military had not suggested technical difficulties in this procedure, it would have been given even more serious attention—though Robert Kennedy's first reaction to the idea was to slip his brother a note saying, "I now know how Tojo felt when he was planning Pearl Harbor."

Though the air strike was rejected as a first step, it was prepared as the next step in case the blockade failed. Sorensen puts among the signs of Kennedy's restraint his use of the politer term "quarantine" instead of "blockade"—but this ranks with the counsels of prudence rather than of restraint. A blockade is, in international law, an act of war—the reason the administration had earlier given for not intercepting the shipments of SAMs to Castro.



Kennedy was cautious in enforcing the blockade of ballistic missiles. But, with credit given for that, we have exhausted the evidence of Kennedy's restraint. It is on the basis of these acts that he claimed, to his brother, "If anybody is around to write after this, they are going to understand that we made every effort to find peace and every effort to give our adversary room to move. I am not going to push the Russians an inch beyond what is necessary." That claim is demonstrably untrue.

Kennedy ruled out, instantly and without discussion, open diplomacy as a means of settling the crisis. When he learned of the missiles' presence, he kept the knowledge secret—in the first place, to preserve the option of a sneak attack on the sites, what Robert Kennedy called a "Pearl Harbor." No attempt was made to negotiate with the Russians until an ultimatum had been secretly devised, then publicly delivered. This not only prevented prior diplomacy with the Russians, and forced them to capitulate; it excluded our allies from prior consultation, along with Congress and the UN. It is known that General de Gaulle's resentment of this act—the risking of nuclear war without consulting those endangered—confirmed him in the determination to withdraw from NATO and carve out a separate nuclear role for France. Walter Lippmann quickly identified the weakness in Kennedy's approach. During the quarantine itself, he wrote:

... when the President saw Mr. Gromyko on Thursday [four days before the ultimatum], and had the evidence of the missile build-up in Cuba, he refrained from confronting Mr. Gromyko with this evidence. This was to suspend diplomacy. If it had not been suspended, the President would have shown Mr. Gromyko the pictures, and told him privately about the policy which in a few days he intended to announce publicly. This would have made it more likely that Moscow would order the ships not to push on to Cuba. But if such diplomatic action did not change the orders, if Mr. Khrushchev persisted in spite of it, the President's public speech would have been stronger. For it would not have been subject to the criticism that a great power had issued an ultimatum to another great power without first attempting to negotiate the issue. By confronting Mr. Gromyko privately, the President would have given Mr. Khrushchev what all wise statesmen give their adversaries—the chance to save face.

Later, of course, Kennedy would claim that he *did* give Khrushchev every chance to save face. Lippmann, even before the crisis was over, showed that he did not. Other planners of pre-emptive strikes—Nixon invading Cambodia, Israel raiding an Iraqi power plant and Beirut—would invoke Kennedy's action in the Cuban crisis as a justification for neglecting diplomacy. In this respect, at least, the lesson conveyed by Kennedy's actions was one not of restraint but of unilateral boldness.

The decision-making body that Kennedy set up was conducive to boldness, not restraint. When, in the spring of 1963, Theodore Sorensen gave two lectures at Colum-

bia University celebrating the missile crisis as a model of decision-making, he praised the President for not having been "preoccupied with form and structure"—proving he had learned nothing from the Bay of Pigs invasion. The "ExCom" was an informal body in more or less permanent session, without any order for screening and discussing advice. Its participants dropped in or out as they maintained prior commitments in order to keep the crisis secret. The President himself went off to Cleveland and Chicago while the ExCom debated life-and-death matters. Orderly inquest was at the mercy of separate schedules and improvised security. Roger Hilsman writes: "Everyone tried to keep up social engagements, although they sorely needed both the time and the rest that social engagements cost them. At one stage, nine members of the ExCom piled into a single limousine, sitting on each others' laps, to avoid attracting the attention that the whole fleet of long black cars would have done."

This hasty coming and going in the back corridors, by men starved for sleep and rubbing against each other in different combinations, led to a blow-up when Adlai Stevenson joined them and suggested a diplomatic trade—removing the Marines from Guantanamo, and our missiles from Turkey, in exchange for Khrushchev's taking out the missiles. He was savagely denounced; even the President, according to Hilsman, showed his anger. He punished Stevenson through a friendly journalist. Charles Bartlett was allowed to quote him as a "nonadmiring official," in the *Saturday Evening Post*, saying, "Adlai wanted a Munich." The same pressures toward "macho" talk, the same inhibitions on any sign of weakness, were at work as in the Bay of Pigs sessions. Robert McNamara, after expressing his view that "a missile is a missile," was talked out of the recommendation to do nothing. For two days the President pushed for assurance that an air strike would work, and no one of sufficient weight opposed him—no one but Robert. Though Sorensen later tried to credit the President's *procedures* with the happy outcome of the missile decision, that outcome—to the extent that it was happy—was solely the accomplishment of Robert Kennedy.

What brought about this new restraint in the "bad Bobby" who was, even at the time of these sessions, urging Castro's overthrow? The explanation is almost surely the very fact that he knew how much the crisis owed to prior provocation from the CIA. The "mean altar boy" always had a lively moral strain in him—not enough to urge the admission (or even the suspension) of assaults on Castro, but enough to make him see that the Russians were not acting out of sheer malevolence, that they had a case for their actions, and were probably open to sensible bargaining. Angry as the President had been when Adlai Stevenson brought up the idea of trading Turkish missiles for the Cuban ones, Robert quietly assured Anatoly Dobrynin, Russia's ambassador to America, that we intended to remove the missiles from Turkey. Other ExCom people—

Taylor and Helms and the President—knew of the efforts being directed at Castro, but they do not seem to have felt that this made it appropriate to treat Russia as anything other than a rogue aggressor. Only Robert Kennedy showed a dawning awareness that America might have been somewhat in the wrong. It would be a while before he began to sense the same thing about our course in Vietnam. But the “receiving equipment” for such moral signals was already in place; and it—plus Robert’s influence with his brother—saved the ExCom from acting as recklessly as the Bay of Pigs advisers had. The veterans of the later sessions would make exaggerated claims for their restraint—in part because they could easily have taken less prudent steps but for one man. Against the background of other courses forcefully urged, the outcome did look so magnanimous as to seem self-denying.

Nonetheless, the course pursued was reckless. President Kennedy did not give the Russians the obvious opportunity to “save face.” In the matter of the Turkish missiles, he humiliated them gratuitously, though the missiles had no military importance for us. Sorensen says the trade-off was one of the first things suggested as the ExCom began its considerations, but that “the President had rejected this course from the outset.” His anger at Stevenson for proposing the trade seems to have come in part from the “nerve” he showed in raising again a possibility the President had ruled out. Some have said the President did not want to insult our allies by withdrawing the missiles without consulting them. But the secret sessions were an odd place for punctilious consultation of allies to become a great concern; and, even if this argument was made sincerely, the hurt feelings of allies were little compared with the danger we put them in by serving an ultimatum rather than offering a deal. Besides, the argument was clearly not sincere. Kennedy had already ordered the Turkish missiles removed, and mere procedural delay had kept them in place. Not only were they of no value, they were a source of possible trouble. Hilsman notes that they were “obsolete, unreliable, inaccurate, and very vulnerable—they could be knocked out by a sniper with a rifle and telescopic sights.”

Though the Turkish missiles meant nothing to us, they were a symbolic grievance to the Soviet Union—in fact, exactly the kind of affront we were complaining of. We felt “crowded” by missiles ninety miles from our shore. The Russians had to live with the ignominy of hostile missiles right on their border. If Kennedy’s first and only concern was the removal of the missiles from Cuba—as he and his defenders proclaimed—then a trade was the safest, surest way to achieve it. But Kennedy wanted to remove the missiles *provided* he did not appear forced to bargain with the Soviets to accomplish this. He must deliver the ultimatum, make demands to which Russia would act submissively. He would not, as he put it, let Khrushchev rub his nose in the dirt. Which meant that he had to rub Khrushchev’s nose in the dirt, and that Khrushchev had to put up

with it. Kennedy would even risk nuclear war rather than admit that a trade of useless missiles near each other’s countries was eminently fair. The restraint, then, was shown not by Kennedy but by Khrushchev. He was the one who had to back down, admit his maneuver had failed, and take the heat from internal critics for his policy. Macho appearance, not true security, was the motive for Kennedy’s act—surely the most reckless American act since the end of World War II.

SO THE REACTION TO MISSILES IN CUBA WAS NOT A model of restraint, of rational decision-making, of power used in peaceful ways. And was the glorious victory so glorious? It helped push De Gaulle further down his independent path. Khrushchev’s loss contributed, or appeared to contribute, to his later downfall—depriving us of a leader who was easier to deal with than his successors. Besides, what was the lesson of the missile crisis for the Russians? That one should not back off in further confrontations over that island? When Jimmy Carter declared, in 1979, that the presence of Russian combat troops in Cuba was “intolerable,” there was no sign of accommodation from Russian leaders. They have only two or three enthusiastic allies outside their satellite system, and Cuba is the most important one—one they cannot afford to fail again; one no Russian leader, with the example of Khrushchev before him, will abandon. We purchased submission at the price of later intransigence.

Those who praise Kennedy for his conduct in the missile crisis often reach the conclusion that he learned pacific ways in this “restrained” success. On the contrary, he must have learned that his own and his party’s popularity soared when he could make an opponent visibly “eat crow,” even if the only way to serve up that dish was to risk national safety. But the argument for Kennedy can be put in a more persuasive way if we say that the totality of his victory gave him room to be more magnanimous in other areas, to make pacific overtures without looking dangerously weak or “dovish.” The Kennedy literature makes his American University speech, in favor of negotiation and arms limitation, the fruit of the missile decision’s outcome.

But if that is so, what lesson is taught? That one must negotiate only in the wake of humiliating an enemy? Surely that was the lesson applied year after year in Vietnam. We must never negotiate from weakness, went the slogan; so, after sedating the war during elections, there was a heavy bombing schedule every November and December of the even-numbered years, culminating in the “Christmas bombing” of 1972. Negotiation, which should mean the achievement of mutual benefit by diplomatic means, has become for Americans the negotiation of the other side’s surrender after a defeat.

Some critics, notably Ronald Steel, have accused Kennedy of pushing for a knockout blow late in October of

1962 in order to affect the congressional elections. Put so crudely, the charge is unfair. Rather, an eye on domestic response locked Kennedy into the cycle that makes it impossible for American leaders to make peaceful moves except in the aftermath of successful bellicose ones. Steel notes that even Sorensen quoted a Republican ExCom member during the crisis:

Ted—Have you considered the very real possibility that if we allow Cuba to complete installation and operational readiness of missile bases, the next House of Representatives is likely to have a Republican majority? This would completely paralyze our ability to react sensibly and coherently to further Soviet advances.

Kennedy was soon stuck with his own claim that ground-to-ground missiles were offensive. Roger Hilsman wrote, in *To Move A Nation*, "If the missiles were not important enough strategically to justify a confrontation with the Soviet Union, as McNamara initially thought, yet were 'offensive,' then the United States might not be in mortal danger but the administration most certainly was." When Ronald Steel, in the March, 1969, issue of the *New York Review of Books*, quoted that sentence to show that Kennedy was affected by electoral pressures, Hilsman replied with the claim that he had larger issues of political support in mind: "I meant that the administration would be faced with a revolt from the military, from the hardliners in the other departments, both State and CIA, from not only Republicans on Capitol Hill but some Democrats, too . . ." Kennedy, who boasted that McNamara had brought the military people under control, had to please them, or they would "revolt."

Over and over in our recent history Presidents have claimed they had to act tough in order to *disarm* those demanding that they act tough. The only way to become a peacemaker is first to disarm the warmakers by making a little successful war. And if the little war becomes a big one, it must be pursued energetically or the "hawks" will capitalize on the failure. War wins, either way. If you are for it, you wage it. And if you are against it, you wage it. So Kennedy is given credit for making overtures to lessen the threat of nuclear weapons only after he risked nuclear war to get the "capacity" to make a mild disarmament proposal. That was the obvious lesson of the missile crisis.

THE KENNEDYS RIGHTLY DAZZLED AMERICA. WE thought we saw our own light being reflected back on us. The charismatic claims looked natural to a charismatic country. America, we like to think, has been specially "graced." Set apart. The first child of the Enlightenment, it was "declared" to others as the harbinger of a new order. Yet this rationally founded nation was also deeply devotional, a redeemer nation. Reason and religion, which should have contended near our cradle, conspired instead. If we kept ourself isolated from others, it

was to avoid contamination. If we engaged others, we did so from above, to bring light into their darkness. To deal with others as equals would betray our mission.

So, in the missile crisis, some asked why we should resent missiles near our shores more than Russians were allowed to resent missiles on their border. But to most Americans the answer was obvious. We are not like other nations. We can be trusted to use our power virtuously. Our missiles were not offensive, because they were *ours*. As Hanson Baldwin wrote, after the crisis, in *The New York Times*: "The real measure of the overseas base therefore is its purpose. The United States contention, shared by its allies, has always been that its overseas bases were established solely in answer to Communist aggressive expansionism and at the request of the countries concerned." The distinction made between the missiles depended less on their structure and range than on the character of the country producing them. And who could doubt our good character?

If we refuse to "negotiate from weakness" (i.e., from parity with the negotiating partner), it is because we are not simply one more member of the community of nations scrambling for narrow advantage. It is our task to think for all those involved, to keep scavengers away from the world's developing nations, to uphold freedom around the globe. Charisma exempts from normal process. The sense of a "graced" country lay behind our dispatching Peace Corps youths to dazzle the world with our virtue. The implicit message, underneath the laudable desire to serve, was anti-Communist even when crude propagandizing was excluded. The message was: Be like us.

The sign of grace is luck, and who could be luckier than Americans? Given a vast continent to explore and exploit in comparative isolation from the rest of the world, we entered the game of the great powers only when we were ready to—on our own schedule, for our own purposes. Our first major intervention in this century was for the rescue of democracy; but the old system of power relations thwarted us at Versailles. A whole generation of rising leaders vowed that would not happen next time, and the "lesson of Versailles" made us conduct our very own war to a conclusion that left us masters of the world. In 1945, America—which had entered the war still reeling from the Depression—stood at the pinnacle of power, with resources no other nation ever possessed. Our enemies had been defeated by a policy of total war carried through to unconditional surrender. Our allies had been invaded and weakened. Our military apparatus was the greatest ever assembled; and nuclear weaponry was added to it in the climactic last act of our Pacific campaign.

Total war was waged to ensure the totality of our control afterward. Those defending the unconditional-surrender policy, against military and intelligence advisers who said it would prolong the war, maintained that only this would give America a "clean slate" for building a world order of peace. The fascist philosophy had to be destroyed,

erased, removed from the world like a cancer. This was not simply a war for trade rights, or ports, or access to material resources. The American *vision* had to prevail.

Our power had created expectations that alone can explain the panic of America in 1947. We were still the economic and military master of the world. No one could threaten our shores. We had a nuclear monopoly. Our prosperity continued. No other country could impose its will on us. Yet, in an extraordinary series of moves, President Truman followed Senator Vandenberg's advice and scared the hell out of the country. Solidifying new prerogatives from this sense of crisis, he instituted the security system, established the CIA, and opened a campaign to avoid "losing" Turkey and Greece as we were losing China.

Why this panic in the very heart of power? We were hostages to our own broad claims. Because we attempted total control, we felt imperiled *anywhere* when *anything* went against our will. We were illustrating a truth that Gibbon taught in various ways. The expansion of one's rim of power diffuses internal resources, stretches the thin periphery even further out, so that a small concentration of hostile force can burst the bubble of empire. Since "the increasing circle must be involved in a larger sphere of hostility," the entirety is risked at each isolable point along the rim.

The Eisenhower years represented a tacit acceptance of limits, at odds with this aspiration toward universal control. That is what Senator Kennedy complained of when he said the country must get moving again (Walt Rostow's phrase). A new generation must take up again the torch that had guttered out. The massive-retaliation policy had become an excuse for inaction. Little challenges around our periphery of influence were being neglected, cumulative losses not redressed. Maxwell Taylor complained of constraints in defense spending. Space commanded little enthusiasm on Eisenhower's part, even after Russia's Sputnik "victory."

We now know that Eisenhower let Allen Dulles initiate secret coups or coup attempts in Iran and Guatemala, Indonesia and the Congo. But, despicable as these were, they were kept secret precisely because there was no public policy of engagement everywhere, no mystique of countering any guerrillas who might pop up. The Dulles operations were tailored to the individual situations, small enough for "success" (as in Iran) to cause no widespread outcry against the United States and for failure (as in Indonesia) to let us cut our losses with no great public humiliation. Eisenhower's attitude toward intervention in a colonial war was made clear when he overruled all the advisers who asked him to rescue the French at Dien Bien Phu.

Eisenhower admitted that there is a "tyranny of the weak," an ability of massed little forces to trouble the thin-drawn periphery of American concerns, for which there is no properly "calibrated" response. The gnats

could be smashed, but only in ways that made the giant look worse than its challengers. Short of obliteration, no intimidation was credible for most of these enclaves of defiance. Recruiting their will either was impossible or would be made impossible by military threat. There was nothing to do but ignore what could not be controlled in any useful way. That was the advice of a man who understood power, its meaning and limits.

But John Kennedy had different teachers on the nature of power. They thought that any recognition of limits signaled a failure of nerve. For them the question was not *can* you do everything, but *will* you do everything? American resources were limitless—brains, science, talent, tricks, technology, money, virtuosity. The only matter to decide was whether one had the *courage* to use all that might—and John Kennedy, in his inaugural address, assured us that he had. In his first major speech on defense, he said: "Any potential aggressor contemplating an attack on any part of the free world with any kind of weapons, conventional or nuclear, must know that our response will be suitable, selective, swift, and effective." Anywhere along the outmost sweep of our vast reach, we would strike if provoked.

It might not have been possible for the Romans to protect an expanding perimeter of power, one thinned by its extension to enclose the known world. But America could protect the whole world, because we had things the Romans lacked—jet planes, helicopters, napalm, defoliants, one-man water-walking rockets, computers, and theoreticians of the strategic hamlet. We could do everything, it was believed, so long as we never did, in any one spot, more than was absolutely necessary. That is where Robert McNamara's computers came into play—for dispatching exactly the right-sized teams to troubled spots. Admittedly, the computers could not measure such things as the strength of anti-colonial feeling. But that was considered an advantage by Kennedy's "pragmatic" non-ideologists. For them, the hard facts of cash and firepower spoke louder than sentiment. The Americans would come with "clean hands," as Pyle says in Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*—not apostles of capitalism, like Eisenhower's big businessmen; not preachers of world ideals, like Wilson. We were just technicians of development in the age of Rostow; producers of what mankind wants, said McNamara of Detroit. This was the attitude Arthur Schlesinger had expressed, as part of the "end of ideology," in his book *The Vital Center*; World War II veterans who had "learned the facts of life through the exercise of power" realized that life "is sometimes more complicated than one would gather from the liberal weeklies."

For men holding such views, Vietnam was an ideal place to try out new tools of power—a place to prove that development could be encouraged without colonial exploitation; a place where mobility and concentration of firepower could do more than enormous armies and huge weapons; a place where the infiltrating North Vietnamese

could be interdicted. Jungle and swamp would train our new guerrillas for all kinds of conditions. Despite later talk of a "quagmire" that sucked us in, Americans actually charged into Vietnam—thinking, as we did of Cuba, that a few men brilliantly directed could swiftly wrap up the whole thing. Officers were cycled through to observe the process, because the opportunity would not last forever.

A speech written for Kennedy's delivery on the day he died boasted that he had "achieved an increase of nearly 600 percent" in special counterinsurgency forces. Advocates of his administration were still presenting Vietnam as a symbol of Kennedy's success in the books written just after his death. Hugh Sidey, for instance, in *John F. Kennedy, President*, puts this in his list of breakthrough achievements:

A deep pride in the state of our armed forces really was the biggest factor in the underlying serenity. Our superiority in missiles, our improved conventional fighting capability and the new emphasis on guerrilla warfare, all carefully tailored by Robert McNamara, re-established confidence in our strength. In Southeast Asia the enemy had been engaged on his own terms, and though there still was no victory in Vietnam or Laos, we were no longer losing.

William Kaufmann, celebrating the success of *The McNamara Strategy*, wrote in 1964:

In fact, the war in South Vietnam, if it has done nothing else, illustrates how the Military Assistance Program and an American military advisory group can produce an indigenous combat force of significant power with a relatively small commitment of American manpower. But the real test of South Vietnam is less of the Military Assistance Program than it is of the ability of the United States to deal effectively with all the related aspects of subversion and guerrilla warfare.

The unhappy later progress of the Vietnam War made Kennedy's defenders claim that he would have withdrawn from the contest after committing 16,500 troops to it. The only positive evidence offered for this view is Kennedy's assurance to Senator Mike Mansfield that he would have to get out of Vietnam sometime after the 1964 election. But the year between his death and that election would have involved further commitments of the sort President Johnson (despite his initial distaste for the idea of a larger war) made, on the advice of Kennedy's most trusted counselors. And Kennedy's "commitment" would have been even more binding. Not only was he the initiator of the process Lyndon Johnson took over; the initiative was formulated in the terms of the "flexible response" by which Kennedy hoped to justify his whole military program and foreign policy. Was he going to let Green Berets, too, learn "that Superman is a fairy"? Any withdrawal would have been a confession that his overarching strategy—with Rostow's rationale, and Taylor's tactics, and McNamara's reorganization—was feckless: it could not

deal with precisely the kind of problem it was framed for.

Not only Kennedy's advisers but the Kennedy brothers supported the Vietnam War for years after John Kennedy's death. As late as 1966, Robert was still applying the wrong lesson of the missile crisis to Vietnam: "As a far larger and more powerful nation learned in October of 1962, surrender of a vital interest of the United States is an objective which cannot be achieved." This was said to assure people that his proposal for negotiating with the Communists did not mean a surrender—though that proposal was itself no guarantee of a quick solution, as Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger would find to their sorrow. If it took so long for Robert Kennedy to disengage from the war, even under President Johnson, whose skill at conducting his brother's policy could be blamed for its mishaps, it would have been impossible to disengage if his brother were still in charge and hoping to "win."

John Kenneth Galbraith has suggested that Kennedy was about to change his policies because he had expressed a desire to get rid of Dean Rusk after the 1964 election. But that desire signals the opposite of a withdrawal from Vietnam. The man he wanted in Rusk's place was McNamara, than whom there was no more "hawkish" adviser in 1964. Rusk, despite his hawkish line under President Johnson, was unacceptable to the Kennedys because he seemed too timid and irresolute.

That Kennedy would have started disengaging from Vietnam at the very time when he had hope of building a new administration there in the wake of Diem's overthrow is unlikely. Though America did not engineer Diem's assassination, we allowed it, hoping for better things. As Roger Hilsman wrote in 1964: "The downfall of the Diem regime gave Vietnam and the United States a second chance to carry out an effective program to defeat the Communist guerrillas and win the people. Ambassador Lodge and whomever Kennedy might have chosen to replace General Harkins, whose tour of duty was coming to an end, might well have done the trick—if Kennedy had lived." It should be remembered that Hilsman was considered a "dove." There was no dove position in Kennedy's administration that stood for withdrawal. The doves were for winning the war by gentler methods. If Kennedy had wanted to make withdrawal possible, he would have had to invent a new position out of thin air—against all the forces unleashed by his own rhetoric and planning, conveyed through his network of advisers.

The principal division between Kennedy's advisers just before his death pitted the "political solution" people against the "military solution" people. But the political solution was one of further intervention, more central American command, and increased activity. Hilsman, for instance, wrote in *To Move A Nation* that he thought that more men rather than more bombs were needed:

Our proposal was to put a division of American ground forces into Thailand as a warning and couple it with communications to North Vietnamese representatives in the

various Communist and neutral capitals. If the warning was not heeded, that division could be moved right up to the Laos border, and a second division introduced into Thailand. If that set of warnings was also ignored, a division could be introduced into Vietnam, and so on—not to fight the Viet Cong, which should remain the task of the South Vietnamese, but to deter the north from escalating.

Meanwhile, our “advisers” would direct an illegal “Bay of Pigs” operation in Laos, keeping our involvement clandestine:

To help protect the more northern portions of South Vietnam, it might be necessary to do the ambushing in Laos. But there was a world of international political difference between a black-clad company of South Vietnamese rangers ambushing a black-clad unit of Viet Cong infiltrators on a jungle trail in Laos and *American* jets dropping bombs in Laos.

The political solution promised more for less, but involved an even more complete control of the situation. We needed better puppets in Saigon, to be treated as dismissively as José Miró Cardona, the CIA’s chosen puppet for Cuba, had been in New York. Hilsman’s own hope was for the strategic-hamlet approach (“clear and hold” rather than “search and destroy”), which had failed only because of a lack of the central discipline Americans must supply: “The major weakness of the program under the previous [Diem] regime . . . had been the lack of over-all, strategic direction and [Diem’s brother] Nhu’s policy of creating hamlets haphazardly all over the country.”

This “lesser” option actually involved greater interference in the entire life of the country—we would build it up from scratch in hamlets we sited and ruled—and a great arrogance about America’s ability to dispose of all things sweetly, with minimal violence. The “doves” had decided that the Ngo family could not shed the taint of collaboration with the French colonizers (something America was not guilty of), so they had to go. But Arthur Schlesinger, in his life of Robert Kennedy, points out that the Ngos were showing a willingness to negotiate with the North, rather than allow America to take away the rule of their country, just at the time America helped topple the Ngos. Bad as their family’s record had been, in the eyes of their countrymen they were at least Vietnamese, and did not want to accept de facto dictatorship by American pro-consuls:

The Ngo brothers were, in their anachronistic fashion, authentic Vietnamese nationalists. They were reluctant about American troops and resistant to American interference. “Those who knew Diem best,” Robert Shaplen of the *New Yorker* wrote after twenty years in Vietnam, “feel that neither he nor Nhu would ever have invited or allowed 550,000 American soldiers to fight in their country and to permit the devastation caused by air attacks.” Diem may also have felt, as Bui Kien Thanh has sug-



gested, that massive American intervention would provoke massive Chinese intervention and deliver Vietnam to its historic enemy. In May 1963 Nhu proposed publicly that the United States start withdrawing its troops. In the summer he told [Michael] Forrestal in his "hooded" way that the United States did not understand Vietnam; "sooner or later we Vietnamese will settle our differences between us." "Even during the most ferocious battle," Nhu said to Mieczyslaw Maneli, the Polish member of the International Control Commission established in 1954 to supervise the Geneva agreement, "the Vietnamese never forget who is a Vietnamese and who is a foreigner."

Maneli was a go-between in the diplomatic feelers the Ngos had put out to Ho Chi Minh just before Diem was killed. It was to prevent more negotiating of that sort that General Khanh engineered the next coup after the anti-Diem coup.

The self-styled doves were drawing us in deeper while they thought they were getting us out. This corresponds to the general pattern of Kennedy's administration. It was not the military that caused the most trouble but the civilians; not the bureaucrats but the "best and brightest" who thought they were beating the bureaucracy; not the Joint Chiefs of Staff but their "tamer," Robert McNamara; not Curtis LeMay, whose thirst to bomb was self-defeating because self-caricaturing, but Rostow and Taylor, who promised that we could get into Vietnam and never feel the urge to bomb. The advocates of "lesser" action envisioned the possibility of greater control—which always (just) slipped their grasp. Attempts at total control always do.

We have seen that Hilsman wanted to introduce one, or two, or three divisions as a buffer, so his pacification program would have a chance to be tried. The real story of Vietnam is not that of counterinsurgency yielding to regular troops. From the outset, the counterinsurgents needed regular troops to scale down the fighting to a point where the counterinsurgents could be effective. Guerrillas need water to swim in, or an umbrella for their action. Regular troops were, from the outset, that umbrella. Schlesinger says:

As for counterinsurgency, it was never really tried in Vietnam. Taylor and Rostow, for all their counterinsurgency enthusiasm in Washington, roared home from Saigon [in 1961] dreaming of big battalions. . . . The Special Forces were sent to remote regions to help peripheral groups like the Montagnards. At the end of 1963 there were only one hundred Green Berets left in South Vietnam.

The other "advisers" sent in were regular troops; partly because the Special Forces training program was still in its infancy, but mainly because the circumstances for using the Special Forces had to be *created*—Diem had to be "controlled," we had to give him reinforcements for his

army and stiffen his morale while trying to refashion his regime.

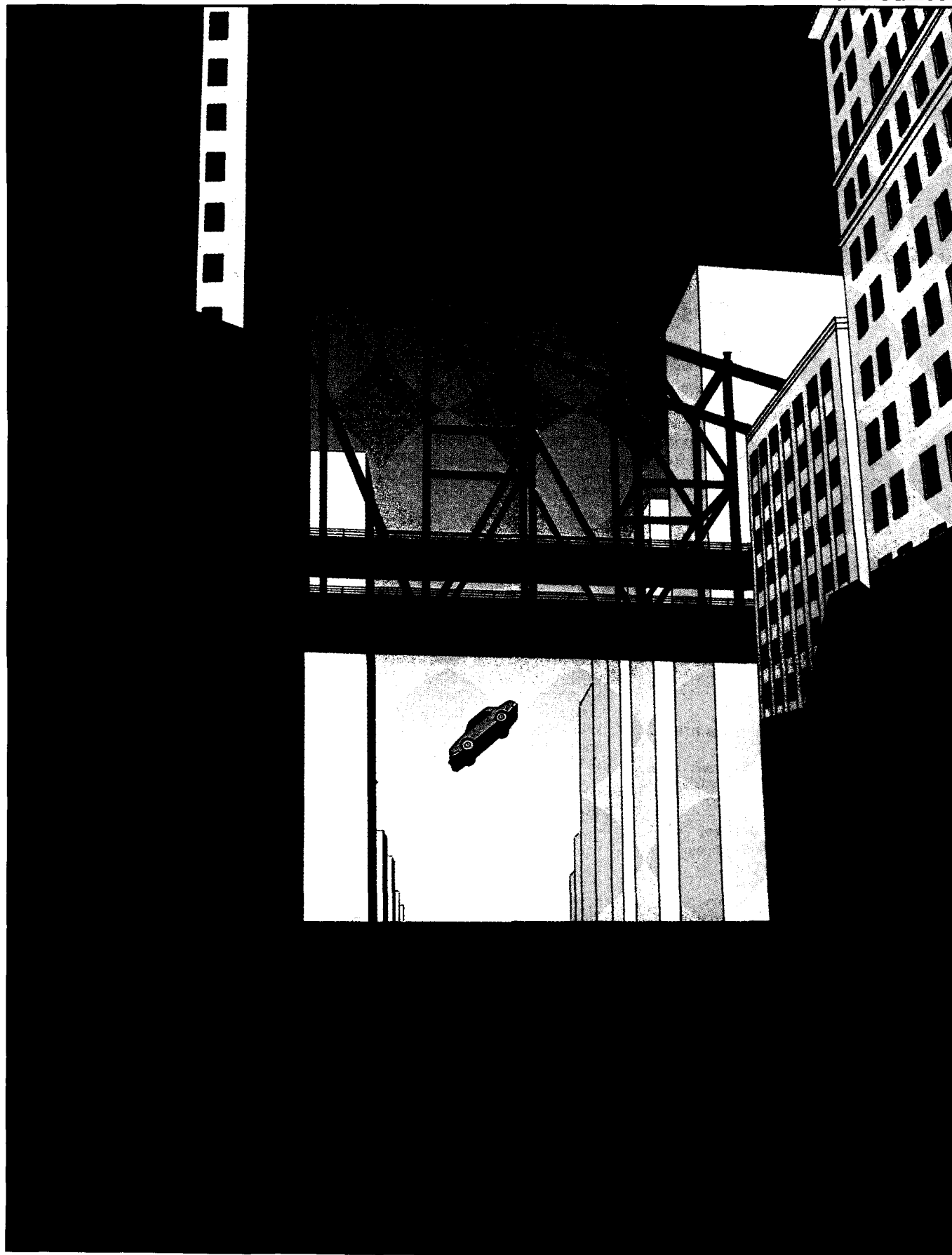
So much for the lesson of the Bay of Pigs. We were still trying to find a situation that would not call for heavy military commitment, and using heavy military commitment in order to create that situation. The whole mystique of flexible response was that it would meet each contingency with the appropriate force. But rather than adapt to reality, we ended up trying to make reality adapt to our preconceptions.

At home, the Kennedy people thought they could apply "surgical" control to problems while ignoring the bureaucracy. Problems were isolable, to be removed from prior context and given a neat technical solution. That was a questionable approach even in our own country. To think we could go into an alien culture and manipulate the "hearts and minds" of its inhabitants by technical skill—remove a Castro here, put up a strategic hamlet there—was always a delusion. Once again, confidence in our resources and will had made the complex interplay of millions of other wills seem irrelevant. Even the guerrilla experts who talked of winning the hearts of other people thought this could be done by image-manipulation on a level with American campaign tricks. General Lansdale, the most respected of the "hearts and minds" school, ran Operation Mongoose on the assumption that he could woo the people of Cuba from Castro by a religious indoctrination program that presented Castro as the Antichrist.

There is no way of knowing what President Kennedy might have done had he lived. Could he have withdrawn from Vietnam without losing face? He thought he could not trade Turkish missiles for Cuban without being impeached, so necessary was it to keep America's hawks happy with his toughness. Would he have disowned his policies and advisers in Vietnam, and done it in time to leave him any choice in the matter? Perhaps; there is no knowing. But he did not live—and the lessons of power, the men of power, the examples of power, he left behind him gave us the war in Vietnam. Even when a Republican President, after four years of negotiation and bombing, disengaged from Vietnam, some of his critics blamed America for the bloody turmoil in Vietnam and Kampuchea. We never considered that other countries, freed from a colonial framework, must work out their own tribal and historical grievances without regard for us. If anything happens in the world, America must get the credit or the blame—we did not act, or we did not take the right actions. It never occurs to us that we are not all-important in the long-range tides of particular peoples' histories. Kennedy, though he might eventually have freed himself from these illusions of total American control, helped to strengthen them in other Americans. His real legacy was the wrong lesson, taught over and over. The attempt at total control does not merely corrupt, as Acton said; it debilitates. It undoes itself. □

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| ☐ Dominican Republic | ☐ Nepal |
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(A complete audit statement is available upon request.)

7 Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor at this time?

☐ Yes, enclosed is my contribution of \$_____

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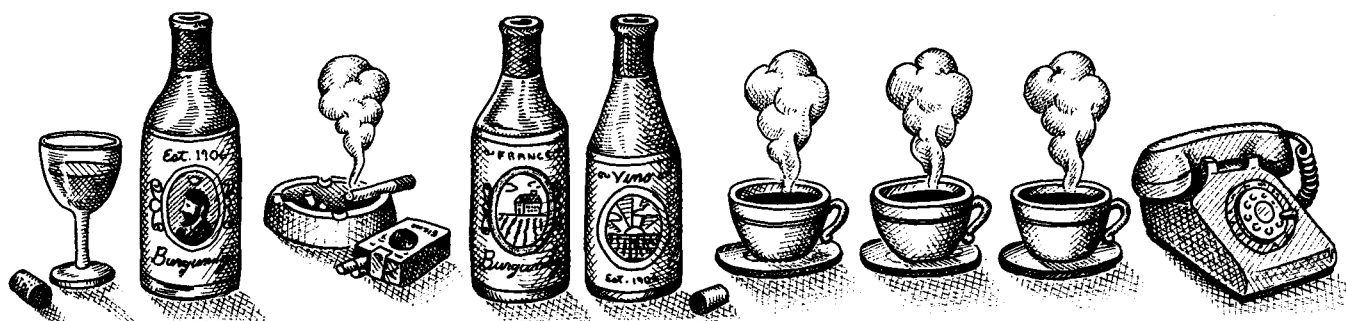
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AM 2/2

VIGIL

A SHORT STORY BY KATHLEEN CONLON



A LISTAIR CAME ROUND THE EVENING BEFORE THE day that she was due to marry him and they shared a bottle of wine. "To warm up your cold feet," he said, "if you've got them."

He had brought the wine back with him from Brittany. It was cheap and rough, and although it warmed her, Veronica knew that her stomach would suffer for it the next day. A combination of cheap red wine and nerves. She tried to put the thought of the next day out of her mind. She stretched beside him in front of the fire while he stroked her hair and talked of Brittany: the cottage, the little cr peries, the artists' colony, the rock-strewn beaches. "You should have come," he said. There was only the merest echo of reproach in his tone.

But she had turned down the opportunity of a holiday. She was nervous of his boisterous children; she had been busy; above all she had needed to be apart from him for a time: a test of her feeling. "If I miss you madly, then I suppose whatever it is that we have is worth having." So she had told him. She doubted that that was the only reason. At all events, she hadn't missed him madly.

The wine and the fire's heat and the slow, rhythmic movement of his hand in her hair made her feel drowsy. "You mustn't stay too long," she said. "Otherwise I'll never be ready for tomorrow." What she meant was: I need to be alone in my house. For the last time. Before it begins: the eternal impingement known as marriage. She took a long drink and quenched her rising panic. She moved away from him and looked at him with as searching an eye as she was capable of, given a certain alcoholic blur. Under her grave scrutiny he adjusted his spectacles more firmly on the bridge of his nose. Index finger between lenses: it was an unconscious gesture. She imagined that when he was a boy, his hair had grown long and floppy on his forehead and he had blushed furiously and

uncontrollably at the most casual social overture. Now he was forty, with a bald patch the size of a half dollar in the center of his skull, an ex-wife who had remarried, and two enormous teenage children who treated him with kindly condescension. His schoolboy wire-framed National Health spectacles had been replaced by elegant horn rims. His constant glasses-adjustment was the last trace of the buried adolescent gaucherie that she found so endearing.

But there must be more to it than that, surely? Well, yes. He was considerate and sensitive and vulnerable. He was a kind friend and a skilled lover and a worthy intellectual adversary. What more could she require?

"And what do you see?" he asked, growing uncomfortable at last under the directness of her gaze.

"I was just thinking of how my mother would have worshipped you," Veronica said.

"Oh? Why?"

"Because you conform so exactly to her criteria for suitable husband material: you're what she would have called 'a professional man,' you have sufficient wealth, power, and status to make it worth my while marrying you."

"Such a snob?"

"She wanted the best for me. In her limited, lower-middle-class vision, that meant status or wealth, or preferably both. To be achieved via a professional career or, failing that, my marriage into the professional classes. A pity she didn't live long enough to see me make what she would have considered to be the first sensible decision of my life."

"Concern is not all that unnatural." He put his arm around her. "Don't get so het up," he said. "It was all a long time ago. And she's dead."

Death had begun to enter Veronica's orbit more and more frequently, now that she was thirty-four. Charles, her first husband, dead of a coronary thrombosis just six months after marrying her successor. And then her mother. One felt bereft, isolated, eager to bind oneself to another human being in the face of such threat.

"Perhaps we all need to reach out for a life belt," he

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said, as if he had read her thoughts. "Those of us that are lucky get carried safely to shore."

She had wanted him to go, but because, telepathically it seemed, he had found the right words of comfort, she allowed him to stay. They made love where they lay, in front of the fire. When, eventually, she moved, she felt his seed leaking out of her and onto the carpet, and she wondered whether, in the long, increasingly staid years ahead of them, they would look at that stain and recall with incredulity how importunate they had once been.

"Good," he said. "So good." He cradled her, wanted to enjoy their post-coital triumph, tenderness, gratitude. But she was restless and pushed him gently but resolutely in the direction of the door.

"Two-thirty, then," he said, after a token protestation.

"As ever was. Alistair," she called, as he paused with his hand on the latch. "Are you sure that you love me enough?"

"I think so."

"Only think so?"

"I think so."

She went back into the sitting room. He had a thermometer for measuring temperature, a sphygmomanometer to record blood pressure, an encephalograph that would produce for him a recording of the brain's activity; in the absence of an appropriate scale, he was unwilling to commit himself.

She opened another bottle of wine. Might as well be drunk as half-drunk. In the bedroom she stroked her wedding finery, laid out for the morrow. "Laid out" seemed a fitting phrase. Three o'clock tomorrow, she thought, and it will be over. It may be no coincidence that weddings and funerals follow a similar pattern; little to differentiate the tribe gathered together to mourn and the tribe conjoined to celebrate.

The house was quiet. Before Alistair she had been afraid: retiring to her solitary couch, flanked by the poker and the telephone, doors and windows double-bolted and barred, her heart leaping into her throat at the first inexplicable nocturnal noise. Before Alistair there had been occasions when she had allowed some man to stay simply because he represented protection against the night.

No more nights of panic, no more Bank Holidays spent gazing at a silent phone, willing it to ring, overhearing the sounds of other people's jollification and knowing that the instrument was fated to remain silent because he—the he of the moment—was probably contributing to that overheard jollity.

She had been lonely, hideously lonely, since Charles. She had been driven to the temporary thrills of adultery, in order to escape that loneliness. She had spent Easter Mondays and Christmas Eves with other isolates who called themselves friends and with whom she had little in common, or else drinking herself stuporous, waiting for a married man to detach himself from wife and children for just long enough to deliver the brief electronic message

that would assuage her loneliness for a moment or two.

Until Alistair. Alistair didn't have a wife. Alistair enjoyed what she enjoyed, knew when to talk and when to be silent, knew how to cope with her melancholy, how to love, how to comfort. She felt cherished, cheered, and protected. One thing only she did not feel: the leap of the heart, the tingling of the nerve ends, that had made all those other, otherwise doomed relationships worth the agony involved.

She sat down on the edge of the bed next to her carefully disposed dress and hat and gloves and continued to fill her glass from the bottle. On the dressing table lay a batch of postcards that Alistair had sent her from Brittany. They had been waiting for her when she got home from a week's absence at a summer course. "Missing you," they said. "Why aren't you here?" Earlier in their relationship, whenever he had gone away, she had waited hungrily for the postman. This time she had unlocked the door, picked them up from the mat, and waited until she had eaten and unpacked before reading them. She had moved in a dream, spoon suspended above a boiled egg, hands stilled among dirty washing, thinking not of Alistair but of another man, fancying that she could still detect the aroma of that other man upon her skin. She had worn his shirt in bed for a week after her return, in lieu of a nightdress, and cried a little as she removed items from her handbag: a theater program, a meal ticket, a pen that he had loaned her and never reclaimed.

If I had only gone to Brittany, she thought, played beach cricket with Alistair's children, drunk cheap wine and admired primitive paintings, it would never have happened. My flesh would have absorbed the sun by day, Alistair by night. There would have been enjoyment, peace, contentment. There would have been no pain.

Instead she had spent the week enrolled in a summer course. She had walked into a room in order to register, she had met the eye of a man leaning against the opposite wall, and she had fallen in love.



HE'S NOT LOOKING AT ME, VERONICA THOUGHT, he's looking at the girl next to me. The girl next to her was younger and prettier and much more likely to attract that kind of attention. The girl next to her, however, seemed unaware of his scrutiny. She was filling in her registration card. "Forms, forms, forms," the girl said, shaking her pen in the attempt to encourage a flow of ink to its nib. "Filling in forms, herded and labeled

like refugees. Won't I be glad to see the back of this week. J Block. Where in the name of heaven is J Block?"

Veronica handed her a map of the campus. For a second she allowed herself to meet his gaze, square on. His gaze contained elements of admiration, of curiosity, of challenge. For a moment the gauntlet lay between them; to ignore it, she would have been obliged to look away a fraction of a second sooner than she did.

"I can't make head nor tail of it," the girl said. "Do you think they make them incomprehensible deliberately, just for the sadistic delight of observing us wandering around like fools?"

Veronica had studied the map. She was able to chart a course, with a certain degree of confidence, between refectory and lecture hall, bedroom and bar. Before the day was over she found herself part of a group, a group that sat together in seminars, gathered together at the dining table, congregated in the bar—a convivial, loosely structured group, flexible enough to allow for new entrants, anxious enough, composed as it was of strangers in a strange place, to maintain membership as a safeguard against social isolation. Surrounded thus, she realized that she was not directly approachable. Her eyes met his along the length of the dinner table, across the steam of fifty coffee cups, through a haze of cigarette smoke, but he was unwilling or unable to break through the circle that enclosed her; just as she, though willing, was unable to break free of it and make herself available for closer contact. "Who is he, the dark-bearded man?" she asked, with a fair imitation of casual inquiry. "That's Phil Lorimer," somebody said. "He's doing one of those workshops on transactional analysis, or whatever, one of those optional jobs for the really keen. Nice, isn't he?"

Their respective roles consolidated the distance between them, she felt; hers as student, his as tutor. She foresaw a week of eye contact, of silent invitation, of promise unfulfilled. And just as well, she thought; I'm about to marry the man I care about more deeply and more realistically than I've ever cared for anyone. Why on earth should I seek complications at this stage?

When it happened, it happened quickly. The week was halfway over, and both of them recognized that there wasn't enough time left to encompass the traditional feints, the tentative advances and tactical withdrawals, that normally constitute the first phase of a blossoming relationship. They had bumped into one another in a narrow corridor. She was seeking change for the cigarette machine. Emboldened by the drinks she'd already had, she besought him to turn out his pockets. But he had no fifty-cent pieces, so she was obliged to accompany him to the bar and, once at the bar, could hardly refuse his offer of another drink. Her companions expected her to return; she forgot about her companions. "There's a party," he said. "I'd like you to come." Her companions were holding a rival party; she put the thought of that party out of her mind.

He linked her arm through his arm and conveyed her there. They drank and they talked and they danced, and after it was over he took her to his bed, kissed her a few times, undressed her, laid her down, parted her legs, and, without further preamble, entered her as smoothly and easily as though they'd been doing it for years.

An inevitable convergence, it had seemed. She lay wakeful beside him as he slept, tracing the outline of his profile with her forefinger. Bearded and moustached, with his bold and liquid eye and something of a swagger, he reminded her of a buccaneer, a buccaneer who had dared, who had boarded, who had calmly claimed his prize.

And to watch him waken, to experience the inevitable pang at the initial momentary blankness of his gaze, to forgive him as recognition dawned, as he turned toward her with a grunt of pure pleasure, as he held her and called her his "bonny lass." (He applied himself so assiduously to retaining the accents and dialect expressions of his youth, and it amused her that such defensive maneuvers should be necessary in one who seemed so very much at ease, in control: he was moved to tell her that he was proud of his working-class origins, reluctant to cut himself off from his background, that only snobs of the worst sort locked themselves in lavatories until their vowels were tamed; he said this with such earnestness, such conviction, that she felt an enormous tenderness toward him for not appreciating that the necessity for an apologia made nonsense of his declaration.)

"Well," he said, as their bodies parted, gradually, reluctantly. "Why didn't this happen on Saturday?"

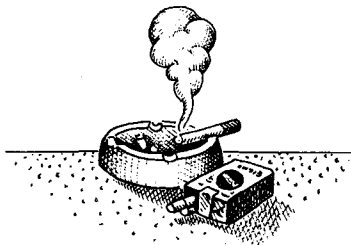
Because, she thought, I couldn't believe the evidence of my senses; I couldn't believe that someone as desirable as you could find me equally desirable. Because an impulsive move might have resulted in rejection, and I'm not equipped to cope with rejection, despite the experience I've had. "We still have four days," she said.

Four days of delight, four magical days, stolen from their real existences. In their real existences were a wife, three children, and a man she was due to marry, all of whom were as insubstantial as offstage characters in a play, important only in that they determined the plot, a plot that meant all they could have were the moments they could cram into ninety-six hours, the experience they could distill from each of those moments.

She moved her possessions into his room. This transition did not go unnoticed by her discarded group. Liaisons were only to be expected, but one also expected a little more restraint, a passing nod, at least, to the conventions. Most people made the dawn journey across the campus to their own beds.

She didn't care what anyone else thought. She cared only that not one moment of those ninety-six hours should be forfeited for the sake of bowing to propriety. They cut their lectures, they left their drinks unfinished, they danced close together, danced out the door and up to his room while the music played on.

"If we don't get some sleep soon," he said, "we will die." But his physical reactions made a mockery of his words. She accepted him, again and again, delightedly. Who needed sleep? She could sleep for weeks when she got home.



BY THE END OF THE WEEK, DROPPING WITH FATIGUE, she slept on his shoulder as he drove her to the station. Crewe. The unlovely façade of Crewe Station would be imprinted on her memory forever. He pulled her close to him, kissed her cheek, handed her her suitcase, told her to take care of herself, and drove away without a backward glance. She dragged her suitcase to the station buffet, where she noticed, with a kind of numbed surprise, that tears were dropping into her coffee cup and that those around her were doing their very best to pretend she didn't exist.

Some spiteful destiny had seen to it that she must share a compartment with a couple who spent the journey in close embrace. A twist of the knife. A young couple, free, who could be together for the rest of their lives, or at least until the affair had reached the end of its natural span. She looked away from them, out to the cow-strewn countryside, cursing the stars in their courses and the god of coincidence that had led herself and her lover toward each other. A different week, a different place, and her heart would still have been whole. Eventually she got up and changed her compartment; her presence was plainly inhibiting the furtherance of their activities.

Alone, she reviewed the week's activities, from the moment they had exchanged that first glance to the moment when he had turned away from her, abruptly, as though afraid that he would say something that could only be regretted in the subsequent light of reason.

Drink, loving, music, laughter, his face so urgent with desire that night of the party that, wordlessly, she had held out her hand to him and, rudely and without excuse, they had departed to the haven of his room; an afternoon in the city when the progress of a procession had thrust them into welcome proximity on the edge of the pavement. Banners waving, brass band playing "Blaze Away" while they hugged each other, exhilarated, like kids playing hooky from school; the heart-stopping moment when the crowd came between them and she thought that she had lost him; eyes straining into the corners of bars to ascertain that he had actually turned up; the way that he had lectured her about her smoking. "But if you don't

smoke, what on earth do you do with your hands?" she had said. "Put them here." And that last morning, his worried inspection of the sheets that bore the stains of their love-making. "Are you bothered about what the cleaning woman will think?" she had said. "I have to come back here," he had said. A pang, then: another year, another woman.

In the train she decided that when she reached home she would write it down: a diary of the week, an attempt to encapsulate the perfection of the encounter. But by the time she came to put pen to paper she realized how elusive the experience had been, how indescribable: "Woke at seven-thirty. Ate breakfast in the refectory. We agreed that if we didn't sleep that night, we'd probably start to hallucinate." (But they didn't sleep, and perhaps they were hallucinating already.) "Met him in the bar at lunchtime. He put a record on the jukebox: 'River deep, mountain high,' said that it was special for him. I said that we should have a record for us. He teased me about my sentimentality, and anyway there was nothing remotely appropriate."

She flicked through the pages and recognized that those flat statements, even those verbatim quotations, could not evoke for her the atmosphere that had characterized those days. Only the essence remained: his face in her dreams, his potency; the shock of a figure in the street that, for one wild moment, she had mistaken for his own. He lived at the opposite side of the country, and she knew that she would never see him again. Once, emboldened by drink, half crazy with missing him, she looked up his number and dialed it. A child answered. His middle child, she thought: a squeaky voice, an innocent voice. One wife, three children, a job, and a life that was deeply rooted in the community: the odds were insurmountable. "Sorry, wrong number," she said to the child, and put down the receiver.

The word "love" had never passed between them. The word "love" was not in common currency these days between sophisticated persons. You screwed around, or you had a relationship. You'd had too much experience of both screwing around and relationships to bandy the word "love" about so carelessly. Alistair maintained that the important elements contained in the word—affection, loyalty, concern—needed to be nurtured into development; eyes across the room had no connection with any of those elements, according to Alistair. Eyes across the room was either flattery or pheromones; in the same way animals sniffed, copulated, parted; bees found their pollen; ants carried booty back to the nest. In man, that whole instinctive limbic system had come under the control of the cortex, the higher center, the center of reason.

Such a neat explanation. And so unsatisfactory. Who could ever believe that arrested cortical development could be responsible for such pain, such pain-dulling stratagems: she bought Alistair for his birthday a bottle of the same sort of cologne that her lover had used, closed

her eyes in his bed, and then, disgusted with herself, contrived to break the bottle accidentally.

Alistair. Whom she was supposed to be marrying. Ought she, in all conscience, to go through with it? The memory of her love affair, her lover's memory, would fade; the pain would diminish, disappear. One couldn't live for thirty-four years in the world without acknowledging those facts. But the very fact that it had happened, that a heart she had believed to be healthy, whole, armored with scar tissue, and under the direction of the head, could be laid open again, raw and bleeding, made the impending union seem a betrayal: of herself, of her lover, of what had passed between them—of Alistair.



IT WAS ALMOST MIDNIGHT WHEN SHE RANG HIM. THE amount of drink she had had interfered with her motor coordination, and twice she dialed the wrong number. His phone rang for quite a long time before he picked it up. He slept differently—deeper, sounder—on the nights when he wasn't on call. She imagined him, pushing the hair out of his eyes, fumbling for his glasses, clearing his throat. His response emerged on the last epiglottal rasp.

"Christ," he said. "Whatever is the matter? Are you ill?"

A couple of sentences were sufficient to inform him that she wasn't ill, merely drunk. "Take some Alka-Seltzer," he said, "and get yourself into bed. Or else you'll be fit for nothing tomorrow."

"It's tomorrow that I must talk about."

"Veronica, you're drunk . . ."

"I know. That's probably why I'm ringing. *In vino veritas*, that sort of thing . . ."

"Well," he said. "What is it?" She sensed his determined effort to wake himself up. She remembered when they had made the discovery that he woke up cheerful whereas she woke up ratty. "Better than if we both woke up ratty," he had said. With her lover she hadn't waked up ratty; she hadn't really waked up at all.

"Well?" he said.

She took another drink, experienced a quick burst of alcoholic loss of inhibition, said, "I don't think that I should be getting married to you. I think that I may be doing you a terrible disservice."

"Oh," he said, as though this was only to be expected.

"Take some Alka-Seltzer, get to bed . . ."

"I know I'm drunk," she said. "But I'm not *that* drunk.

It's important, Alistair. Alistair, when you were in Brittany, I met a man—on that course—and I went to bed with him. For a week. For almost a week, anyway. For almost a week I went to bed with him."

She steadied her shaking knees against the edge of the telephone table while she awaited his response. His response was some little time in coming, and then he said, "Yes. I thought that might have happened. So?"

"So?"

"So what do you want me to do? Punch him? Punch you? Throw a fit of jealous rage?"

"Doesn't it matter to you?"

"Not as much as you apparently think it ought to. You were alone, and you're susceptible to flattery. You have a low boredom threshold and a terrible insecurity about your own attractiveness. I supposed that something of that sort was in the cards. That's why I wanted you to come to Brittany."

"Don't you see that it makes a difference?"

She heard a small, impatient exhalation of breath. "Not really," he replied. "What difference is it supposed to make?"

"I think about it all the time," she said. "That week. I miss him, I dream about him. I fell in love with him," she said recklessly.

"Are you likely to see him again?"

"No," she said. "Never."

"Then," he said, "in six months, a year at most, you'll have forgotten him."

"I know that. The important thing is that it happened. It might happen again. After we are married."

"It might. But I think that after we're married you'll start to see things more realistically."

"More realistically?"

"You've made it into an idyll, haven't you?" he said. His tone was quite even, without a trace of sarcasm. "Everything you're involved in has to be perfect, hasn't it? Even retrospectively. You simply cannot accept imperfection, failure: whether it's a meal you cook, a qualification you obtain, a relationship you embark upon . . ."

"And what makes you think that I'll be any different after we're married?" she inquired, rather waspishly.

"I think that once you have security, uncritical acceptance, you'll grow up sufficiently to be able to admit to yourself that everything pertaining to you doesn't have to aspire to some mythical standard of excellence. You'll be able to throw off the influence of your mother and that wretched Charles, who wanted to keep you in romper suits . . ."

He seemed to be talking completely away from the point. She cut in. "How can I marry you," she said, "when I'm in love with somebody else? Wouldn't it be better to wait until I've sorted out my feelings?"

"On your own," he said, "you'll never sort out your feelings. No waiting," he said firmly. "Either you marry me tomorrow or we don't marry at all. There's me to be taken

into consideration too. I'm fed up with being alone. I want to be with you and make a life for you so that you no longer need to see it through distorting spectacles."

"Perhaps you should lend me your glasses . . ."

"Nothing wrong with your eyesight. It's your perception that's impaired. You've had what was probably a fairly routine encounter—married, was he? A bit of a lad? But because you were involved, it had to be altered from a routine encounter, a seven-night screw, into something unique. Many people distort the facts of a situation for the benefit of others; *you* misrepresent them to yourself. It's not me that you're cheating, Veronica. You're cheating yourself."

"Oh, I know," she said nastily, "I'm as neurotic as all hell. Why should you imagine that it was a routine encounter? Why should you put it down as nothing more than a rutting session? What makes you so damned omniscient?"

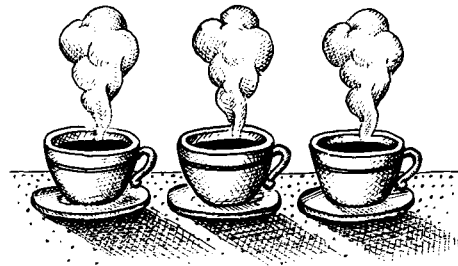
"Does he want to see you again? Has he evinced any concern for your welfare since he left you? What does he know about you apart from the strength of your sexual response, the geography of your genital area?"

She held the receiver away from her ear, distancing those words that she didn't want to hear. "What do you want me to do?" she said at last.

"Go and make yourself a pot of black coffee and try to think about what happened objectively, as though you were a spectator instead of a participant. Try to think what would be good for you, instead of what you think you want. After you've done that, ring me again and tell me if you still want to forget the whole idea."

She heard the click of the receiver as he returned it to its cradle while she stood foolishly, uttering words into the air. She was disconcerted by his reaction. He had spoken gently, wearily, as though dealing with a troublesome child, or one of his confused geriatric patients. Deceived partners were supposed to rage and storm, or else collapse into inarticulate shock. She remembered the way she had felt when she discovered that Charles intended to leave her for another woman. But then she hadn't found out until his mind was made up: he intended to desert her for someone else. Would her reaction have been quite the same if he had confessed to a brief—and what could only be construed as casual—affair?

A brief and casual affair. How the phrase degraded her value and diminished her self-esteem. As she waited for the kettle to boil, she threw her empty glass into the farthest corner of the kitchen and then ground the shards beneath her heel. How she hated him—Alistair. It was his refusal to accord the event any dignity, rather than the event itself, that made her feel degraded, diminished, devalued. The degree of pain that she had felt certainly argued against the aptness of the adjectives "brief" and "casual"; the depth of one's feeling was not dependent upon time's artificial duration, upon simple opportunity of access.



HER ANGER HAD A SOBERING EFFECT. BY THE TIME she had drunk three cups of coffee, although her head ached, she was seeing her surroundings with the lurid intensity that always succeeds a drinking bout. She lit cigarette after cigarette—gestures of defiance: both Alistair and the other man had objected to the habit; Alistair because his medical experience had left him in no doubt about the deleterious effects of tobacco; Philip with the puritanical zeal of all reformed rakes—he had stopped smoking only a few months before they met. "I've seen what can happen," Alistair said, "lung cancer, emphysema, chronic bronchitis. I hate to think of you running such risks." "Do you have to?" her lover had said, opening all available windows to their fullest extent. "It's hell to be in the company of a compulsive smoker when you've just packed it in." She remembered the night when he had flushed down the lavatory all her remaining cigarettes, and how, after her initial panic, she had found it possible, as long as she was in his embrace, to overcome her craving. The substitution of one sort of craving for another. Only once or twice in her life had she felt that same degree of sexual desire: totally demanding, incapable of accepting postponement. Again and again. Even though never once, in the accepted sense, had she achieved release of tension. If drink and lack of sleep hadn't dulled her reactions, she would probably have been twitching all over the place for the rest of that week. Why *hadn't* release been achieved? Why had release *never* been achieved with a man of his sort, a man whose presence had caused her heart to thud, her hands to tremble? Thudding heart and trembling hands were the physiological correlates of those psychological states known as "fear" and "anxiety." How could fear and anxiety be construed as pleasurable emotions? How could you mourn their passing, how could you long to experience them again and again?

Think about it logically, objectively, dispassionately, Alistair had said. All very well to *talk*. But she would try to reconstruct the experience, to be faithful to the sensations she had felt at the time, to struggle against memory, that faculty which was as famous for its powers of distortion as for its persistence.

Their first encounter? Flattery, of course. Then, triumph of a sort. And then curiosity. Who was he, this man, this north pole attracted to her south? What was his name, how did he speak, was he humorous, melancholy,

introverted, irresponsible, dominant, shy? She needed to know so that, by knowing him who was attracted to her, she might then know herself.

And that had been the beginning: flattery, triumph, curiosity, exploration. A common enough beginning to any sort of relationship. At that point, if the exchanged glance had failed to develop into anything further, she would have felt nothing more than a little sadness, a sense of wasted opportunity. Beginnings were important, exciting, by their very definition. You opened the first page of a book and you read "Once upon a time" and you felt a sense of pleasurable anticipation. But you needed to read a few more pages, a chapter or two, before it became apparent whether the effort of concentration was to be rewarded. If not, you closed the book, replaced it on the shelf, and no harm done.

At what juncture, then, did the effect of action upon emotion become irrevocable? Was it in the act of love, the communion of shared laughter? When was it that she had realized that to be deprived of his touch, or his presence, or the sound of his voice at the other side of a room, would be to be desolated?

She began to shiver, turned up the gas fire, pulled a cardigan around her shoulders. She wondered how many brides-to-be felt obliged to keep midnight vigils on their wedding eves in order to convince themselves that they were not making a hideous mistake. It occurred to her that for perhaps the first time in her life she was faced with an important decision. Years ago, her mother had decided for her. And then Charles. After Charles, she had allowed the decisions to make themselves by the simple expedient of procrastination. Now she knew that she

owed it to Alistair, as well as to herself, to decide rather than to be overtaken by decision.

She took from her handbag a theater program, a meal ticket, a cheap ball-point pen—her only concrete mementos of those enchanted days. She spread them out in her lap: *then* he had convulsed the audience and enraged the cast by falling asleep in the middle of Act One and snoring loudly; *then* he had eaten her meal as well as his own because stomach acidity, brought on by nervous tension, had blunted her appetite; *then*, in the middle of a deeply tedious lecture on the subject of statistical methodology, from which she was obediently taking notes, he had leaned over and drawn a heart pierced by an arrow down the right-hand margin. "Riveting, isn't it?" he had written underneath. "As our minds aren't going to be improved, let's sod off and satisfy our bodies." His writing was large and bold, but controlled. Impetuous, a graphologist might have said, but demonstrating an abiding sense of self-preservation. A graphologist would describe, investigate, analyze. As she was supposed to be doing. She owed Alistair that much, at the very least. But how could you analyze that which sprang into life between a man and a woman?

Perhaps you couldn't. What you could do, however, was to think yourself back into the situation, disinter the way you had felt at the time, as opposed to the way you thought you had felt. A four-day screw, or an enchanted encounter? Perhaps, if one had not been able to enclose it within the parentheses of before and after, the enchantment might not have seemed so immediately apparent.

Fear, anxiety, nervous tension. Those emotions pointed, surely, to a profound unease. She remembered the time spent in front of the wardrobe mirror, trying on first one dress and then another, making and remaking her face; the carefully rehearsed witticisms, the determined sparkle that had been achieved at the cost of headache and anxiety. All in case she wasn't good enough for him.

Essentially, her time with him had been too stressful to merit any adjective that approximated "happy." Chewing tablets to calm her stomach, grudging the passage of every minute because every minute hastened the moment of their parting, allowing herself to be cheated of sexual satisfaction because any criticism of his sensitivity somehow rebounded upon herself.

I never had to tell Alistair, she thought, what works for me and what doesn't. Alistair explored me and found out for himself. In less than ninety-six hours. Besides, with Alistair, I was always relaxed, not taut as a newly strung bow with the effort of role-playing. It had been necessary that her lover should see her as beautiful, intelligent, witty, self-possessed, since it was inconceivable that anyone could be attracted by the plain, often stupid, downright timorous person that more nearly represented the real Veronica—anyone worth having, at any rate.

And was Alistair not worth having? He knew that she was often plain, often stupid, and terrified of life. He was



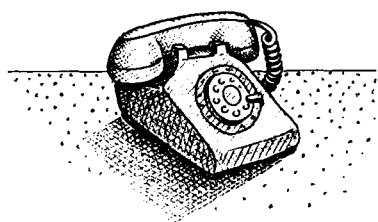
DRAWN TO PERSPECTIVE

On a long block
Along which runs the wall
Of the House of Correction,
Someone has stopped
To holler the name
Of a son or a daughter.

Everything else in the world is
As if in abeyance:
The warm summer evening;
The kid on roller skates;
The couple about to embrace
At the vanishing point.

— Charles Simic

not her type, she had thought on first meeting him—too quiet, unassuming, and with a tendency to refuse to take her flippant remarks at their face value and join with her in superficial mockery of the subject under discussion; and therefore she had never made the sort of determined effort that was involved in donning the disguise of a false self. Alistair had emptied bowls for her that time she had gastric flu; had painted the last difficult corner of the ceiling when, tired, sweaty, and disheveled, she had at last retired defeated; had held her hand and wiped her tears when the pipes burst, or her day had gone badly.



THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING WAS SUPPOSED TO BE the time when life was at its lowest ebb: the blood ran slower, and the heartbeat, and the brain waves. At three o'clock in the morning overdoses were swallowed, nooses fashioned from dressing-gown cords, gas fires switched on and left unlighted. At three o'clock she thought of the direction that her life had taken since Alistair had entered it: the Bank Holidays and Christmas Eves that had become festivals rather than days of pronounced isolation, to be endured; the phone that invariably rang when it was due to ring, whatever inconvenience that effort involved; the comfort and security of knowing that there existed a person for whom her happiness was a subject of paramount importance.

And her lover? A man who had taken his pleasure without inquiring what it was that might constitute hers; who had arranged to meet her inside public bars without bothering to ascertain whether she could enter public bars, alone, with perfect equanimity; who wasn't interested in finding out anything about her beyond the point of access between her thighs; who had dumped her on a station platform without the consolation of one single sentimental gesture; whose importance in her life had depended upon the purely unconscious sending out of a certain set of chemical messages, which had found their reception sites—accidentally, perhaps—within herself rather than within the young and beautiful girl next to her. Not a bad man; at least, she supposed not: he had spoken of his children with pride and fondness; despite his flippancy, he had taken his teaching duties conscientiously. But she hadn't known him well enough to be able to tell whether he was a bad man or a good man or merely a mixture of the two.

At four o'clock she tried to imagine her life without Alistair: the long summer evenings and the weekends

spent slumped in front of the television set or filled with redundant polishing and dusting. Alistair had delivered her from compulsive housework, from compulsive television-watching, from compulsive adultery, from the terror of night prowlers, from the patronage or pity of her firmly attached acquaintances. Some fortunate creatures cherished their solitude, needed the space and silence that solitary living afforded them. She was not of their number. She derived little benefit, experienced only the heart-stopping panic of the child whose hand has been separated from her mother's hand by the press of the crowd. And little point in planning a life according to how you ought to be—independent, self-sufficient—rather than how you were, which was incomplete.

THE SKY WAS LIGHTENING WHEN SHE ANSWERED THE phone.

"Veronica," he said, hesitantly, with just a faint tinge of inquiry at the end of the word.

"I was supposed to be ringing you," she said.

"Yes. But I was afraid . . . I don't think that I can manage without you."

"You have an interesting and rewarding occupation, you have plenty of friends, you have two trauma-free children who treat you with respect and affection. You are attractive enough and intelligent enough to be able to enjoy female company whenever you need it. Why should you want me?"

She waited, dreading a calm and measured response to the tune of: I know all about your neuroses, about your arrested ego development, but I think that I may be able to train you toward maturity, turn you into the sort of wife that I require.

"God knows," he said. "But I do."

"And will you always?"

"I hope so. Oh, I do hope so."

"But," she persisted, "why me?"

"Because you're honest—too honest, perhaps. Because I can be silent with you and talk with you. Because our love-making is splendid and we find the same things amusing. Because in all the world, it seems that only you will do. Well, there may be others, but I haven't met them. I've only met you."

"It might happen again, you know," she said. She felt, suddenly, an enormous tiredness. "I might go weak at the knees for some other fantasy figure. It'll be a while before I get over this one."

"That's just a chance we'll have to take."

"And I'll look like hell tomorrow—this afternoon," she said, yawning hugely.

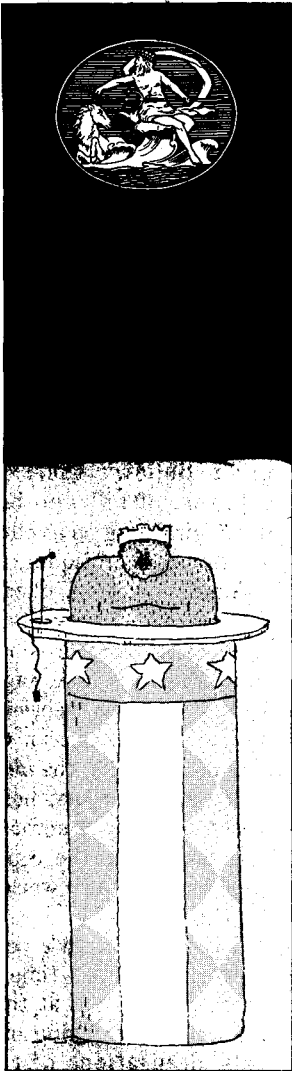
"Very likely. So shall I. I've been coffee-drinking too. What's that racket in the background?" he said.

"Birds. The dawn chorus."

Heralding her wedding day. □

THE SINGING-IMPAIRED

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.



A WORD ABOUT THE singing-impaired. The singing-impaired are those who like to sing, who are frequently moved to sing, but who do not sing—according to others—well.

When the singing-impaired begin to sing, others do not join in. When others are singing, and the singing-impaired join in . . .

There is nothing quite so vulnerable as a person caught up in a lyric impulse. The singing-impaired are forever being brought up short in one. When the singing-impaired chime in, they may notice a sudden strained silence. Or just a sudden loss of afflatus in the music about them. (The singing-impaired can tell.)

No national foundation exists for the singing-impaired. Nor does any branch of medical science offer hope. No one provides little ramps to get the singing-impaired up onto certain notes. There are, to be sure, affinity groups. One of these has a theme song. I wish you could watch a group of the singing-impaired sing it together, it would touch your heart:

Don't be scared
If you're singing-impaired.
Sing out, sing free;
Just not audibly.

I, myself, was once singing-impaired. Perhaps that surprises you. But people once looked at me as if I had no more sense of melody than a Finn has of cuisine.

I would lie awake nights wondering: "Is there no other soul in America who, while trying to stay on the tune of '*La donna è mobile*,' will lapse, now and again, into the tune of 'It's Howdy Doody Time'?"

I did not ask whether anyone *should* do it. I did not ask whether it argued a fine musical sense. All I asked was, did it not make some sense?

All the people I ever lived with said it didn't. They said "It's Howdy Doody Time" was nothing like "*La donna è mobile*." Categorically. Whatsoever.

"All right," I would say. "Not nearly

so good, certainly. Not nearly so sophisticated. But surely . . ."

They never wanted to discuss it further. They would suck their breath in, just perceptibly, and change the subject.

For some years of my life, as long as I sang only in church, I was harmonious. At the evening service there was a man up front pumping his arms and urging everyone to "Let the rafters ring." I could do that.

Then I went to grammar school, and had to be in the clinic. The clinic was conducted by our music teacher while the chorus was off to itself, running over the tones it had mastered. Many of the people in the clinic were there because they couldn't behave in the chorus. I was there because, the feeling was, I couldn't sing.

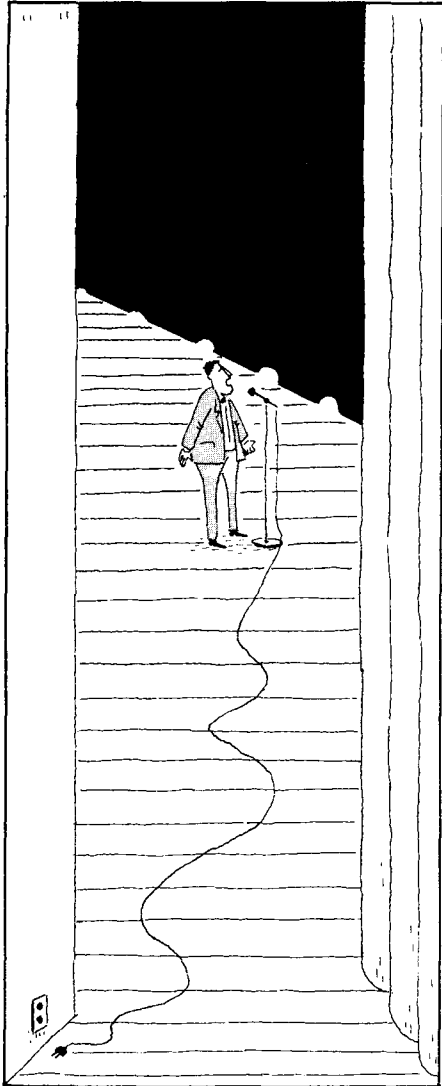
Everyone in the fourth grade had to appear in the assembly program given by the chorus. But some of us were directed to stand there and move our lips silently, as the rest rendered "Mockingbird Hill," "'Aba, daba, daba, daba, daba, daba, dab,' Said the Chimpie to the Monk," and "The Thing."

Well, I was permitted to come in on "The Thing," which may be recalled as a Phil Harris recording of the late forties. The refrain ends, "You'll never get rid of that Boomp-boomp-boomp, no matter what you do." I came in on the "Boomp-boomp-boomp."

If it had been "Ave Maria," I wouldn't have minded so. But being deemed unfit to sing "'Aba, daba, daba, daba, daba, daba, dab,' Said the Chimpie to the Monk" with other children . . .

In graduate school my roommate, besides having read all of Samuel Richardson, had perfect pitch. And perfect tempo, I suppose, because he would sit for hours by his FM radio, tuning it finer and finer and rolling his shoulders subtly to the classics and saying, "*No, no, no, too fast.*" I could not hum where I lived without running the risk of shattering

Roy Blount, Jr., is the author of *Crackers*, a collection of humorous pieces.



my roommate's ears like crystal. So I didn't hum.

It is only in recent months that I have taken hold of myself and said, "Listen. This is not American. This is not right." It is only in recent months that I have begun, whenever the chance arises, to say a few words about singing-impaired; about how my life was marked by it for so many years. I pause for a moment to let it all sink in. And then I sing.

And do you know what people say? After a pause? "You don't sing as badly as you think you do."

Which I have no doubt is true. And which I propose as a slogan for the nation's so-called "singing-impaired." Another thing I have been doing is putting the finishing touches on a monograph that pretty well establishes that all known melodies can be boiled down to four or five basic tunes.

These are the four or five basic tunes I feel most comfortable with. "It's Howdy Doody Time," as it happens, is one. □

BOOKS

INTERPRETING THE WORLD

BY JAMES ATLAS

THE DEAN'S DECEMBER

by Saul Bellow. Harper & Row, \$13.95.



NO AMERICAN NOVELIST has a more recognizable voice than Saul Bellow. Augie March and Henderson, Moses Herzog and Charles Citrine; whether they speak for themselves ("I am an American, Chicago-born . . . and will make the record in my own way," Augie declares) or through the voice of an omniscient narrator, Bellow's garrulous, eloquent, rhapsodic characters brood upon the human predicament with the same eager zeal, the same longing to confide the pain and wisdom that agitate their pent-up souls. Like their creator, they are high-strung, thinking men, with sorrowful hearts and a weakness for literary references; and it's no different with Albert Corde, in *The Dean's December*. We know from the title that he belongs to this type, and the novel's opening pages confirm that he is the familiar Bellow persona, a man with "an intricate mind of an absent, probably dreamy tendency"—the sort of person who detects in a dog's bark "a protest against the limits of dog experience"; who finds a name for the melancholy dusk of Bucharest: "air-sadness."

Corde, a dean at the University of Chicago, has arrived in Rumania one dreary Christmas with his wife, Minna, an eminent astronomer, to visit her dying mother. Obstructed by a vindictive bureaucrat who refuses them visiting privileges, Corde hangs around his mother-in-law's gloomy flat while Minna goes about the city pleading with various officials who are unwilling to forget that her mother is out of favor with the regime. Corde has a lot of time on his hands—too much, as it happens. The ruminations that generally occur to Bellow's characters while they're in motion—Herzog getting ready for a date and working up a thesis about mass civilization; the "higher-thought clown" Charles Citrine, in *Humboldt's Gift*, awaiting his mistress in Madrid and brooding on Plato's theory of immortal-

ity—seem static and belabored here. Even a novel of ideas has to have a plot.

Corde, like all of Bellow's protagonists, has a quick, avid mind, but he tends to hector rather than to meditate. With the slightest encouragement, he rages against the modern condition, the menace of totalitarianism, the criminal anarchy rampant in America, the nuclear and ecological perils loosed upon the world. He has a messianic temperament, and insists that only his testimony can awaken the superpowers from their stuporous oblivion, their drift toward eschatological disaster.

Still, given Bellow's sheer verbal energy, this sort of talk can be very stimulating. Expatiating on a colleague's hypothesis that lead poisoning is the source of America's social disintegration, Corde conjures up a vision of "universal stupefaction, a Saturnian, wild, gloomy murderousness, the raging of irritated nerves," and his theories about the innocence of the American character, the ethos of urban life, the merciless logic of history, are ingenious; more than any other contemporary American novelist, Bellow persists in the conviction that he must interpret the world, deal with the big issues.

What has gotten Bellow's cerebral spokesman worked up this time is the brutal murder of a student at the University of Chicago. Shrugging off campus radicals' accusations of racism, Corde pushes for the conviction of a black drifter apprehended by the police, and from Bucharest he keeps himself informed about the trial. This rather contrived situation provides an opportunity to consider the issue that imperils our cities now: crime and the black under class.

Despite his prosecutorial zeal, Corde is more than just another reformed liberal demanding law and order; he compares the slums to Passchendaele and the Somme, those notorious battlefields of World War I, and warns that urban blacks are "a people consigned to destruction, a doomed people." Back in

James Atlas is an associate editor of The Atlantic.

Chicago, Corde retreats to his high-rise apartment overlooking Lake Michigan and sits "with his back to the decayed city view." But he is haunted by it, all the same, aware of "the slum and its armies just over the way: blacks, Koreans, East Indians, Chippewas, Thais and hillbillies, squad cars, ambulances, firefighters, thrift shops, drug hustlers, lousy bars, alley filth"—the detritus of a civilization heading for real trouble. Just as the architects of communism sacrificed whole populations to their ideology, he conjectures, so corporate America has written off a whole class.

Corde's prophecies of urban catastrophe, articulated in a vehement polemic in *Harper's* denouncing Chicago's criminal-justice system, the corruption of local judges and lawyers, and the violent, primitive conditions tolerated in the Cook County jail, have outraged Chicagoans. "You gave 'em hard cuts, straight across the muzzle," objects his childhood friend Dewey Spangler, now a prominent newspaper columnist, rebuking him for "all the theorizing and the poetry." Just what these "hard cuts" consisted of is revealed only indirectly, through Corde's recollections of his interviews with various Chicago figures: the head of the meat-packing union, a district attorney, a rehabilitated addict who founded a South Side community center. Bellow said in a recent interview that he originally intended to write a nonfiction book about Chicago, and one is tempted to wish he had gone on with it instead of putting his material in this novel. If the one substantial excerpt from Corde's article, a portrait of Cook County Hospital, is any indication, he could have done for Chicago what he did for Israel in *To Jerusalem and Back*; his portrait of that grim institution contains the best writing in the book:

I am guided by a Filipino nurse through old tunnels, baked dry by mammoth boilers. The pipes drip rusty water. By the door of the morgue, wheeled stretchers line the walls. The dried blood would be scraped from them if there were staff enough, but there is no money. In these subterranean passages there are alternating zones of heat and chill. Paleotechnic furnaces hugely branching out send warmth up into the ancient wards.

In general, though, the prose in *The Dean's December* seems hasty, sparse.

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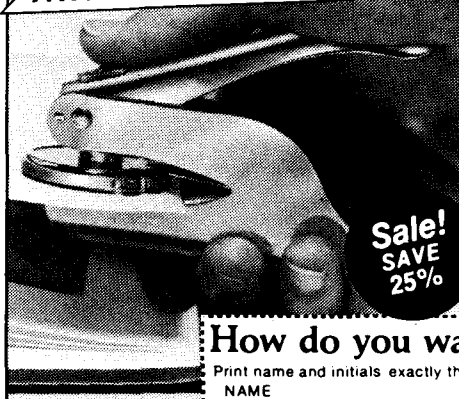
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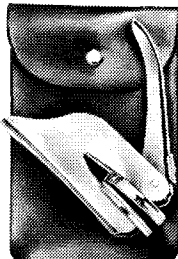
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Compare, for instance, this description of a hot night in Chicago—"one of those choking, peak-of-summer, urban-nightmare, sexual and obscene, running-bare times"—with Citrine's vision of the city: "Chicago, this night, was panting, the big urban engines going, tenements blazing in Oakwood with great shawls of flame, the sirens weirdly yelping, the fire engines, ambulances, and police cars—mad-dog, gashing-knife weather, a rape and murder night, thousands of hydrants open, spraying water from both breasts." And the characters are never quite believable; Corde's wife is said to be "rich in human qualities"—the first wife in a Bellow novel ever to get off so lightly. The dialogue is wooden, and everyone sounds the same; I find it hard to believe that a Chicago DA would speak of "ideology-negative nations" and

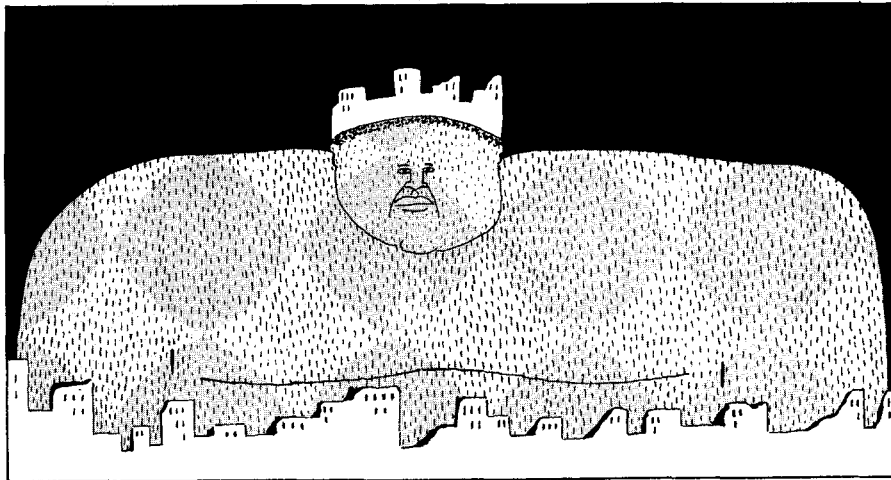
hauteur." Corde's brother-in-law, a tough Chicago businessman, is likened to Göring. There is a note of malice, of ill-suppressed cruelty in the novel, as if Bellow were getting even.

Toward Corde himself, though, he could hardly be more generous. Corde is moral, visionary, messianic. "I personally think about virtue," he says piously; he is a "moralist of seeing" whose vocation is "to interpret, to pity, to save!" He is sensitive, "terribly moved," "earnest, brooding, heart-struck." And he is wonderfully observant: "What a man he was for noticing!" He suffers "fits of vividness"; he proclaims himself "an image man." Showing us that he knows his stuff, he describes a fancy restaurant, cataloguing "the dishes on the hors d'oeuvre cart, the slices of champignons à la Grecque, the brown sauce, the pat-

his ideas will arouse indignation? He claims to be of "a dreamy tendency," the very type of the bemused, unworldly intellectual, yet he insists with belligerent vehemence that his mission is to "retrieve reality, dig it out from the trash," to recover the world "buried under the debris of false description or nonexperience." He speaks with the prophet's righteous zeal. But what about these intellectual flights of his? However shrewd, inventive, erudite, are they really so heretical? Isn't it more naive than visionary to lament that our American idea of "liberty, equality, justice, democracy, abundance" is travestied by our government and institutions? Brimming with righteousness, fulminating about everyone else's blindness to the truth, Bellow's Corde seems haunted by some private grievance. "A native son who is as unlike his fellow Americans as he can be," a freakish intellectual who lectures his bereaved wife about the modern autonomous personality, he can't decide whether to be proud of his eccentricity or to be embarrassed by it.

Corde is the latest version of Bellow's high-minded, self-reflective characters—that is, it seems fair to say, the latest version of Bellow. So many novelists now are drawing the material of their fiction directly from their own lives, putting less and less distance between their experience and the literary uses they make of it. Their novels are like newsletters: I see where Saul Bellow has married a young Rumanian professor and gone off to eastern Europe. This haste to chronicle recent events in one's life doesn't allow for sufficient reflection, and—to be pragmatic about it—uses up experience. Of course, only so much happens in even the most eventful life; the novelist must smuggle the same episodes into his work over and over in a variety of disguises. Hoarded away in the unconscious, they can be worked upon, transmuted by the imagination; put out on display too soon, they seem provisional, journalistic, thin.

Bellow is in a hurry, though; he has no time for art. Certain grievances must go on record. And what troubles him, I suspect, is that for all his celebrity, he doesn't possess real power. Business dominates Chicago, Corde complains—"law, engineering, advertising, insurance, banking, merchandising, stock-broking, politicking." These are the interests that run the show. The artist is



invoke Edgar Allan Poe, or that Corde's journalist friend Spangler would speculate in his column that "Underdefinition of the criteria by which men are defined opened an opportunity to Humanists to introduce their models, as against Economic Man, Psychological Man and other typologies."

Anger can be a source of literary inspiration, revenge a primary motive in fiction, but Bellow's hostility toward some of his characters seems scarcely under control; satire becomes caricature. Of Detillion, a Chicago lawyer who happens to be Corde's cousin, he writes: "His once handsome nose was beginning to look damaged, cartilages blasted, and as he aged and grew heavier his cheeks thickened, his color darkened; he looked leaden, he lost height, his pelvis widened, his courtroom pacing was slightly lame." When Detillion snubs the dean, it is with "stupid, cold, waxen

tern of the table silver." This is nothing special, one is tempted to respond, weary of so much self-applause. After all, the pleasure we get from admiration vanishes when it's demanded of us.

Still, Corde does make good his boast on occasion. His sister's new husband is a "virile, sleek-headed, nutria-bearded Marlboro Country judge"; his cousin Detillion sports "side whiskers of macho wool"; the chauffeur in Bucharest is "built like a small boiler," his face "meaty, dense, the color of prosciutto." When Bellow is busy delivering urgent cosmic messages about world history, his style is hectic, the demotic voice monotonous and labored; but when he concentrates, when he aspires to be the artist no less than the moralist of seeing, he has no rival in contemporary American literature.

Given this preeminence, why should Bellow be so touchy, so convinced that

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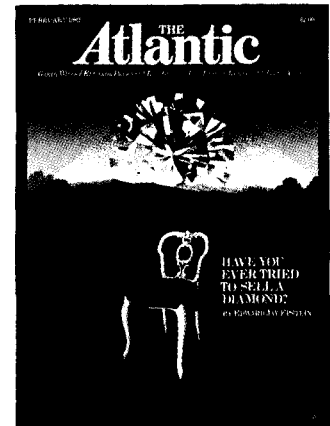
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nothing beside them—a zealot with his Doomsday placard. The only way to appropriate some of this power is to insist upon his prescience, his unique grasp of the truth.

Novelists in America have always had to endure the neglect and even contempt of a pragmatic, philistine, materialistic society. "What kind of a business in life . . . may that be?" Hawthorne imagined his forefathers objecting in his preface to *The Scarlet Letter*. "A writer of story-books!" Henry James was appalled, like his character Spencer Brydon, in *The Jolly Corner*, by "the rank money-passion" of America. John Dos Passos, mourning the death of F. Scott Fitzgerald, noted that "few of us have really faced the problem of who was going to read what we wrote." Literature simply isn't an important profession in this country. It's impractical, esoteric; it doesn't pay. Even so, it is sad that our most honored novelist, a Nobel laureate and celebrated public figure who has made it his business to get around in the world, should feel so out of it. □

DOUBLE MORAL STANDARDS

BY JAMES FALLOWS

TOWARDS A NEW COLD WAR: Essays on the Current Crisis and How We Got There

by Noam Chomsky.
Pantheon, \$20.50/\$8.95 paper.



ON APRIL 30, 1975, SHORTLY after the last American helicopters had lifted off from Saigon with would-be refugees hanging from their skids, the *Washington Post* published an editorial under the headline "Deliverance." Noam Chomsky quotes a portion of it in his new book:

For if much of the actual conduct of Vietnam policy over the years was wrong and misguided—even tragic—it cannot be denied that some part of the purpose of that policy was right and defensible. Specifically, it was right to hope that the people of South Vietnam

would be able to decide on their own form of government and social order. The American public is entitled, indeed obligated, to explore how good impulses came to be transmuted into bad policy, but we cannot afford to cast out all remembrance of that earlier impulse. For the fundamental "lesson" of Vietnam surely is not that we as a people are intrinsically bad, but rather that we are capable of error—and on a gigantic scale.

In the essays that are collected in *Towards a New Cold War*, Noam Chomsky's stated purpose is to deny what the *Post* said was undeniable—that there was some measure of good, however ill-informed or badly executed, in the decisions that took the nation to war in Vietnam, and in American foreign policy in general. But what makes this tendentious book so intriguing is its flirtation with the other idea mentioned in the *Post*'s editorial: that America is "bad."

Fifteen years ago, Noam Chomsky was known as the man who had revolutionized the new science of linguistics with his concept that human beings possess an innate sense of the natural structure of language, which means that children need only be exposed to samples of spoken language to learn how to use that language themselves. (This was opposed to the previous idea that children learned to speak by imitating what they heard, which did not explain how children learned to generate sentences they had never heard spoken.) Since then, he has turned to essays about politics and international affairs. His themes through the years have been remarkably constant, as the essays in this book, originally published between 1973 and 1981, attest. They concern the perfidy of American influence overseas.

One of Chomsky's basic contentions is that the foreign behavior of the United States reflects neither Woodrow Wilson-like idealism nor the reasonable responses of a fundamentally isolationist nation to taunts and provocations that may arise overseas. Instead, in Chomsky's view, policy is determined by the narrow interests of the most powerful figures in the domestic capitalist economy. American corporations need markets, raw materials, room to invest and expand; therefore, Chomsky says, American foreign policy attempts first and last to establish "Grand Areas," in which American capital may thrive. We

have opposed "Communists" in Southeast Asia and elsewhere, he says, not because they oppress their people but because they threaten our markets. We have overlooked the predations of the Shah of Iran, President Somoza of Nicaragua, and General Pinochet of Chile not because we have decided those leaders are the best those countries can hope for but because they are good for the richest and most powerful of our own countrymen. We assigned ourselves the right to "invade" and "devastate" Vietnam in the early 1960s because of our self-proclaimed and self-justified "doctrine that the United States is entitled to use force and violence to impose order as it sees fit."

Chomsky couples this with his second theme, which is that we rarely see our foreign activities in all their harsh reality because of an unacknowledged conspiracy of self-interest among those who control public opinion. Nearly anyone who is in a position to speak about public affairs, whether in the press, in the universities, or as a politician, has, by reason of his success and prominence, an interest in defending the business-as-usual approach. There may be minor disagreements about tactics—for example, quarrels about whether our military approach in Vietnam was effective, or whether the war "cost" more than it would ever be "worth." But, Chomsky says, very few of those who said we could not win in Vietnam went on to say that we had no right to be there even if we were sure to win. In the years since the war, he says, the intellectual establishment has been rewriting the history of the 1960s, to make sure that our efforts in Vietnam are seen as "blundering efforts to do good," as Anthony Lewis once put it, and not as cold-blooded acts of aggression in pursuit of economic interest. The effort to rewrite history is crucial, Chomsky says, because the government cannot stand to have its people see the truth. "We are dealing here with a form of taboo," he says, "a deep-seated superstitious avoidance of some terrifying question: in this case, the question of how private economic power functions in American society."

He sums up his argument thus in the introduction to the book:

Those who accommodate to the needs of domestic power and serve its interests will tend to dominate the system of communication, education, and indoctrination. . . . It

James Fallows is Washington editor of *The Atlantic* and the author of *National Defense*.

would be surprising indeed if this power were not reflected in the mass media . . . What we should expect to find is (1) that foreign policy is guided by the primary commitment to improving the climate for business operations in a global system that is open to exploitation of human and material resources by those who dominate the domestic economy, and (2) that this commitment is portrayed as guided by the highest ideals and by deep concern for human welfare.

Exactly such a pattern of self-interest and pious self-justification is what Americans see with ruthless clarity when they observe the Soviet Union, Chomsky says. If we could only observe ourselves with the same honesty, he says, we would see the same thing.

WHAT EVIDENCE CAN Noam Chomsky offer to support his thesis? In one sense—that of sheer volume—it is impressive. The book has 370 pages of text, plus 106 of footnotes, and its density of detail makes it seem even longer than that. For the most part, the pages are filled with quotes from documents—items from small-circulation magazines that were ignored by the general press, clippings from European news services, citations from suppressed government reports. Chomsky devotes more space to Vietnam than to any other subject, but his essays cover many other portions of the globe, especially Latin America and the Middle East (in which he portrays Israel as intransigent and self-righteously violent, behaving in the Middle East in the same way he says the United States behaves elsewhere).

In certain cases, Chomsky uses his documents to good effect. It is hard to deny his contention that in unofficially but unmistakably blessing the coup in which Ngo Dinh Diem was killed in 1963, the United States was truer to its sense of expediency than to the cause of constitutional government in South Vietnam. The most carefully argued chapter of the book is the last, which concerns “a small and remote place that most Americans have never even heard of.” The place is East Timor, the eastern portion of an island whose western half belongs to Indonesia. In 1975, East Timor declared its independence from Portugal, which had held it as a colony; soon afterward, it was invaded by Indonesia. After four years of struggle, in which,

according to Chomsky, as many as one quarter of the nation's 700,000 people were killed by warfare or by famine, Indonesia finally established its control in 1979. The Indonesian army relied on American-made weapons during this campaign. The American government, Chomsky says, never lost sight of the larger strategic and economic interests that Indonesia represented in the region, and therefore it averted its eyes from East Timor.

Chomsky also demonstrates that members of the press and the academy have generally been quite willing to accept the government's interpretations of its actions overseas. He describes the ef-



fectiveness of the domestic propaganda agencies during World War I, and the zeal with which intellectuals pitched in. (As Randolph Bourne, who did not pitch in, wrote in 1917, in his essay “The War and the Intellectuals,” “it has been a bitter experience to see the unanimity with which the American intellectuals have thrown their support to the use of war-technique in the crisis in which America found herself.”) Despite all the complaints that the press “undermined” the war effort in Vietnam, Chomsky shows that most newspapers shared the government's interpretation of our national interests in Vietnam and began complaining only when it seemed that we would lose.

But more often, Chomsky's argument is strained. Most of the time, he is not

“arguing” at all, in the sense of presenting examples and explanations that might persuade a reader who did not happen to agree with his point of view. Instead, these essays assert attitudes—approval for some things, scorn for others—and dare the reader to disagree. A certain author's work is “drivel”; the U.S. directs most of its assistance to countries where “society as a whole is placed in the hands of a collection of thugs who are willing to sell out to the foreigner for a share of the loot.”

One explanation of such a tone may be Chomsky's research technique, which seems to begin and end within the confines of the library. No doubt long sessions in the archives add wisdom to any discussion of the origins of our commitment in Vietnam or the human-rights record of the Somoza regime; most reporters pay too little attention to what is in the documents and too much to what today's interviewee will say. But the pure armchair approach to political analysis, in which the documents are not tempered by the evidence that human witnesses can provide, predictably leads to findings that fit together with suspicious neatness and finality. It is more awkward and time-consuming to seek out those who drafted the official memoranda than to scan the *Congressional Record* in the microfilm room. It is also possible to arrange interviews in such a way as to get only a one-sided view. But the chances are better that a writer will be jogged by the inconvenient fact, will have to face the weakness in his tidy theory, if he exposes himself to people who will say, “Your idea *sounds* logical—the only problem is, it didn't happen that way,” or “That may have been what it looked like, but you don't understand what we were really trying to do.”

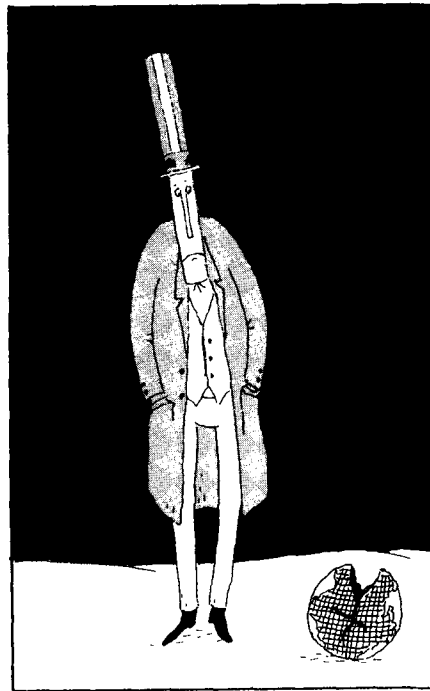
Chomsky also has little interest in specifics, especially of the sort that might support (or challenge) his basic theoretical view. Yes, the essays contain countless details of the diplomatic variety—what Henry Kissinger said on a certain day, what the Paris peace accords really said (all taken, of course, from newspaper clippings and reports in the library). But what about the economic interests that control America and shape its foreign policy? Apart from a page that contains the names of several oil companies and a number of allusions to the Council on Foreign Relations and the Trilateral Commission, the text of the book contains virtually no men-

tion of specific corporations, much less an examination of evidence about how, why, and with what success they dominate American foreign policy. There is no discussion of the sorts of foreign regimes on which they depend, or the circumstances under which they might demand the assistance of American military force. Nor is there any exploration of how, within the government, the economic pressures play themselves out. For the purposes of this book, the American government is a homogenous organization that moves relentlessly and without internal disagreement toward satisfaction of the corporations' needs. Chomsky concedes that from time to time "second-order" disagreements will arise between one company and another or within the government. He says that to pay attention to these is to indulge in "microanalysis," which only obscures the larger pattern of events. But where do large patterns come from if not from an accumulation of "microanalyses"? And how convincing is the larger pattern if there are no specific illustrations of its truth?

Similarly, Chomsky posits, as an obvious cause-effect relationship, that poor nations are poor *because* of their dealings with the United States. Anyone who has lived in those countries or studied their economies knows that they have come out on the short end of too many transactions with Western powers. But anyone with such experience also knows that, at the very minimum, there is room for serious debate about where the largest obstacles to prosperity lie. Chomsky need not end up on the same side of the argument as the English economist P. T. Bauer, who contends that the one thing worse for poor countries than exposure to the West is no exposure; but if he were interested in persuading readers he might at least take this as a worthwhile question, instead of asserting his position and moving on.

As a result of his exclusive reliance on documents and his distaste for "microanalysis," Chomsky has produced a view of recent history as a seamless web. America's philosophy in South Vietnam was, as elsewhere around the globe, "to contain and destroy movements that threaten to secede from the Grand Area." Since the Diem government of South Vietnam enjoyed no legitimacy other than its support by the United States, its requests for American military assistance were fraudulent. There-

fore, when the U.S. sent troops, it was "attacking" Vietnam, in what "was, in essence, an American war against South Vietnam, a war of annihilation that spilled over to the rest of Indochina." For Chomsky, other recent issues are similarly clear-cut. Are human rights in jeopardy in Central America? "The horrors of Guatemala are the direct and natural result of U.S. military intervention within the ideological framework of the Old Cold War." Is life more attractive now in Thailand than in Vietnam or Cambodia? That only "proves, perhaps, that millions of tons of bombs and napalm are even more harmful than American aid."



PERHAPS THE PLAINEST illustration of the black-and-white world of Chomsky's book is the different degree of toleration he extends to two groups of Americans. Of those who devoted themselves to ending the war in Vietnam, Chomsky says not only that they were correct but also that their motivations were pure. ("The ideological system cannot tolerate the fact that there was a principled opposition to the war, primarily among the young, conducted with great courage, conviction, personal cost, and considerable effectiveness," etc.) As a former member of that camp, I recognize this as the way I and my friends would have most liked to think of ourselves, had we ignored (as many did) the human frailties and mixed motives that lay behind our actions.

Now consider Chomsky's understanding of those who fought in the war. He sees only hypocrisy in American hand-wringing over the treatment of pilots who were shot down and held captive by North Vietnam. "As of this moment, the press has not reported the testimony of any POWs who say, I smashed the marketplace of Phu Ly to rubble; I demolished the main hospital of Thanh Hoa; I leveled the city of Vinh." One can agree with Chomsky about the devastation wrought by the raids and the responsibility borne by those who made the policy without sharing the judgment he passes upon the men who carried it out. If, like those who opposed the war, they were presented as they saw themselves, they might say, "I am doing the job I was trained to do, under circumstances and rules of engagement that make no military sense," or "I am needlessly risking my life—and have seen my friends be killed—because I have to attack the targets the enemy knows about at times he knows I'm coming."

The contrast between the protestors and the POWs suggests a more general difference in the standards of morality imposed in this book. Where the United States and its clients are concerned, no judgment is too harsh. Chomsky has x-ray vision that penetrates the official statements and rationalizations to reveal the cruel truth about the government's motives. But when discussing other nations, Chomsky reveals a more supple understanding that life can be complicated and true motives difficult to discern. It is this double standard (among many other failings) for which Chomsky condemns Henry Kissinger. In a review of *The White House Years*, Chomsky remarks that Kissinger tempers his judgment of the Shah with an understanding of the historical circumstances in which he operated—but has no capacity to understand the choices facing the governments that took power in Vietnam and Cambodia after thirty years of war: "[Kissinger says that the Shah was] 'wrestling perhaps with forces beyond any man's control' (as contrasted, say, with the leadership in Indochina after the great peacemaker had completed his work)." Yet Chomsky practices a more extreme version of moral relativism, in reverse.

Chomsky includes the Shah on his list of those whose worst tendencies the United States encouraged. The name Ayatollah Khomeini does not appear in

this book, nor is there any discussion of the climate for human rights during his regime. When Pol Pot, the Khmer Rouge of Cambodia, or the current government of Vietnam do appear in the text, it is usually to demonstrate how profoundly the U.S. damaged peasant societies. My point is not that Chomsky needed to devote this book to a denunciation of the Khmer Rouge but that his avoidance of the subject gives the reader little confidence that a fair-minded inquiry into the origins of repression and violence is under way.

As for the Soviet Union, Chomsky has this—and not much more than this—to say about its activities, in the title chapter: “It goes without saying that Western initiatives are only one element in this race toward disaster.” Elsewhere in the chapter, he alludes to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. But when Chomsky mentions Soviet behavior, it is most often to make a point about the United States. This, for example, is the entirety of his discussion of warfare in Eritrea: after denouncing an editorial in the *Wall Street Journal* that said that the devastation of East Timor was beyond American control, and therefore not part of American guilt, Chomsky says, “One wonders whether *Pravda* rises to such intellectual heights when it justifies Soviet support for the Ethiopian war in Eritrea.” Several times Chomsky refers to the heavy-handed Soviet system of censorship and propaganda. His purpose is to show how much more effective is the subtler self-censorship of the American intelligentsia. (“Ours is surely a more effective system, one that would be used by dictators if they were smarter.”)

I mention this contrast not to dwell on the merits of the issue but simply to indicate the enormous disappointment of Chomsky's book. At no point does he apply his formidable powers to ask how nations—all nations—should behave; he is content to demonstrate that the United States has behaved badly. The lesson of recent history, he says, is that “the United States simply had no legal or moral right to intervene in the internal affairs of Vietnam in the first place.” Fine. But why is the principle stated that way—as it is several times—and not like this: “Nations have no legal or moral right to intervene in others' affairs”? If Chomsky had stated this question of first principle more broadly, he might then have been prepared to deal

with the second question: If, in a world of evil and imperfection, one nation breaks the code, what rights do other nations then have in response?

He could have gone further still, to ask whether there is *any* case in which the people of one nation may feel their economic interests so threatened as to justify a resort to force. Chomsky asserts, without arguing, that foreign policies that arise from economic interests are on their face abusive: perhaps this is so, but it would be interesting to see the chain of logic and distinctions that leads up to that point. It seems likely, without knowing for sure, that Chomsky would say that the Japanese were provoked to attack the United States in 1941 at least in part by our efforts to cut off their supplies of petroleum and steel. On the other hand, he bitterly condemns the American assumption that if the flow of oil from the Middle East were interrupted we would be justified in resorting to military force. What's the difference between the cases? Where would he draw the line?

Chomsky attacks the hypocrisy of our “human-rights” policy—but what does he suggest in its place? What is the United States to do when operating in a world superpopulated with repressive regimes? If we attempt to dislodge the Shahs and the Somozas, might we bring on something worse? Need we trouble ourselves with such thoughts? Where do we draw *these* lines? Chomsky draws no lines, for to do so is to acknowledge that sometimes we face choices between an alternative that is bad and one that is worse. For him, it is sufficient to say that we have chosen the bad.

IF THE STYLE OF this book seems so remote from any desire to persuade, and if its focus avoids consideration of the hard choices in foreign policy, what is Chomsky driving at? He mentions briefly that he concentrated on cases such as the wars in Vietnam and East Timor because only a few of the many evils in the world are within our power to influence; there is something to that point. Still, I suspect that we may have here a rare, real specimen of the attitude that neo-conservatives believe is so widespread: the animating feeling of this document is disgust with the United States.

Chomsky is careful to deny, like the *Washington Post*, that “we as a people are intrinsically bad.” After all, during

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In 1953, *The Atlantic* published “The Morning and the Evening,” the first major story by JOAN WILLIAMS, a young protégé of William Faulkner. Her first novel, *The Morning and the Evening*, from which the story was taken, was a critical success, a Book-of-the-Month Club alternate, and eventually a Dell paperback. Her second novel, *Old Powderman*, followed soon after. Now, fifteen years later, Williams's new book, *COUNTY WOMAN*, may well be her strongest and most mature work. Robert Penn Warren describes her as a “born storyteller,” William Styron judges her “a greatly gifted writer,” and Nancy Hale notes “her perfectly extraordinary knowledge of character.”

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Vietnam we as a people regarded the war as "immoral, not merely a tactical error." But the tone of his discussion is unmistakable. It is evident in the throwaway lines: "The United States want to ensure the maximum possible suffering in countries that have been so ignoble as to resist American aggression." "The lives of the people of Nicaragua naturally count for very little when weighed in the balance against 'U.S. interests.'" It is even clearer in several equations between the United States and Nazi Germany.

Chomsky quotes the statement of an American academic, Robert Tucker, that "an imbalance of military power, present or prospective, must be met by countervailing military power." Chomsky responds that "one who is so inclined will have little difficulty in extracting similar pronouncements from the Nazi archives." He says that *The New York Times* is hypocritical for condemning the treatment of POWs in Vietnam without mentioning that the pilots "were the instruments of the American policy of massacre and destruction in a foreign land." He continues, "At precisely the same moral level, the Nazi press might have fulminated—and probably did—over the savage treatment of pilots captured by the European resistance forces." Note the word "precisely"; its use signals the renunciation of precision and the embrace of unthinking anger.

In the introduction to a book called *The Vietnam Legacy*, which was published in 1976, Anthony Lake asked "whether the disillusion that leads some of our more intense domestic critics to conclude that the United States is inherently incapable of progressive action abroad will be as dominant an impulse as was the illusion that the United States could afford to 'bear any burden or pay any price.'" They share one proposition. Both the illusion and the disillusion seem to reflect a belief that the United States must be unique. *If it is not the most generous and responsible nation in the world, then it is the worst*, whose strength and congenital inability to distinguish between safe and reckless actions, between humanitarian and political/military interventions, make it the most dangerous nation of all." (Emphasis added.)

The disillusion that Lake described and that Chomsky displays is particularly unfortunate at this moment in history, when its complete opposite seems once

again to reign inside the American government. The pronouncements of the administration have suggested that the only perspective worth considering on our actions is our own, and that the only threat to the world's security is a deficiency in our will and strength. Because we know our motives are good, others will come to share that view. Even Chomsky's Nazi analogy has its conservative counterpart. Many in the government seem to believe that the world of the early 1980s is the world of the late 1930s, in which any compromise is appeasement and in which the aggressor—in this case Russia—must be confronted sooner rather than later.

If Noam Chomsky is blind to any grounds (other than the resistance to the Vietnam War) for Americans to enjoy self-respect, his ideological opponents are blind to the possibility of national flaw. Both suggest, as Anthony Lake pointed out, that we are different from other countries—far better, far worse. We could use a form of patriotism that left us strong enough to recognize that we might be subject to the same fallibilities as other peoples, without thinking of that recognition as grounds for self-contempt. □

SHORT REVIEWS



A SEPARATE DEVELOPMENT by Christopher Hope. Scribners, \$10.95. Mr. Hope is a South African poet now living in London, and no wonder. His novel about his native country displays the tragic ramifications of apartheid through a mixture of savage mockery and lunatic farce. The combination is daring and brought off with total success. It is an accomplished author who can make the reader simultaneously shudder with outrage and hoot with laughter.

PRIDE AND NEGLIGENCE by Frederick A. Pottle. McGraw-Hill, \$21.00. The author is Yale's Sterling Professor of English Emeritus, and no one is better equipped to write *The History of the Boswell Papers*, for he has been connected with the hunt, the hunters, the editing, and the eventual triumphant publication for over fifty years. A book

about a chase for old papers may not promise thrills, but the Boswell case, as Professor Pottle unravels it, becomes as entertaining as a detective story. The confusing peregrinations of the documents began with two errors by James Boswell himself. He drew his own will (he should have known better), and he died leaving debts that made the settlement of his estate difficult to the verge of impossibility. Enter executors, literary trustees, quarrelsome heirs, and the courts. Exit, at least from public knowledge, Boswell's papers. It is not altogether just to accuse the heirs of negligence, for the mere bulk of the material was a problem for people unequipped with clerks and filing cabinets. Houses changed hands, furniture was shifted about—it is something of a wonder that they did no worse in preserving the collection. But proud they certainly were, and aristocratically disconcerted by Boswell's apparent toadying to Sam Johnson, a mere plebeian by origin and English to boot. Sir Walter Scott, a sensible man but also a northern blue blood, explained to one frustrated researcher that "Boswells book though one of the most entertaining in the world is not just what one would wish a near relation to have written." Although Boswell's descendants were somewhat careless and decidedly stiff-necked, there was nothing wrong with their memories. The possible money value of the papers was never forgotten, and when changing standards made publication possible, they were not so much found as made available for the finding. The finding led, in turn, to a complex legal and financial minuet. The whole tale is astounding.

THE POLYNESIAN JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN HENRY BYAM MARTIN, R.N. Peabody Museum of Salem, \$16.95. In 1846, Martin, commanding the frigate *Grampus* (50 guns), was sent on what amounted to a polite spying mission. France and England, not being in the mood to fight each other at the moment, had agreed that neither would annex the Hawaiian Islands. When the French set about to take possession of Tahiti, London was much annoyed and Captain Martin was ordered to go and watch over the proceedings. They were worth watching, involving as they did low comedy in high places, drunken brawls, hula dancers, a fugitive queen, vacillating local chieftains, devious French offi-

cials, and meddlesome English missionaries. The captain kept a well-written journal, illustrated with his own lively watercolors, in which he recorded his amused and exasperated observations of an affair that he privately considered pointless. He had already perceived that by immobilizing each other in the area, France and England had thrown it straight to the United States, which "must be at no very distant period the preponderating power in the N. Pacific . . ." This clever, versatile officer provides a most engaging historical footnote.

BOCCACCIO by Thomas G. Bergin. Viking, \$25.00. On the reasonable assumption that many readers know nothing about Boccaccio (1313-1375) except that he wrote *The Decameron*, Professor Bergin offers a short biography of the man and an extensive description of his entire literary output, a body of work that was of enormous importance in the development of European fiction. The book is not light reading but highly informative, since it covers Italian history, contemporary authors, and the beginnings of Renaissance humanism, as well as Boccaccio himself.

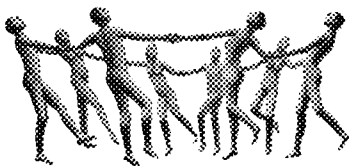
THE WORLD OF THE ANCIENT MAYA by John S. Henderson. Cornell, \$29.95. As one works through Mr. Henderson's exposition of all that archaeologists and anthropologists have learned about Mayan civilization, it seems as though there can be little left to discover, but in his final pages he lists, wistfully, the questions that remain unanswered. They are both formidable and enticing.

THE DARK HORSE by Rumer Godden. Viking, \$11.95. Ms. Godden's gentle novel about a racehorse and a nunnery is all sugar on the surface, but the icing does not conceal some grim truths about Indian society in the twilight of the Raj.

THE VILLA GOLITSYN by Piers Paul Read. Harper & Row, \$13.95. Starting with a promising espionage puzzle, this novel disintegrates into sexual eccentricities that the author never makes convincing.

THE BRAND-X ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY edited by William Zaranka. Applewood, \$17.95; \$9.95 paper. Mr. Zaranka has assembled an anthology of parodies, which, like all anthologies, should not be

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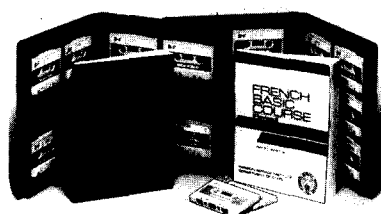
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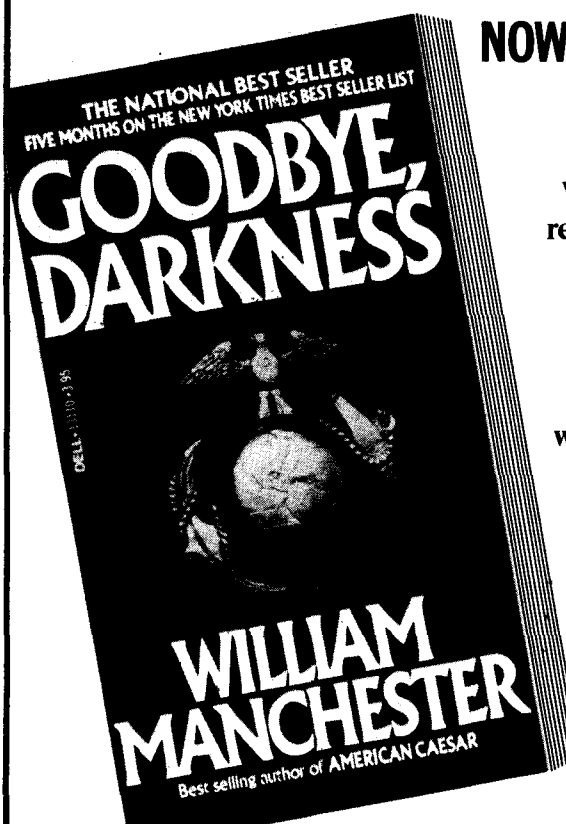
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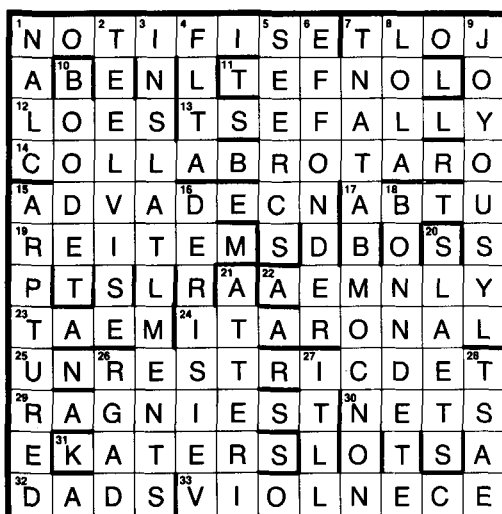
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read en bloc. Random dredging is the proper approach. It will bring up pearls and also some very dead fish, for the editor's standards are flexible enough to accommodate a brilliant demolition, in his own style, of A. E. Housman and a bit of phony Middle English that has no bearing on Chaucer. In general, the best parodies are short, but there are exceptions. When Lewis Carroll parodies "Hiawatha" (parodies of "Hiawatha" were a Victorian parlor industry), he converts the poor Indian into a portrait photographer and has pages of fun with the trials of that trade as well as with Longfellow's verse. Mr. Zaranka's mock-history of English poetry, spaced out by period in proper academic style, is too labored to be amusing.

EBLA: AN EMPIRE REDISCOVERED by Paolo Matthiae. Doubleday, \$14.95. There have been reports that records discovered at Tell Mardikh in Syria, where an Italian expedition has been excavating the Bronze Age city of Ebla, cast great light on and even confirm events described in the Old Testament. Mr. Matthiae, director of the expedition, emphatically denies that any such evidence has been found. For the general reader, that denial—which appears on page 11—will be the chief interest of his book, because this author is a very serious professional archaeologist writing in professional terms for equally serious colleagues. Ebla is certainly an important site, and will bring a whole new area within historical reach, but following Mr. Matthiae through his diggings requires dedicated patience.

ETERNAL SAUDI ARABIA by Rick Golt. Elk Publications, distributed by Vancouver Magazine Service Ltd., \$59.95. Mr. Golt, a photographer from Honolulu, made a trip of several thousand miles through the interior of Saudi Arabia. His pictures of rocks, sand, scrub, camels, surprisingly large lakes, and remote, exquisitely proportioned villages reveal a country of great, if austere, beauty. Mr. Golt's photographs are splendid. His pen is, to put it charitably, not the equal of his camera.

ON LEARNING TO READ by Bruno Bettelheim and Karen Zelan. Knopf, \$14.50. Portions of this book originally appeared in *The Atlantic*, in somewhat different form.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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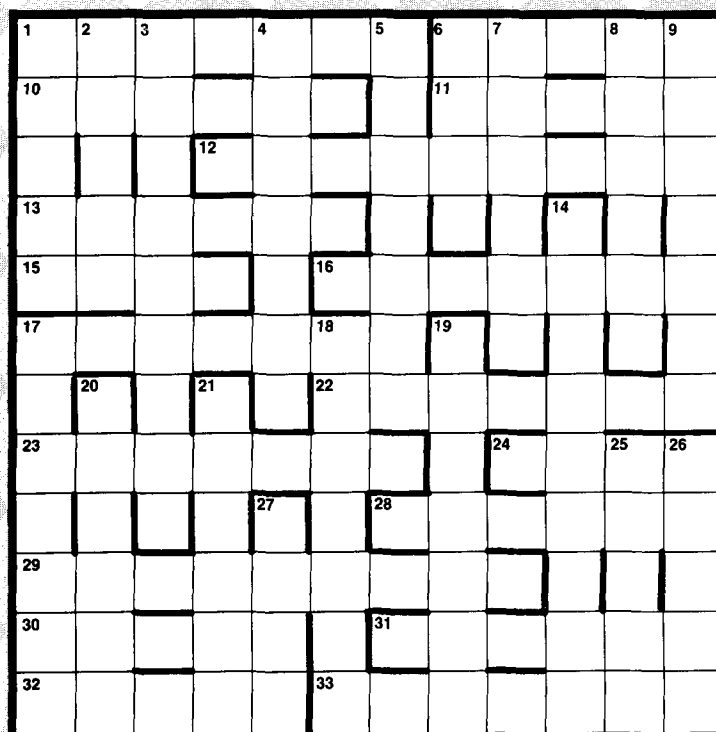
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

COUPLES

Words are clued in pairs, as numbered. In each such pairing either of the two answers may be clued first. Also, each pairing includes one superfluous word, always occurring between the two clues. The first letters of these 18 superfluous words, taken in order (Acrosses preceding Downs), will spell out a famous couple. Answers include two proper nouns. A word clued at 10-31A is unfamiliar. Punctuation may be used deceptively.

*The solution to last month's
Puzzler appears on page 88.*



ACROSS

- 1-33. Amorous guys and girls following mother's rules get thrills from skating lessons (7,7)
6-32. Rodent, using largely keen observation, cagily nears trap (5,5)
10-31. A lot of people drowned one day at sea, but, in consequence, I'm left (6,6)
11-30. Many a female has succeeded in keeping me interested; I will pursue many moments with a lovely lady (5,5)
12-29. Caren, performing maneuvers in catalog, is one who takes nude isometric exercises for sexual arousal (9,9)
13-28. Airman crashing in seaside walkway had fallen asleep

making pass (6,6)

- 15-24. A bit of cleanser for an old farmer or a check for an old gardener? (4,4)
16-23. Cultivated roses in upper class orchards are set out with nothing pink (7,7)
17-22. In funny papers, Hitchcock's head is possibly drawn distortedly—a scream for picture-makers (7,7)

DOWN

- 1-26. Couples blowing off steam are a long way from courtship's character (5,5)
2-25. Morning exercise has left quite enough numbness, I'm positive, for a swelling of the body (5,5)

- 3-14. Pair salad off with heavenly duck parts (mine must be prepared with seasoning) (9,9)
4-19. A period of many years certainly is wiping out my crime's true motive (7,7)
5-18. A peculiar tropic fruit and something sweet for fancy courses (7,7)
6-27. For a building contract she would renegotiate acceptable payment (4,4)
7-21. Odin—he could be made sweet in rite, or could become a violent figure (6,6)
8-20. Advertisers at Zayre's, having counterfeit articles, run one off—some nerve (6,6)
9-17. Money we raised on small trees—now it's news being splashed in *The Observer* (7,7)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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